H Pugeth

MATRIMONY,

A

NOVEL;

CONTAINING A

SERIES

OF

Intereſting Adventures.

———————*tædæ quoque jure coiſſent,*
Sed vetuere patres: quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo. OVID.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-Street*;
J. KNOX, in the *Strand*; and B. COLLINS,
at *Saliſbury*. MDCCLXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To His GRACE

JOHN, Duke of *Bedford*, Marquis of *Taviſtock*, Earl of *Bedford*, Baron *Ruſſel*, Baron *Ruſſel* of *Thornhaugh*, and Baron *Howland* of *Streatham*.

My LORD,

THOUGH there is ſcarce a Perſon in this Kingdom who would not have condemned the Author's Inattention to his

Duty, if the following Pages had been offered to the Protection of any other *Britiſh* Peer; yet that univerſal Conſent, I am afraid, will ſcarce vindicate me from the Imputation of Preſumption in addreſſing this trifling Performance to your Grace; not ſo in its Nature, my Lord, but from my Inability of treating it as it deſerves.

Indeed, nothing could have tempted me to this Aſſurance, but that having conſulted thoſe Ladies to whom I have the Honour of being known, to whom this Novel ſhould be addreſs'd, I have found one univerſal Voice in naming your Grace; and though ſome, indeed, have at firſt mentioned ſome others of our Nobility and Gentry who

who ſpoke nobly in Defence of Virtue, Innocence, Youth, Beauty, Religion, and their Country, yet at length they have united in You, my Lord, as the fitteſt Patron of this little Performance. Nay, they have even commanded me to lay it at your Grace's Feet, and aſk your Protection and Patronage.

This has driven me to the Dilemma of offending them by a Refuſal, or your Grace by my Preſumption. Beauty, my Lord, has ever been imagined to be endued with ſovereign Influence; it has prevailed, and I plead the Power of that in my Defence, and true Nobility inclined to pardon.

When I conſider that the Author is no longer the Perſon who is culpable in thus addreſſing your Lordſhip, that it proceeds from the faireſt Objects in the Creation, that the following Pages were written in their Defence and for their Service; what Authority Beauty, Innocence, and Virtue, ought to poſſeſs over the Minds of Men; I begin to hope ſome Palliative may be found for this Addreſs; and that your Grace will receive, with no unwilling Hand, this, which is nothing more than a Fabric poorly executed on thatPlan, which your Grace delineated, with the greateſt Truth and Elegance, in your public Orations for Liberty and your Country; eſpecially as I dare preſent it only as an Ambaſſador of *Britiſh* Beauty.

In

In one Reſpect, my Lord, I am extremely unhappy as a Dedicator; the very Eſſence of that which makes the Spirit of Dedication I am deprived of in this to your Grace. There is no Virtue of a noble Heart, or Excellence of an elevated Underſtanding, which I can aſcribe to your Grace, that is not to be found in You; and as it has been long obſerved, that the moſt ſhining Panegyrics have been written on feigned Virtues and viſionary Perfections in the Patron, that Power of the Imagination is totally denied me. I ſhall, therefore, not dare to convert thoſe Beauties into Caricatura by my ill Drawing, but only ſay, that they exiſt in You, my Lord, as they are generally drawn in Dedicatory Epiſtles to thoſe who poſſeſs them not.

Beſeeching your Grace to receive theſe Sheets under your Protection, I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient,

moſt devoted,

and

moſt humble Servant,

**** *********.

CONTENTS

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

Chap. I. *IN which the Reader will begin to be acquainted with three Perſons, two of which are to figure in this Hiſtory: The Charms of the Lady being more particularly deſcribed than thoſe of the Gentlemen, to ſhew the Author's Politeneſs and Complaiſance for the Fair Sex.* Page 1

Chap. II. *The Friendſhip of Mr.* James *for Mrs.* Molly, *the Sickneſs of Mr.* Stem, *the Introduction of three Perſons of Conſequence, and the true Method of Preſcribing, exhibited for the Benefit of young Phyſicians.* 8

Chap. III. *The Arrival of young Mr.* Stem. *Mr.* James's *Love declared for Mrs.* Molly, *and an Exemplification of the true Manner of prevailing upon People to do what is for their own Intereſt.* 13

Chap. IV. *In which Mr.* James Barter's *Capacity is opened, Mrs.* Molly's *Tenderneſs for her Maſter diſplayed, and young Mr.* Stem *offends his Uncle. Being the true Way of circumventing old Perſons to the Ruin of their neareſt Relations, very uſeful for all Servants, humble Couſins, and pretended Friends.* Page 18

Chap. V. *The Talents of Mr.* James Barter *farther diſplay'd. Mrs.* Molly's *great Skill in the Management of Affairs. The laſt Will and Death of Mr.* Thomas Stem. 25

Chap. VI. *A very ſhort Chapter, wherein is recounted what happened upon the making, and before the opening, the Will of Mr.* Stem. 28

Chap. VII. *In which that Part of the Marriage Ceremony which ſtands firſt in the Office, is in this Inſtance the laſt in the acting. Together with two other Ceremonies, the burying Mr.* Stem, *and opening the Will. Young Mr.* Stem's *Affliction. The Conſolation, good Advice, and Generoſity of Mr.* Barter. 30

Chap. VIII. *Mrs.* Barter *begins to become a Gentlewoman. Her Ambition of the beſt Company. The Introduction of two Perſonages. Much engaged with People in high Life. A Diviſion of the City of* London *on a new Plan, which we conceive to be the Invention of the Author; and therefore lay our Claim to it.* 37

Chap.

Chap. IX. *The Marriage declared, with ſeveral new Similes. Mr.* Barter's *Idea of ſtrict Probity. His Way of taking Vengeance on the Enemies, and treating the Fellow-Subjects of* Great Britain. *Mrs.* Barter's *reſembling* Sarah, *the Wife of* Abraham *the Patriarch. The Birth of her two Daughters; and Mr.* Barter's *commencing Philoſopher.* Page 43

Chap. X. *New Matters of Delight for the Author, exemplified by two Similes. The Deſcription of the eldeſt Daughter, and then of the younger: The Difference left to the Reader's Deciſion. A new Family introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance.* 48

Chap. XI. *A Deſcription of the parting of two Female Friends, rarely found at Court. The Admonitions of a Parent; and the continued Friendſhip of the Ladies.* 56

Chap. XII. *In which Mrs.* Barter's *Ambition and Mr.* Narrowbottom *are communicated to the Reader. Mr.* Narrowbottom's *Manner of Speaking, and Offers of Friendſhip. To which is added Mrs.* Barter's *Dream, for the ſake of Interpreters in Viſions.* 59

Chap. XIII. *The firſt Appearance of Mr.* William Worthy. *His Deſcent and Character. A philoſophical Account of Love; proving that Lovers are no more than two Inſtruments in Tune. The Inſatiability of the Paſſion of Love.* 64

Chap. XIV. *Perſons of great Dignity begin to appear. Converſation between a great Peer and a great Philoſopher; in which is ſhewn the Honour of ſome Noblemen, and the Honeſty of ſome Philoſophers.* Page 68

Chap. XV. *More great Company arrives in this Hiſtory. The Style of the Hours fixed in* London, *in Imitation of the Style of the Year; in which we follow Mr.* Hutchinſon, *rather than Sir* Iſaac Newton. *Converſation between a Father and a Son; and a Diſcovery of great Duty, where one would not expect to find it. Together with the Opinion of Lord* Wormeaton *of the Merchants of* London. 73

Chap. XVI. *Sir* Roger Ramble, *his Travels, Taſte, and Vertù, are introduced into this Hiſtory. His Holineſs the Pope's Civility to* Engliſh *Travellers. Mr.* Narrowbottom's *free Converſation with this Baronet, and his Bargain with him.* 78

Chap. XVII. *The great Variety of this Hiſtory appears more and more: A Quaker and a Jew now making their Appearance: In which the Ranks of the different Sects in Religion are attempted to be ſettled; and what wonderful Effects pure Reaſon will produce in Morality, without one Spark of Religion, for the Benefit of Jews and Infidels;* Turks *being out of the Queſtion.* 82

Chap.

Chap. XVIII. *Converſation between a Quaker and a Jew. Inſtructions to the Ignorant how they ſhall behave with Quakers. A Solution of a difficult Phænomenon: And, the Advantages of a ſimple Style in coming to Matters quickly.* Page 86

Chap. XIX. *A Stroke of the Author's Preciſion and Settling the Ideas of Words. A Specimen of a Work much wanted for the Uſe of moſt Diſputants, Writers, and Readers: Being a Diſſertation on the Meaning of the Word* Good. 89

Chap. XX. *A Specimen of the Quakers open Style in writing Letters. A Speech of the Earl of* Wormeaton's. *A Hint of the Author's Skill in knowing what to leave out in Hiſtory. An Inſtance of his Knowledge in polite Writing. The great Deſire which Mr.* Narrowbottom's *Club had for his Company; together with the Reaſon for it: As alſo the Author's Ambition of imitating* Homer, *and wiſhing his Readers a good Night.* 92

Chap. XXI. *In which Mrs.* Barter *ſhews great Tenderneſs to her eldeſt Daughter, in diſcovering that a Lord was to be her Huſband, through Fear of a Surprize; and great Poſitiveneſs that her youngeſt ſhall marry a Baronet, whom we have already introduced into this Hiſtory. A Specimen of his Preference of Vertù to Love.* 97

Chap.

Chap. XXII. *The Arrival of Lord* Sapplin *at Mr.* Barter's, *and the Circumſtances of the Family at the Rapping at the Door. A Metaphyſical Account for a Footman's falling Up-ſtairs, and the Superſtition of an Infidel, with the Author's Remarks. The Taſte of the* Barter *Family, and my Lord's Approbation of it. Together with a Propoſal and Acceptation of Miſs* Molly's *Fortune.* Page 102

Chap. XXIII. *In which two noble Lords look very ſtrangely upon one another, which is removed by one lucky Thought of Mr.* Narrowbottom. *Sir* Roger's *firſt Viſit to* Eliza; *and Mr.* Barter's *to the Earl.* 108

Chap. XXIV. *A ſmall Epiſode, in which Lord* Sapplin *deſcribes Miſs* Molly Barter *to Miſs* Lucy Shelton. *Her Remarks on married Ladies. And an Obſervation on the true Manner of a Parent's educating a Son, founded on Experiment.* 114

Chap. XXV. *In which we return to the main Story. Sir* Roger's *Converſation with* Eliza, *Tête-a-Tête; in which ſhe proves, that ſome Women have at leaſt as much Underſtanding as ſome Men. Mrs.* Barter's *Apology for her Daughter's Behaviour; with a Sample of her own Delicacy and good Breeding.* 117

Chap.

Chap. XXVI. *Mrs.* Barter's *gentle Proceedings with* Eliza. Eliza's *Anſwer, and Expoſtulation with her Mother. A ſecond Converſation with the Baronet. The Parents Reſolution to marry her to Sir* Roger. *And the different Thoughts that employed the Imaginations of the two Siſters, deſcribed.* Page 121

Chap. XXVII. *In which Mr.* William Worthy *diſcovers his Paſſion to* Eliza, *with her Manner of receiving it.* Eliza's *Reſolution.* 125

Chap. XXVIII. Eliza *prepares for Flight. A Receipt for the Fair, more effectual than Dr.* James's *Powder, or Mrs.* Stevens's *Medicine. A ſecond Dream of Mrs.* Barter's. *The Diſcovery of* Eliza's *Eſcape. An Inſtance of* Welch Peggy's *Courage. Mrs.* Barter's *Diſcovery of this Affair to Sir* Roger. *His Behaviour on that Account.* 129

Chap. XXIX. *Lord* Sapplin's *Nuptial Day, and going to the Country to conſummate. A ſmall Miſtake between the Father and Mother concerning their Daughters. Mr.* Worthy's *Diſtreſs, and what happened in the Stage-Coach.* 136

Chap. XXX. *A Story by the bye, to paſs away Time on the Journey; in which is deſcribed a Family that every one in their Senſes would be glad to be acquainted with; and an Inſtance that will make a Parent rejoice at the making the Marriage-Act, who thinks he may probably leave a Child in the Hands of a Guardian.* 140

Chap.

Chap. XXXI. *Mr.* Thomas Stem *becomes a Captain in the Army. A Diſſertation on two Lines in Dr.* Swift, *and on a fine Gentleman. The Effect of Talents miſapplied. The Commencement of an Amour with a great* Welſh *Heireſs. The Advantage of the Marriage-Act to thoſe young Gentlemen who are not inclined to marry, and yet to receive the Fruits of it. Miſs* Biddy Lloyd's *Reaſoning upon this Law; and Captain* Stem's *Rapture.* Page 152

Chap. XXXII. *In which we introduce Parſon* Farley *to the Reader's Acquaintance, and a Doctor of Divinity. The Reader may chuſe which he likes. A poor Country Curate's Notions of the Court Clergy. Mrs.* Farley's *Diſtreſs; and Doctor* Swallow's *Letter.* 161

Chap. XXXIII. *The Arrival of Captain* Stem *at Parſon* Farley's. *Converſation between the Warrior and Divine. The Parſon and his Wife love one another as well as a Lord and Lady.* 168

Chap. XXXIV. *Captain* Stem *and Miſs* Biddy's *Delight diſcovered. A Dialogue between Miſs* Wells *and Miſs* Davis: *And then another between Miſs* Wells *and Mrs.* Hughes. *Mrs.* Hughes's *Legiſlative Capacity appears in a favourable Light.* 175

Chap. XXXV. *In which is ſhewn, that one Inclination, which brought Captain* Stem *and Miſs* Biddy *together, is now divided into two. Miſs* Wells's *Politeneſs in wiſhing Miſs* Lloyd's *Friends*

Friends Joy of her Marriage. The Arrival of Mr. Llewellin Lloyd, *at* Salop; *and what befell Miſs* Biddy, *and Parſon* Farley. Page 180

Chap. XXXVI. *In which we preſent the Reader with the valorous* David Gam, *Eſq; and our Landlord at the* Raven *in* Salop, *with two Words on Sir* Watkin. *The 'Squire's March from the* Raven *to the* Talbot, *and what happened there.* 185

Chap. XXXVII. *The different Dreams of Captain* Stem *and* David Gam, *Eſq; The Captain is afraid it is not his Fighting-day. A very bloodleſs Rencounter on the* Severn *Side. Captain* Stem's *Cunning exceeds his Courage. He is put under Arreſt by his own Officers. Peace made on all Sides.* 197

Chap. XXXVIII. *Parſon* Farley *appears before the Judges at* Shrewſbury. *His magnanimous Behaviour. A little Scene at* White's. *Mrs.* Farley's *Affliction; and the Parſon's Speech to the Judge.* 206

Chap. XXXIX. *Mr.* Thoroughgood's *happy Situation. Deſcription of his Abode. His Character, and public Utility to his Pariſhioners.* 221

Chap. XL. *Which introduces a Baronet and his Son to the Reader's Acquaintance. A Clerk of a Pariſh takes the Liberty of adviſing his Maſter. A great Diſcovery in the Antiquarian Study. A ſincere Invitation of Sir* Oliver's *to Mr.* Thoroughgood, *and a Roaſting of his two Daughters.* 227

Chap.

Chap. XLI. *The Son of Sir* Oliver *feels a Paſſion for Miſs* Thoroughgood, *which advances bravely in this Chapter; which many Prudes may rather think too much, and ſome Coquettes too little.* Page 234

Chap. XLII. *Mr.* Thoroughgood *diſcloſes the Love Affair to Sir* Oliver. *Mr.* Hearty *viſits* Fanny *in ſecret. One fatal Moment.* 241

CON-

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Chap. XLIII. *A Very natural, and yet a very unlucky Conſequence. A Letter from Mr.* Hearty. Eliza *arrives at Mr.* Thoroughgood's. *The true Uſe of Female Friendſhip.* Page 1

Chap. XLIV. *Mr.* William Worthy *leaves* London, *becomes a Baronet by the Death of his Brother. A ſmall Touch of the Author's Philoſophy in the old Way. A fainting Fit. A Marriage. A Diſcovery. A Duel. A Dream. And, a Miſcarriage. With ſeveral other Matters, all in one Chapter.* 7

Chap. XLV. *Mr.* Hearty's *Recovery. An Overture of his which anſwers the Deſign. Sir* Oliver's *Sentiments different from his Son's. Young* Thoroughgood's *Diſtreſs, and Reconciliation with Mr.* Hearty. *A joyful Meeting of all together.* 24

Chap. XLVI. *The two Miſſes* Hearty *arrive at Mr.* Thoroughgood's. *The Ignorance of theſe young Ladies.* Bath *the fitteſt Univerſity for making an accompliſh'd Woman. Another Marriage.*

riage. Joy on all Sides. Young Thorough-good's *Speech, and Sir* Oliver's *Approbation.* Page 37

Chap. XLVII. *The good old Cuſtom of throwing the Stocking over-ruled. Sir* Oliver's *Kindneſs to his Son. His Son's Duty and filial Affection. Sir* William *and Lady* Worthy *return to* Worthy-hall. 52

Chap. XLVIII. *A Return to Nobility and faſhionable Life. The Difference in nuptial Nights. The Situation of Lady* Sapplin's *Mind the next Morning. A philoſophical Account of the Progreſs of Averſion in Money-Matches. Lord* Sapplin's *Delicacy, in not waking his Lady the firſt Morning. A Revocation of an old Acquaintance. A Quarrel in one Place, and an Intrigue in another.* 55

Chap. XLIX. *Lord* Sapplin's *happy State. His Letter to* Lucy. *A Diſcourſe between the Earl and Lady* Sapplin. *Her Ladyſhip's Miſtakes. Set right on the Point of a very dreadful Diſcovery. Tit for Tat between my Lord and his Miſtreſs, and my Lady and her Man.* 66

Chap. L. *The Advantages accruing to a Plebeian Lady marrying a Noble Lord. A true Definition of the Conſummation of a Marriage, and the Reaſons of its being done in the Country. A Scene of Altercation between the Earl and Lady* Sapplin. *Hopes of an Heir to this ancient Family. The great Advantage of phyſical Irony.* 73

Chap.

Chap. LI. *Lady* Sapplin *preſents Lord* Wormeaton *and Lord* Sapplin *an Heir. No great Harmony in the Marriage. The Difference between the two States, of this Family and that of Sir* William Worthy Page 82

Chap. LII. *Farther Proofs of Mr.* Narrowbottom *and Friend* Abraham's *Morality, and Friendſhip for the Earl of* Wormeaton. *A ſhrewd Remark. The* Wormeaton *Family diſtinguiſhed by a Goddeſs. A Sample of Lord* Sapplin's *Forethought; and his Lady's Opinion of him. Her Eſcape, and Landing at* Calais: *And ſeveral other Matters of great Importance.* 85

Chap. LIII. *A Viſit from the Earl of* Wormeaton *to Mrs.* Barter, *or rather a Diſpute, in which the Female gets the better; and his Lordſhip walks off with a Flea in his Ear.* 92

Chap. LIV. *Mr.* Narrowbottom, *towards his latter End, cuts a bad Figure. A Dialogue between him and a Divine. His Diſcoveries.* 96

Chap. LV. *A ſmall Converſation between Mr.* Barter *and* Iſhmael *the Jew. Another between* Iſhmael *and* Abraham. *The Advantage of Affirmation in a Quaker. A Divorce; and its Antitheſis.* 101

Chap. LVI. *Mr. and Mrs.* Barter *arrive at* Worthy-hall. *Mr.* Thoroughgood *declines. His Death not like* Narrowbottom's. *Mr. and Mrs.* Barter's *Return to* London. 111

Chap.

Chap. LVII. *Lady* Sapplin *and Mr.* Samuel *arrive at* Paris. *A Faute-pas of an* Iriſh *Taylor. A Gentleman of a particular Occupation waits on my Lord* Waitwell. *A Blunder of the Taylor: And an old Acquaintance diſowned.* Page 116

Chap. LVIII. *My Lord* Waitwell *appears in the Light of a great Connoiſſeur in Vertù. A ſmall Converſation between two* Engliſh *Travellers.* 123

Chap. LIX. *In which is explained the Manner of getting into good Company at* Paris. *The Cauſe of Adultery in* France. *The Hiſtory and preſent Practice of Wives, in conſequence of it. A Hiſtory founded in Truth.* 127

Chap. LX. *The Death of Mr. and Mrs.* Barter. *Lady* Sapplin's *Grief, and Lord* Sapplin *made a Governor. Friendſhip declines between Mr.* H——s *and Lady* Sapplin, *which is re-inſtated by a Sale of her Jointure. Mr.* Samuel *flies into* Italy. *Lady* Sapplin *turns Catholic.* 139

Chap. LXI. *Lady* Sapplin's *Letter to Lady* Worthy. *Sir* William Worthy *and his Lady give the Reader an uncommon Converſation for a Man and his Wife. The true Deſcription of an* Engliſh *Nun. Lady* Sapplin *takes the Veil. A Project of the Author's. The Manner of making a Nun: And part of a Sermon.* 145

Chap. LXII. *Mr.* Samuel, *commonly called my Loord* Waitwell, *figures at* Turin, *till by an unlucky Accident he is obliged to fly to* Rome, *and thence returns to* England *to finiſh his Days.* 153

Chap.

Chap. LXIII. *The Gardens of Sir* William Worthy *deſcribed. His and Lady* Worthy's *Character. A Poem on a Wife twelve Years after Matrimony. The Arrival of Sir* Oliver *and Lady* Hearty. Page 154

Chap. LXIV. *The Hiſtory of the Twin Brothers, in which is particularly ſhewn the good Effects of the Marriage-Act in diſinheriting Orphans, and letting looſe Pride, Avarice, and Ambition; the Prevalency of Cunning over Underſtanding, and the vicious over the virtuous Paſſions. Strange Phænomena; a Huſband dies through Love of his Wife, and a Father for a Son; an Uncle's Cruelty, and an old Servant's Affection for deſtitute Children.* 167

Chap. LXV. *The Hiſtory of Miſs* Sally Standiſh. *The excellent Effects of Tyranny in Parents, as particularly enforced by the Marriage Act. A Specimen of a Miſer's and an Attorney's Love. A Flight into* London, *and a Purſuit. A* London *Rider introduced into this Hiſtory: The particular Method of beginning a Journey obſerved by theſe kind of Gentlemen. A Blunder of old* Standiſh, *which drives a Gentleman out of the Window, and a Lady into a decent Fit of Anger; together with a Sketch of mine Hoſt at the* George *at* Hounſlow. 207

Chap. LXVI. *Mr.* Standiſh *takes himſelf away by Night, and proceeds to* London. *A very fruitleſs Search in Queſt of his Daughter. A Sample of two Letters, neither very polite nor long. Another of a quite contrary Nature. A Reſolution*

tion of leaving the World by one Perſon, prevented by another's coming into it. *Miſs* Standiſh *in Keeping; very different Behaviour at two different Times of that Lady to her Deſtroyer. Her Progreſs thro' the various Stages of a kept Miſtreſs till her Death.* Page 224

Chap. LXVII. *To ſhew the Author's Knowledge in dividing his Chapters for no Reaſon, and his Vanity in imitating the famous Author of the* De l'Eſprit de Loix. 243

Chap. LXVIII. *The* Lulworth *Hiſtory. The Metamorphoſis of a Maid-ſervant into a Miſtreſs: Her Imitation of the Patriarchs, and procuring a Son to her Huſband: Fondneſs for her Son-in-law, in preventing him firſt from marrying with her he loves, and promoting his running away with her, after each has been previouſly married to another. An Eſcape of a Huſband from his own Wife, and a Wife from her own Huſband. A learned Debate, Whether it be better to purſue the getting in a Harveſt, or the getting back a Wife; a judicious Reſolution. Mr.* Lulworth *and Mrs.* Humphrys *find a Satisfaction in each other, which neither of them found before, either he in his Lady or ſhe in her Lord.* 244

Chap. LXIX. *A Recapitulation of the ſeveral Parts of this true Hiſtory, with a ſmall Inſinuation.* 262

MATRI-

MATRIMONY.

A

NOVEL.

CHAP. I.

In which the Reader will begin to be acquainted with three Perſons, two of which are to figure in this Hiſtory: The Charms of the Lady being more particularly deſcribed than thoſe of the Gentlemen, to ſhew the Author's Politeneſs and Complaiſance for the Fair Sex.

IN the City of *London* lived a Merchant, whoſe Name was *Barter*, one of thoſe Men whom the World honours with the Appellation of being one of the Favourites of Fortune; and who, from a mean Beginning, had riſen to the poſſeſſing an Eſtate little leſs than the Value of Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds. He was born in a ſmall Town upon the Borders of *Yorkſhire*, of Parents who could afford him no Education; and therefore, during his Childhood, he was bred at the Charity-School of the Town.

BEING in himſelf more docile than the reſt of the Scholars, and writing a good Hand, he was taken by a Country Shopkeeper, and bred up by him in the promiſcuous Employment which attends ſuch a Service, from cleaning Shoes, to ſerving the Cuſtomers in the Shop.

DURING the Time of his Apprenticeſhip, he manifeſted ſo many Signs of that Shrewdneſs and Cunning, which attend the Minds of thoſe who make Fortunes by Trade in the World, that every one who knew him foreſaw he would be one Day rich, if ever an Opportunity offered to place him where Money could be gotten.

AFTER having finiſhed his Apprenticeſhip, not contented with the Country, he determined to ſeek his Fortune in *London*, and eſtabliſh himſelf with ſome Man of Buſineſs, to get farther Inſtructions and Inſight into the Knowledge of Trade and Cuſtoms of the World. With this Intent he made his Inclinations known to his Maſter, who, though very willing to detain him in his Buſineſs, yet finding it impoſſible to perſuade him to tarry in the Country, gave him a Letter to one Mr. *Thomas Stem*, a Tobacconiſt of great Trade and Riches in the City of *London*, who ſerved him with his Tobacco in the Country. By this he was recommended as an induſtrious and honeſt Lad.

MR. *Stem* was a Bachelor, who had thriven in the World and in Buſineſs, and having lived beyond the Time in which Men ought to marry, had Senſe enough not to think of getting a new Family, and enter into a Way of Life to which he had been always a Stranger, and which muſt be diſpleaſing to a Man long taught to live as he liked, uncontrouled by any body. His

Fortune

Fortune he had determined to leave to a Nephew, who was at the Time of *James Barter*'s coming to Town at School in the Country.

THIS Youth was deſtined to be the Heir of his Eſtate, and to be bred to the Buſineſs of a Tobacconiſt; his Uncle's ſole Ambition being to make his Nephew Lord Mayor of *London*, which, in his Opinion, was a greater Honour than being the firſt Peer of the Realm: And to this he was convinced that Trade only could lead.

MR. *Stem* at this Time declining in Years, and induced by the good Character of *James Barter*, given by his old Friend and Correſpondent in Trade in his Letter, thought it convenient to take him into his Service, to aſſiſt him in the Trouble of Buſineſs, which he had too much of on his Hands.

ON this account he propoſed the thing to *James*; he told him what the Nature of his Employment would be, and then added what Wages he would give him the firſt Year; and farther ſaid, that he would increaſe it if he behaved as he ought. This Offer *James Barter* was too wiſe to refuſe; he knew that People got eaſier to the Summit by gradual Steps, than running againſt the ſteep Aſcent to attain it at once; and that more Men miſcarried from Ambition badly conducted, than from the Paſſion itſelf.

IN the ſame Houſe was a Kind of a Servant, who was the Houſe-Maid, Houſe-Keeper, Cook, and every Thing elſe but one; ſhe had as many Employments as *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*, and was the great Confident of Mr. *Stem*; and yet, tho' in this Situation ſo perilous to Maidens, ſhe was quite free from all Imputation which might aſperſe her Character, unleſs you reckon the Jokes of the

Club in which Mr. *Stem* paſſed his Evenings, on Mrs. *Molly* and her Maſter, to be of that kind: Theſe, though extremely waggiſh and full of very ſmart City Wit, may, I imagine, as well be omitted as inſerted in this Place; unleſs all my Readers, both Male and Female, high-bred and low-bred, peradventure ſhould be of that Caſt, and prefer ſomething rather leſs enigmatic than a double Entendre to every other way of Writing: A Thought not entirely without Foundation, if we may form a Judgment from the Taſte of the Town in Plays, and the frequent acting of the *Old Batchelor* laſt Seaſon.

Mrs. *Molly*, to ſay the Truth, which is not always to be told, eſpecially in the Caſe of the Age of a Female, (and yet as it makes the moſt eſſential Part of all true Hiſtory cannot be omitted in this Place), was what in the Country is called the Game, a Figure in Speech called a Metaphor, taken from that Amuſement on the Cards, which requires no more Mathematics in the Player than being able to tell One and Thirty with the Fore-finger on the Cards, and knowing that the Knave, as well as the King and Queen, is a Court-card, and reckoned for Ten: In plain *Engliſh*, ſhe had ſeen One and Thirty Birth-days, and a 'Vantage, as they ſay in the Weſt of *England*; ſhe was, by our Lady, inclining to ſix Foot, none of your meagre thin Things, which reſemble Sir *John Falſtaff* in his Youth, when he might have been drawn through an Alderman's Thumb-Ring; but like the plump Knight in the Days of Prince *Hal*, all Jollity and Fat.

Her Face was Roſe-colour, like the Moon riſing through a Miſt; for nothing but Roſes will grow on the Face of a Female; and not in the

the little ridiculous Faſhion of Lady ——, which only covers her Cheeks; Nature had been more laviſh of her Charms on this Favourite, and ſpread her Vermilion, or rather Red-Lead, not only over all her Face, but even down on her lovely Boſom.

In this Part of Female Beauty alſo Nature had not been ſcanty of her Liberalities. Though her Breaſts were not like *Solomon*'s Simile of two Roes which feed among the Lilies, her Neck like a Tower of Ivory, nor her Boſom of the Marble-kind, hard, white, round and ſmall, as in many of our celebrated Toaſts about Town, yet, excepting the Colour, it was of a very milky Nature; and reſembled within her Stays that Fluid juſt flaſhing over the Pail, over which alſo her Handkerchief being ſpread did not look much unlike the Strainer; indeed, on particular Times, ſuch as roaſting a Piece of Beef or ſo, when ſhe diſcovered the full Powers of theſe Charms without a Handkerchief; and her Mob was pinned with the two Ends on the Crown of her Head, affording ample Diſplay of the Beauties of this Part; few Women could compare with her, the roſy Fluid of Perſpiration ſtanding on her Face as beautiful as the Pearls of Dew-drops on a red Cabbage in the Morning, e'er the amorous Sun has kiſſed away that fragrant Fluid.

Her Arm was made of the ſame beautiful Materials as the reſt of her Perſon, and if it had been allowable to ſay of *the ſame Timber*, in ſpeaking of a fine Lady, nothing could have been ſaid in this Inſtance but Roſe-wood, being as hard and of the ſame Colour; to the End of each was joined a Fiſt which would have made *Hercules* tremble

without his Club, being not unlike a great wooden Peſtle.

NOTHING was more important than her Walk; in following her with your Eye her Shoulders looked like a Country-Mayor in his Gown up to his Ears, walking behind two Maces to Church; and her Hips were of much more majeſtic Size and graceful Motion, moving not both at once, but ſeemingly one after another, like two Panniers on the Sides of a Horſe in trotting, or the Sides of a Gooſe, if ſmall Things may be compared with great.

HER Voice was entirely loſt in the Occupation ſhe lived, and might have been engaged at Mother *Midnight*'s Concert with great Utility and Applauſe as a double Baſs.

IN ſhort, though ſhe could not have ſat to *Zeuxis* for a *Helen*, or *Reynolds* for a Lady *Kildare*, and would not have ſerved *Cleomenes* or *Roubilliac* for a *Venus*, yet ſhe might have done extremely well for a *Pentheſelea*, *Boadicea*, *Trulla*, or Mr. ———'s Idea of Beauty; having a great deal of the Curvilineal and S, both internally and externally, in her Compoſition.

TO ſpeak the plain Truth, ſhe was in Mankind what ſome Nouns are in a Language, appearing like the Maſculine, and yet being of the Feminine Gender by Exception.

No Woman had more laudable Ambition than this; ſhe has been often heard, during her Time of Servitude, declaring ſhe wiſhed herſelf a Queen, to make the Fellows tremble, as ſhe expreſſed it. There were, indeed, ſome invidious Neighbours, who ſurmiſed this laſt Deſire of hers as coming from the Slight which the Male-Sex had put upon her Charms; having never been aſk'd, it ſeems,

ſeems, whether ſhe was determined to die a Maid or not, during the Courſe of her Youth.

It was an unpardonable Fault whenever the Milk-woman, Brick-duſt *Moll*, or People of mean Employments, did not call her Madam; Mrs. *Molly* was too vulgar; and ſome incautious and unpolite Perſons, who had not ſtudied their Trades in *France*, had loſt their Buſineſs at that Houſe, by not attending to this ſingle Circumſtance.

Such was the Maid, Miſtreſs, and Woman of the Houſe, when *James Barter* came to Mr. *Stem*'s. This Youth, however, who entered his old Maſter's Houſe as a Charity-boy, had not forgotten what was to be obtained from Servants by good Words and good Behaviour; his Paſſions had never gotten the better of his Intereſt; notwithſtanding his exalted Character of being a kind of Book-keeper, he thought that a little of the ſame Tune on the old String might make his Belly fare the better, and his Life paſs not one Jot the worſe, and that pleaſing Servants in one Place might be very much like pleaſing Servants in another. For this Reaſon he be-madam'd Mrs. *Molly* to ſuch a Degree, that no one ever was ſo great a Favourite as *James Barter*; he participated her Morning and Evening Tea, and at laſt, as will be farther ſeen, participated her Bed alſo.

CHAP. II.

The Friendſhip of Mr. James *for Mrs.* Molly, *the Sickneſs of Mr.* Stem, *the Introduction of three Perſons of Conſequence, and the true Method of Preſcribing exhibited for the Benefit of young Phyſicians.*

JAMES BARTER being now a kind of Book-keeper, we conceive we may without Offence dignify him with the Name of Maſter *James*. He was a Man of ſmall Stature, rather inclining to be lean, had a lively Eye, an inſinuating Countenance, and might have thriven at Court but for one Quality, which was the being addicted to Flattery; this Vice, though it might have prevented his riſing near the Great, was no Hindrance to his Succeſs in the Situation he was placed.

FROM this Quality it was that he was always wiſhing to be as tall and as plump as Mrs. *Molly*; and, in deſcribing any Woman he had ſeen, he always, with a ſarcaſtic Sneer, added, that they were like Skeletons covered with Parchment, with ſome Touches on *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine; concluding, that in his Opinion no one could be handſome who was not rather inclined to be plump, deſcribing the Perſon of Mrs. *Molly*, and ſlily inſinuating that ſhe was the very Model of all Beauty.

IN this manner Things proceeded: Mrs. *Molly*, in firm Perſuaſion that Mr. *James* was deeply ſmitten, and would declare his Paſſion for her at a convenient Seaſon; and Mr. *James*, ſeeing the good Effects of his Behaviour, continuing it to the

the mutual Emolument of both Parties, without any real Deſign of ever offering her the Queſtion.

No Man was more happy that Mr. *Stem*; he found his Trade well conducted by Mr. *James*, his Houſe-keeper in better Humour than uſual, and all eaſy and ſnug at home; the Down-hill Road of Life very pleaſant, and wiſhing nothing but to live to ſee his Nephew eſtabliſhed in his Trade, and in a fair way to be Lord Mayor.

Alas, how unſtable is human Felicity! What Pains does Man take to obtain wherewithal to paſs Life eaſily, and how ſoon is he ſnatched from the Enjoyment! Which Reflections, although made by many a Philoſopher, both ancient and modern, a thouſand times already, we beg leave to make once more ourſelves upon this Occaſion. This was the Fate of Mr. *Stem*, for whilſt he was meditating his preſent Felicity, and the future Honours of his Nephew, calmly ſmoking a Pipe of his own beſt, he was ſuddenly attacked with a paralytic Stroke, which deprived him of the Uſe of his Limbs on one Side, and he fell from his Ambition on the Floor. Terrified by this ſudden Stroke, Mr. *James*, Mrs. *Molly*, and the other Servants lifted him to his Bed, and then ſent in the following Order for the following Perſons, the Apothecary, Surgeon, and Phyſician; all which arrived in the Order they were called, as Men of good Manners ſhould always do.

The Apothecary upon entering the Houſe was met by Mrs. *Molly*, like *Glumdalclitch* all in Tears for the Loſs of her *Grildrig*, crying out, "Oh! "Mr. *Bolus*, Mr. *Bolus*, my Maſter is dead! he "cannot live till To-morrow."

Upon which Mr. Apothecary, with a very apothecarical Air and great Wig, told her,

"That Things might not be ſo bad as ſhe ima-
"gined, that we were all mortal, that the Will of
"Heaven muſt be complied with;" and laſtly, he deſired to ſee the Patient, to whom he was conducted by Mrs. *Molly*.

MR. *Bolus*, after taking his old Friend by the Hand (for they were of the ſame Club) and feeling his Pulſe, declared, that they beat very irregularly; that there was a Stiffneſs mixed with a kind of a Softneſs in the Stroke, which kind of Vibration indicated great Oppreſſion in the arterial Tube; from thence it was plain that the animal Spirits which flowed from the Brain were obſtructed in the nervous Syſtem, which was the Cauſe of the Deprivation of Motion; and therefore he was for taking off a little Blood.

THIS preparing to execute, having bound up the Arm, Mr. *Cutwell* the Surgeon, who had been ſent for without the Knowledge of Mr. *Bolus*, entered the Room; at the Sight of whom Mr. *Bolus* cried out, "I am glad you are come;" and then aſſerting, he never bled but in Caſes of the utmoſt Importance, though he never refuſed in his Life the doing it when Occaſion offered, he deſiſted, to make way for the Surgeon.

MR. *Cutwell*, tucking up his Sleeves and turning up his Ruffles with great Deliberation, declared, that he thought Mr. *Bolus* was quite right in ordering the Patient to be bled; and juſt hinted, whether Iſſues, Scarification, or ſome other chirurgical Operation, might not tend to the relieving the Patient from this terrible Malady.

DURING the Operation of Phlebotomy, the Doctor *Simple* arrived; he was genteely dreſſed, with a large Tye-wig, and ſimpering Face, and was riſen in great Hurry from a Party at Cards with

with the Ladies, which were the Companions he had moſtly paſſed his Time with, and the Books he had chiefly read. He ſaluted the Apothecary and Surgeon, and then drew near the Bed of the Patient, and felt his Pulſe with an Attention as if he was liſtening to hear them beat.

DURING this Time the Apothecary took an occaſion to tell the Doctor his Sentiments of the Matter, in much the ſame Terms which he had already told them to Mrs. *Molly*; to which the Doctor aſſenting with a Shrug and a Smile, ſaid, "To be ſure, Mr. *Bolus*, you have reaſoned "extremely well upon the Subject; for my Part (ſays he) "I have always concluded, that a Palſy "is a Loſs of Senſe or Motion, and ſometimes "both; for which Reaſon, Mr. *Bolus*, pray "reach me the Pen and Ink;" and then down he ſat to preſcribe.

Now I hope it will be permitted me, in this Place, to make a Remark, which, though it may not be ſo ſhrewd as ſome of thoſe to be found in *Tacitus* or *Machiavel*, will, I believe, nevertheleſs, paſs very well in the preſent enlightened Times, and be of Service to young Phyſicians juſt drawing the Pen to Practice:

WHICH is, that in all Diſeaſes, though no more than one Perſon be ſick, there are always two to be preſcribed for, and that one of them ever thinks himſelf the better for it. This, without more Ceremony, are the Patient and the Apothecary; for it is a certain Truth, that though the ſick Perſon cannot receive any Benefit from Medicine, yet the Apothecary will; and therefore every Phyſician, who underſtands his Profeſſion, ſhould have his Eye on the latter, as the Place

where his Preſcription can never fail to be ſerviceable.

For this Reaſon Dr. *Simple*, after having ſcribbled over a whole Sheet of Paper with Boluſſes and Draughts to be taken every three Hours, three Bliſters, an Apozem, a Clyſter, and a purging Potion, took his Guinea and his Leave; and bowing, was going off, when Mrs. *Molly* deſired to know what was her Maſter's Diſeaſe; which being civilly anſwered a Hemiplegia, ſhe burſt out into Tears, crying, "Good Lord!" and deſired to know whether he would live or die; this ſtaggering the Doctor a little, he told her it was too ſoon to decide that Queſtion, the Diſeaſe being not yet come to its *Criſis*. Then popping into his Chariot, like a Pigeon into its Hole, he drove back to the Cards and the Ladies.

To make my Story ſhort, Mr. *Stem* having fee'd the Doctor, and taken a Cart-load of Medicines, found himſelf at the End of two Months juſt where he was in the Beginning, with a Loſs of about ſixty Guineas, Senſe and Motion on one Side, and confined to his Room; at which Time the Doctor leaving him, we beg to do the ſame, and begin another Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Arrival of young Mr. Stem. *Mr.* James's *Love declared for Mrs.* Molly, *and an Exemplification of the true Manner of prevailing upon People to do what is for their own Intereſt.*

DURING this Diſorder his Nephew was ſent for, and, as his Uncle might continue ſome time alive, though without Hopes of Recovery, he put him into his Trade, and deſired Mr. *James* to give him the beſt Inſtructions he could in the Nature of Tobacco, which he had learnt from his Buſineſs.

THIS young Gentleman was of great good Nature, open Diſpoſition, and not more than ſixteen Years old. The Moment Mr. *James* ſaw him, he began to caſt about how he might turn this young Man to his own Intereſt; one of his Schemes was, to be Partners in the Trade, after the Deceaſe of the old Man; this entered ſtrongly into his Imagination, and poſſeſſed him a long while.

AT laſt, perceiving that the young Man's Love of Pleaſure, though moderate, and the failing Faculties of the old Gentleman, might be turned to ſome better Account, he doubled his Diligence near the old Man, and began making Love to Mrs. *Molly* in earneſt; plainly perceiving, that without her Connivance and Help, his Deſign could never be accompliſhed.

NOW it ſeems that Mr. *James* had lain hid from himſelf even to this very Time, and had not diſcovered that he really did not poſſeſs all that Probity at the Bottom, which appeared on the Surface;

Surface; indeed, he was not one of thoſe Fools who would ſerve the Devil for nothing, but had his Price, and the Merit of not being a little Rogue, as thoſe Fellows are called who ſteal to prevent ſtarving; this is as much as can be expected in theſe Times, when every one is ſo fond of following the Faſhions.

THUS then, he declared his Flame to Mrs. *Molly*, which ran like the Fire of one Candle along the Smoke of another, and put her into a Glow like *Nebuchadnezzar*'s fiery Furnace, in which, though without a Miracle, ſhe ſurvived like the Three Children, not one Hair of her Head being ſinged, or her Garments conſumed.

To her Mr. *James* (after having obtained her Heart, which was won in leſs Time than a Suit in Chancery is decided, or a Place gotten at Court) propoſed the trying to root out the young Nephew from the Affections of his Uncle, and ſeizing the Weakneſs of an unguarded Hour to put themſelves in his Place; which he began in this Manner:

"My Dear, ſays he, you know that though "Love be as ſtrong as a Giant, yet it brings no "Griſt to the Mill; and that when Poverty "comes into the Door, *Cupid* flies out at the "Window."

MRS. *Molly*, who from this abrupt Beginning, and from her not having ſaved more than One Hundred Pounds from her Wages and ſome ſmall Cribbings, began to ſuſpect that Mr. *James*, like a young Horſe juſt going to be ſhod, was drawing backward to break the Halter and get free from his Confinement, anſwered, "To be ſure "Money was a good Thing, but Providence was "better, and without doubt would bleſs their ho-

"neſt

" neſt Endeavours; that People who come toge-
" ther with ſmall Beginnings had made great
" Fortunes, and ſhe did not doubt but that they
" ſhould do very well in the World; for where
" there was Love, there was every Thing."

" YES, ſays Mr. *James*, there is no doubt but
" we ſhall do well together; but, as you ſay,
" Mrs. *Molly*, we muſt uſe our Endeavours." At the ſame Time ſeizing her by the Hand, and looking up into her Face with as much Earneſtneſs as a poor Female Methodiſt eyes Dr. *Weſley*, when he is mounted on a Stool to preach Damnation in the Fields; he cries; " My dear (he almoſt ſaid
" *little*) *Molly*, now is the Moment when you
" can make your and my Fortune for ever. Take
" Time by the Forelock."

" LORD, ſays *Molly*, my dear *Jemmy*, tell me
" how; do you imagine I'll be backward to my
" own Advantage and yours?"

" YOU know then, ſays he, that Mr. *Stem* has
" much more Money than ought to go to one
" Perſon; that the young Man who is to ſucceed
" him may likely ſpend his Fortune, and if he
" does not, a Thouſand Pounds or two will put
" us in a Way of Trade, which would make us
" happy all our Lives; and without that I am
" afraid the Nuptial Hour muſt be prolonged be-
" yond the Death of Mr. *Stem*; for 'tis hard
" coming together with ſmall Sums of Money;
" for Money only gets Money in this Age, and
" Love will ſcarce keep the Wolf from the Door."

AT this Hint of delaying the Marriage Mrs. *Molly* cock'd up her Ears, being fully convinced ſhe had ſtaid long enough already for any Woman upon Earth; that Maids were not like Tobacco, the better for keeping; and though ſhe was not, like a Builder's

a Builder's Houſe, of Materials that would quickly decay, and the Bloom ſtill remained upon her Cheeks as ſtrong as ever, ſhe was determined to exert every thing in her Power to haſten the Day of Marriage; which, though it may ſometimes lead to Plagues not much ſhort of the *Tartarus* of the Ancients, is yet, perhaps, coveted with more vehement Deſire, than a Saint does the Day which muſt introduce him to Paradiſe.

For this Reaſon ſhe cry'd, taking up her *Jemmy* in her Arms, (for theſe Lovers were not of the coy Kind, like your Dukes and Dutcheſſes,) and kiſſing him as freely as the Bagnio Ladies do their Paramours, "Tell me what I am to do, and no-"thing ſhall prevent me from following the Di-"rections of my dear *Jemmy*." At the ſame Time communicating a Hug, not much ſhort of that which *Hercules* gave *Antæus*, and which Mr. *James* remembered for ſeveral Days after, ſuch Impreſſion had the Manner of imparting her Paſſion made upon him.

"You know, ſays he, Mrs. *Molly*," (the Squeeze preventing him from Words of Tenderneſs, for Things do not always beget their Likeneſs, and Fondneſs in one is ſometimes the Cauſe of Averſion in another, ſo oddly is Man compoſed; however, this Diſtaſte paſſed off with the Effects of her Embrace;) "that the World is "very ungrateful, and 'tis very probable that Mr. "*Stem*, though he has been ſerved with the great-"eſt Fidelity by me, and with the utmoſt Ten-"derneſs by you, may die without thinking upon "it, eſpecially as his Memory begins to fail him; "and thus, poor Man, he may be ſorry in the "other World for neglecting us his faithful Ser-"vants in this, which may diſturb his Peace in

"Heaven,

" Heaven, a thing much beyond all earthly " Conſiderations, and which all good Chriſtians " ſhould endeavour to prevent."

AND here I aſk Pardon for an Omiſſion, which is, that I had forgotten to tell you, that Mr. *James* had been bred a Preſbyterian with his Maſter in the Country, and had learnt the true Cant to a Miracle, which ſtill remains in the North of *England*, where the Maſter of the Family, if there be a Room adjoining the Street, twangs the Dictates of the Goſpel through his Noſe all *Sunday*, and diſobeys them all the reſt of the Week.

To all this Speech Mrs. *Molly* moſt readily acceded: She agreed, it was a pity her Maſter, poor Gentleman, ſhould ſuffer in the next World for being unmindful of them in this; and added, if Mr. *James* would inſtruct her, ſhe would certainly take all poſſible Care to preſerve him from Puniſhment in another Life.

THIS, as Mr. *James* did very privately, and as the very Words never came to the Author's Ears, he is determined to omit in this Place; and for another Reaſon alſo, holding it extremely impertinent to treat his Readers with Repetitions of the ſame Kind, like *Æſop*'s Feaſt, conſiſting all of Tongues; and thinking it almoſt as much againſt the Rules of Hiſtory, as of the Drama, to give Recitals of what is to paſs before the Spectators Eyes, and ſpoil an Entertainment by giving the Bill of Fare; or, like the unſkilful Shewers of wild Beaſts and Puppets, who prevent their own Advantage in their Trade, by exhibiting the Pictures of them publicly in the Streets.

FOR this, and many other Reaſons, he deſires to let nothing of this Scene be diſcovered till the Effects of it come upon the Stage, or at leaſt till the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

In which Mr. James Barter's *Capacity is opened, Mrs.* Molly's *Tenderneſs for her Maſter diſplayed, and young Mr.* Stem *offends his Uncle. Being the true Way of circumventing old Perſons to the Ruin of their neareſt Relations, very uſeful for all Servants, humble Couſins, and pretended Friends.*

IT is a very old Obſervation, which I hope will make this Chapter particularly delightful to the Antiquarians, that apt Scholars need little Teaching; and ſo it proved in the Caſe of Mrs. *Molly*. For as ſoon as Mr. *James* had more fully opened his Deſign, ſhe comprehended the Thing with vaſt Readineſs, and ſet about accompliſhing it in the following Manner.

BUT, at the ſame Time, I muſt tell my Reader, that whilſt Mr. *James* was inſtructing Mrs. *Molly* in the Art of wheedling herſelf farther into the good Graces of her Maſter, he was himſelf inſinuating into Mr. *Thomas Stem*, the Nephew, the Diſadvantages attending Trade. He ſaid, "for "his Part, if an Uncle would leave him Thirty "Thouſand Pounds, he would not trouble him- "ſelf with cringing to little Country Shop-keep- "ers, but would enjoy Life, and live like a Gen- "tleman; that the Perſon who was not content- "ed with Thirty Thouſand Pounds would be "contented with nothing; and that if Happineſs "was not to be obtained by that Sum, it could "not be found upon Earth."

NOTHING is ſo ſoothing to young Minds as the Love of Idleneſs and Pleaſure; for this Rea-

ſon

ſon the young Man, not being directly under the Eye of his Uncle, ſpent much of his Time from Home in public Places, dreſſed to the beſt Advantage, which, improving his Perſon, was another Species of Flattery that ſeduced him to determine on the Life of a Gentleman when his Uncle ſhould die.

THINGS being in this State, Mrs. *Molly* one Evening ſitting by the Bed-ſide of her Maſter, who was now grown weaker in Body and Mind, took Occaſion to utter three or four Sighs, the firſt nor ſecond ſucceeding, each of which would have turned the Vanes of a Windmill.

THIS, Mr. *Stem* taking Notice of at laſt, bid her not grieve ſo much for him, for that he ſhould ſhortly arrive at a better Place, where his Pains would find an End.

" AH ! Sir, ſays *Molly*, to be ſure it is a trying " Thing to part with a Maſter which one loves " ſo well, and muſt needs draw Tears from every " good Servant's Eyes; but, Sir, this is not all " the Reaſon of my Concern; I grieve to think " how the Money, which you have gotten toge- " ther with ſo much Pains, will be ſquandered " when you are gone."

THIS alarmed the old Man into an Enquiry about the Conduct of Mr. *Thomas*, his Nephew; for though he had loſt all Senſation of one Side, yet it had not abated a Bit the Senſe of Money in him. Which Mrs. *Molly* related to him, not leſſening by Compaſſion one ſingle Circumſtance, which might place the young Man's Proceedings in a favourable Light; ſo fond of the Truth was ſhe, that ſhe rather told more than leſs of it. And thus having made up her Story, ſhe deſired that Mr. *James* might be conſulted upon the Matter:

" For

" For God knows my Heart, ſays ſhe, I would " not tell a Lye for the World, or injure a Worm " that crawls upon the Earth." To which old Mr. *Stem* replied, " I believe thee, *Molly*, truly."

THIS being the State of Affairs, Mr. *Stem* ſent for Mr. *James* up to him; at which Time, Mrs. *Molly* withdrew, as one that was above appearing to influence Mr. *James* in Favour of what ſhe had ſaid.

MR. *James* being come into the Chamber, the old Gentleman enquired about the Life of his Nephew; to which being anſwered with Words in his Favour, accompanied, at the ſame Time, with an Air of Reſerve, as if he was not ſpeaking the Truth, the old Gentleman cried out, " Ah! " *James*, I ſee how it is, your good Nature would " willingly hide his Extravagancies from me, but " it is in vain; I know how Things go; he " ſhall never ſpend the Money which I have very " hardly earned; I will prevent that, I warrant " you." At which Words, Mr. *James*, taking his Leave with a low Bow, left the old Gentleman in full Poſſeſſion of this pious Reſolution, without offering one Word of Apology for the young Man his Nephew; conceiving, to be ſure, that a Maſter knew better than a Servant what was to be done in ſuch a Caſe, and therefore it would not be good Manners to interrupt him.

THUS far Things went well; but it muſt be imagined, that the old Gentleman would naturally repreſent Things to his Nephew, and try to reclaim him from his pernicious Practices. This Mr. *James* ſaw very perfectly, though Mrs. *Molly* did not. And here give me Leave to ſpeak a bold Truth, without intending to depreciate any Man alive: I queſtion whether any Ambaſſador, Reſi-

dent,

dent, or *Chargé des Affairs* amongſt all the ſharp-ſighted and ſagacious Number ſent from the various Courts of *Europe*, would have conducted an Affair ſo well near the Miniſter where he reſided, as Mr. *James* did this Affair with his Maſter.

THE better to make this Impreſſion of Mr. *Thomas Stem*'s Courſe of Life ſtrike ſtrongly into the old Gentleman his Uncle, Mr. *James* had contrived, that this Overture of Mrs. *Molly*'s ſhould be made on the only Day in the Week when the young Gentleman ſtaid out late at Evenings, which was on the Occaſion of a Ball, at the *Caſtle* Tavern in *Pater-noſter-Row*, paſſed in reputable and agreeable Company.

THE old Gentleman, then, when Mr. *James* left him, bid him ſend up his Nephew; to which he anſwered, "Yes," though he knew he was gone out; and then ſent up Mrs. *Molly* (who, the Reader will remember had quitted the Room, I hope, without my telling it him) to acquaint the old Gentleman he was gone abroad very finely dreſſed.

AT theſe Words, "finely dreſſed," the old Gentleman ſighed from his Soul, thinking of his Money, and aſked "what the Cloaths were?" which Mrs. *Molly* told him, embroidering the Coat, and lacing the Waiſtcoat; the Faſhion of which I would tell the Reader alſo, if I was not afraid I ſhould not have Room enough for my intended Deſign, or if I wrote by the Sheet for my Bookſeller.

IT happened more particularly that this Evening Mrs. *Molly* was ſo touched with Goodneſs for her poor Maſter, whom ſhe lamented as one not only afflicted with Diſeaſe, but with the Behaviour of a moſt undutiful Nephew; that ſhe determined

termined to wake by his Bed-ſide all Night, in hopes that he would be calmer and eaſier with her Care than another's.

WHICH Care, in Truth, good Reader, leſt you ſhould not ſee the Intent of it, which all Readers may not, was the Care of certainly waking her Maſter when Mr. *Thomas* came home; leſt, peradventure, his going up Stairs very ſoftly, through Fear of diſturbing his Uncle, might not be ſufficient for that Purpoſe; and this, though Mrs. *Molly* was not the Actor, was, in fact, planned by Mr. *James*. It ſeems theſe two great People, like the Marſhals *Saxe* and *Lowendahl*, did beſt in Concert; the one laid the Scheme, and the other took the Town.

THE old Gentleman then not having cloſed his Eyes till Midnight, with reflecting on his Nephew's abandoned Practices, was juſt got into a pleaſing Sleep; when Mrs. *Molly*, hearing Mr. *Thomas* going ſoftly up Stairs, cried out aloud, "He is "come." Which awaking the old Man, he aſked *Molly*, what Noiſe he had heard, not knowing the Cauſe of his Waking: To which ſhe anſwered, "Ah! Lord, Sir! are you awaked? "I am ſorry for it; you were juſt got into the "ſweeteſt Sleep! it was nothing but Mr. *Thomas* "going up to Bed." He then aſked, What o'Clock it was? and being told paſt Three, he ſighed again heavily from his Heart, and would have ſeen Mr. *Thomas* directly to have chaſtiſed him; which Mrs. *Molly*, knowing that his Cloaths were neither laced nor embroidered, oppoſed; this Want of Finery, then, as it was a Reaſon for her not letting him be ſeen by his Uncle at that Time, is another alſo for our not deſcribing his Cloaths before; and a better Reaſon,

ſon, perhaps, than every Author can give for concealing the Truth.

THE Time of Mr. *Thomas*'s Riſing being come, his Uncle required his Attendance before him; where, believing every Word that *Molly* had ſaid, to be as true as the Goſpel, and as demonſtrable as Queſtions in Algebra, he gave him a ſevere Reprimand, and told him, "That one ſuch another Action ſhould turn him out of the Houſe, "and deprive him of all he intended to give him."

THE young Gentleman modeſtly attempted to vindicate himſelf; denied the Facts; and deſired to know who had informed him of ſo many Falſities?

"FALSITIES, ſaid the old Man; Sirrah, did "not I hear you come home laſt Night at Three "o'Clock? Here is the honeſt Girl who has told "me the Whole of your Tricks, your Expences, "and idle Life; and with no other Intent, but "to keep me from being ruined before I die, or "having all I have, ſpent within a Year after I "am buried."

To which Mr. *Thomas* replying ſomething not much in Favour of Mrs. *Molly*, (for it ſeems there was no good Blood between them) and which I would not ſtain this Paper with any more than her Anſwer, through fear of offending the chaſte Eyes of Ladies who will read this Hiſtory, they concluded in Mr. *Thomas*'s appealing to Mr. *James Barter*; who was immediately ſummoned into the Chamber, and aſked his Sentiments, with reſpect to the Manner of young Mr. *Stem*'s ſpending his Life.

MR. *James* ſaid, "Indeed he knew nothing of "Mr. *Thomas*'s ſpending his Time amiſs; to ſay "the Truth, he was not always at Home, any

"more

" more than other young Gentlemen; that he " knew no Harm of him; he was ſure that Mr. " *Moſes Smart*, Mr. *Billy Gibbins*, and Mr. *Sa-* " *muel Trip* were much more abroad than Mr. " *Thomas*." Which three young Fellows the old Man knowing to be the greateſt Reprobates in the City, cried out, " Oh Lord! oh, Lord! " does he keep them Company; then he muſt be " undone!" In anſwer to which Mr. *James* aſſured him, that he did not to his Knowledge, at leaſt he was not ſure of it. " Ah! ſays old *Stem*, " *James*, I ſee how it is; you are willing to ſkreen " him from my Anger. Get you gone, ſays he, " to Mr. *Thomas*, let me never ſee your Face " more."

BEING come down Stairs, Mr. *James* comforted Mr. *Thomas*, by telling him that Sickneſs and old Age were always peeviſh, that he ſhould take no Notice of it; that certainly *Molly* was a blabbing ——; and that keeping out of the old Man's Sight for a few Days, he did not doubt but, during that Time, all might be reconciled again with his Uncle, which he promiſed to effectuate; and which Mr. *Thomas* obeying, as thinking Mr. *James* his Friend, we ſhall take the Hint, and keep off from the Sight of our Readers, as he did from his Uncle's, till the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Talents of Mr. James Barter *farther diſplay'd. Mrs.* Molly's *great Skill in the Management of Affairs. The laſt Will and Death of Mr.* Thomas Stem.

THE Counſel which Mr. *James* gave to Mr. *Thomas* in the laſt Chapter, as the Heart of Man cannot be looked into, a cautious Reader would not ſwear to the Deſign of; and yet I think, whoever had been initiated in the Knowledge of the great World, would have ſuggeſted it was not given with a good Intent; if it was, Mr. *James* was a bad Counſeller, as the Obſervation of it certainly completed the Nephew's Ruin in the Uncle's Opinion. Mrs. *Molly* imputing his Abſence entirely to Undutifulneſs, inſtigated thereto by Mr. *James*, which is one Reaſon why his Advice ſeems to be given with no good Intent.

In ſhort, Things proceeded in this way: Mr. *James* aſſuring the young Man, that he could not pacify the Uncle; and Mrs. *Molly* harping upon the String of Undutifulneſs in the Nephew, eternally in the Ears of her Maſter, with an Addition, that it was pity ſuch ungrateful Wretches ſhould have the ſpending an Eſtate gotten with Induſtry and Care; that for her part, if ſhe had a thouſand Relations ſhe would give her Eſtate, if ſhe had one, to the Poor of the Pariſh, rather than to Couſins, who would ſquander it amongſt Whores and Gameſters.

THIS the old Tobacconiſt, touch'd with the Thoughts of his darling Caſh, thought was right Reaſoning; and aſſured her, he would divide his Eſtate between her and Mr. *James*, who had been his faithful Servants, and not give his Reprobate Nephew a Shilling. Theſe Words having eſcaped Mr. *Stem*'s Mouth, Mrs. *Molly*, without taking Leave, eſcaped from the old Man and ſtept down to Mr. *James*, to acquaint him with the News of it, and to take his Advice about making the Will.

NOW in this very Place, if an Author could lay Wagers with his Readers, Thouſands of Pounds might be won; but as he cannot, it may ſerve as a Bet at *White*'s, where the Lives of Men are played at Chuck-Farthing; which is, what Part of the Account Mr. *James* was diſpleaſed with? Would not almoſt every one think, with that of not being to be left more than one Half; whereas, in fact, it was, that he was to be left any Part at all.

NOW, as this may ſeem to be a little paradoxical to many of our Readers, we ſhall take upon us to ſolve it. It being much the Faſhion amongſt ſome late Writers to make Paradoxes, for no other Intent on Earth than that of ſhewing their Skill in ſolving them; a Thing common with Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, in *Scotland*.

MR. *James Barter*, though not of the kind of that Philoſopher in *Syracuſe*, who pledged himſelf to *Dionyſius* for the Return of his Friend, who he knew was to be executed at the Time of his coming back; nor of the *Cherokee* Indian, who, being advanced in Years, freely gave his Life

Life to ſave that of a younger Man his Relation, who had forfeited it; yet always preferred the Preſervation of a good Character to the Loſs of it, when Things might be equally as well done; having made many Obſervations, that he who has loſt his good Name, has loſt the beſt Power of deceiving.

For this Reaſon, he choſe that Mrs *Molly* ſhould be made ſole Executrix of all that the old Gentleman was poſſeſſed of; himſelf only Ten Pounds to buy a Suit of Mourning; and nothing to the Nephew, who was now totally deſerted, and whom the old Man, ſuppoſing his keeping from ſeeing him entirely owing to Diſregard and Undutifulneſs, had ordered Mrs. *Molly* to bid to quit the Houſe; which Order ſhe would moſt willingly have obliged him in, but that Mr. *James*, foreſeeing that ſuch a Proceeding might be extremely dangerous to them, prevented her, continuing to ſoothe the young Man with Hopes of Reconcilement with his Uncle, and kept him in the Houſe till the Day of the old Man's Death.

The ſame Day the Will was made by Mrs. *Molly*'s Brother, who had been a Hackney Writer to an Attorney, in which all was bequeathed to Mrs. *Molly*, though the old Gentleman divided his Poſſeſſions between them; Mr. *James* ordering it ſo, knowing that he had at any time the Power of deſtroying the Effect of it by his Oath, and conſequently Mrs. *Molly* in his Poſſeſſion. This Will was witneſſed, the old Gentleman declaring it to be his laſt Will and Teſtament, before three People who were ignorant of the Contents.

AFTER this, he ſeemed to be more at his Eaſe than before, and yet ſo uncertain is Life, (a moral Reflection,) within three Weeks he was taken into the Embraces of Mrs. *Molly*'s ſecond beſt Friend, which is not only her's but that of many a pining Heir alſo, who ſighs grievouſly for his Father's Eſtate, and this Friend is no other than the King of Terrors, called DEATH.

WHICH Accident, as it put a Period to the Life of Mr. *Thomas Stem*, Tobacconiſt, ſhall here put an End to this Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

A very ſhort Chapter, wherein is recounted what happened upon the making, and before the opening, the Will of Mr. Stem.

THE laſt Teſtament of Mr. *Stem* being ſigned, ſealed, and delivered, Mr. *James Barter* began to think, that entering into the holy State of Matrimony might not at preſent be much amiſs: and therefore, at their Afternoon's Tea, being a little more amorouſly inclined than uſual, he propoſed to Mrs. *Molly* the performing that Ceremony the next Morning at *May-Fair*, and keeping it ſecret till a proper Opportunity for the diſcloſing it.

THIS, Mrs. *Molly* had but one Objection to; which was, that having ſtaid too long already, and knowing Time to be precious, ſhe

ſhe conceived that beginning the Ceremony that Night, with only inverting the Ends of it, might be better than ſtaying till To-morrow; for gaining Time is gaining every Thing in Love, Trade, and Politics; and therefore ſhe let fall, half-jeſt half-earneſt, ſome Expreſſion, which led to that Inclination.

Mr. *James*, who was never ſlow at taking a Hint, perceiving what ſhe would be at, promiſed to ſteal to her Bed-ſide that very Evening when all was quiet below; which, notwithſtanding, he was prevented in; Mrs. *Molly* herſelf, who thinking he might fall in a deep Sleep, and forget it, civilly tripping ſecretly to his Chamber in the Dark, to remind him of his Promiſe: Where we ſhall leave them, without ſtaying to throw the Stocking; a Ceremony never performed when a Wedding begins at the End which this did. And thus we conclude this Chapter, being determined to keep our Words with our Readers, which we promiſed ſhould be a ſhort one.

CHAP. VII.

In which that Part of the Marriage Ceremony which ſtands firſt in the Office, is in this Inſtance the laſt in the acting. Together with two other Ceremonies, the burying Mr. Stem, *and opening the Will. Young Mr.* Stem's *Affliction. The Conſolation, good Advice, and Generoſity of Mr.* Barter.

MRS. *Molly* and Mr. *James* having ſpent the Night in the Dark, [which muſt neceſſarily prevent every one from ſeeing what paſſed, and many a waggiſh old Reader from a liquoriſh Deſcription,] there would be great Reaſon to believe that all Accounts of it would lean to the Fabulous; we ſhall, therefore, decline every Attempt of that kind, and only ſay, that they got up in the Morning and finiſhed the matrimonial Ceremony, where more People are imagined to begin it, than perhaps is ſtrictly true. Indeed, to ſay the moſt that can be ſaid againſt this way, it is but performing it Hebrew-wiſe, and beginning from the Chriſtian *Finis*; that is, where the Church ſuppoſes the married Couple leave off; every Part of the Ceremony being performed, which ultimately comes to the ſame Thing. For 'tis as ſure as Fate, that the Perſon who goes to *Dover* from *London* paſſes through the ſame Towns, as he that comes from *Dover* to *London*; the Length of the Journey is the ſame to both Parties; with this Difference only, that one Man is at *Dover* in the Morning, and in *London* at Night; and the other at *London* in the

the Morning, and in *Dover* at Night. And this, we conceive, was the whole Difference between the common Method, and that which was purſued by Mr. *James* and Mrs. *Molly*.

We muſt now beg Leave to take our Readers back again to Mr. *Stem*, who was laid in his Coffin, covered with Velvet, and a Silver Plate fixed on it, comprehending his whole Hiſtory, *videlicet*, the Day of his Birth and the Day of his Deceaſe. One more Paragraph excepted, which had been printed in the Daily Papers, telling the World that important Piece of Intelligence, that Yeſterday died Mr. *Thomas Stem*, an eminent Tobacconiſt; which Word *eminent*, in all ſuch Inſtances, means nothing but rich.

The Funeral was pompous, all Parties agreeing to that. The Nephew being in good Humour, from believing that the Effects and Eſtate were now his own; and Mr. *James* and Mrs. *Molly* from knowing the contrary. And, perhaps, the Obſervation of Dr. *Swift*, that one finds moſt merry Hearts in mourning Coaches, was never more ſtrictly verified than on this Occaſion.

But, alas! how tranſient is human Felicity! it is a Flea that leaps from Place to Place, rioting in Blood like a Buck in Claret, which at laſt is cracked by the Nails of the Chamber-maid, and is ſeen no more. It is a Muſhroom, which ſpringeth up in the Morning, and is eaten at the *King's-Arms* Tavern at Noon. It is a ——, in fact, it is very ſhort-lived, as will be ſhewn in this Chapter.

OLD *Stem* being decently interred, and Mrs. *Molly* having ſhed more Tears over him than would have driven an overſhot Mill, for we love to ſpeak within Compaſs; in Truth, ſhe was abundantly gifted with Weeping, which is the more extraordinary conſidering her Sex; they returned to the Houſe which had been old Mr. *Stem*'s, and which young Mr. *Thomas* had for ſome Days concluded was his own, with Deſign to read the Will.

NOW, Reader, if you have ever ſeen Mr. *Garrick* in King *Richard*, when he wakes from his Dream; or the Philoſophers of *London*, when the Madman predicted another Earthquake, ſcampering out of Town; you may conceive the Aſtoniſhment which young Mr. *Thomas* expreſſed, when he found that he was excluded from every Shilling of his Uncle's Effects.

IN plain Truth, having exhibited ſome Strokes of Amazement, he fainted away into the Arms of Mr. *James*, who took Care to bring him to himſelf; whilſt Mrs. *Molly* went to take a Dram to keep up her Spirits, which were almoſt exhauſted, in fearing leſt that ſhould not be in the Will, which ſhe knew to be there; ſo difficult many People are of believing their good Fortune, when they know it is certainly arrived to them.

"TAKE me away, Mr. *James*," ſays he, coming to himſelf: "Let me fly this curſed "Houſe, and the Sight of that pernicious Wo-"man, who has ſeduced my Uncle to my Un-"doing. I ſee, ſays he, by the Will, that you "could have no Hand in this Wickedneſs; your "Fidelity

" Fidelity is rewarded like my Duty; he has " deprived his only Relation of Bread, to beſtow " it on a falſe, deceitful ———" what we ſhall not name, being really as reſerved as the Author of *Joſeph Andrews*, who uſed the Name of She-Dog on the like Occaſion.

Mr. *James* bewailed his unhappy Situation, and attempted to conſole him, by telling him, there was ſurely a Providence, whoſe Eye was over all his Works, and would certainly have the Innocent and Injured under his peculiar Protection; that, as *Cato* ſaid, " the Ways of Hea- " ven were dark and intricate;" and therefore, the very Accident which he took for his Ruin, might poſſibly be his Happineſs in the End; and begged him to be of good cheer, which Exhortation he backed with many Texts of Scripture.

Mr. *Thomas*, the Nephew, thanking him for his good Advice, now ſaid with a Sigh, " Since " my Lot is thus unexpectedly changed, from " what I had Reaſon to believe, with the Three " Hundred Pounds which were left me by the " beſt of Parents, I will go to the Univerſity, " and prepare myſelf for Holy Orders." Which Inclination Mr. *James Barter* much commended him for.

Now, though the Reader has been already told, that Mr. *James Barter* had converted Mrs. *Molly Drab* into Mrs. *Barter*, yet the thing was a Secret to all others but the Parties concerned; and this Mr. *James* determined ſhould yet continue longer in that Manner to the World, for Reaſons which ſhall be ſoon diſcovered. This Night, however, theſe two Per-

ſons, who had been known by the Names of *James* and *Molly*, being now certainly worth Thirty Thouſand Pounds, had a Right to drop thoſe two ſervile Appellations, and take that of Mr. and Mrs. *Barter*. In this following their Betters, as the Son of a Baron takes that of my Lord, and drops the Honourable Mr. at the Death of his Father.

In ſerious Truth, they ſat down together, and enjoyed, for the firſt Time, without Fear of Moleſtation, what the old Gentleman had left behind him.

My Reader muſt have remembered, or elſe he has a very bad Memory, that Mr. *James* had all along thought a good Name a good Thing, without the Reputation of which no great Matters could be done in Trade; and this Maxim he continued, after being called Mr. *Barter*. For that Reaſon he concluded, that Twenty-eight Thouſand Pounds, and a good Character, was better than Thirty without it; and foreſaw that ſome ſmall Sprinklings of the Sarcaſm of the World might fall on his Wife, and even on himſelf, (like the dirty Drops which fly from a twirling Mop of ſome incautious Chamber-maid on a White-Gown'd Paſſenger) if nothing was given to the young Gentleman to prevent it, or if his Marriage was diſcovered, as having been tranſacted before the Death of their Maſter.

Indeed, he was willing to get a good Name, though his Wife might loſe it; for though, like a good Chriſtian, he knew that Man and Wife were one Fleſh, yet he knew alſo that one half did not always ſuffer or rejoice with the other; he,

he, therefore, was more ſedulous of his Moiety than hers, and determined to coax the World into a good Opinion of his Honeſty, whatever they might think of his Spouſe. In order to obtain this, he deſired his fair Conſort would grant him two Requeſts, with an inſinuating Leer which would have ſeduced a more knowing Perſon.

To this ſhe anſwered as obligingly in the Affirmative. Which were, that the bliſsful Day of their Nuptials might be yet kept a Secret, and that Mr. *Thomas Stem* the Nephew might be preſented with Two Thouſand Pounds; the laſt Article of which ſhe was a long while in conſenting to. With reſpect to the firſt, as ſhe received all the Emoluments of a Wife as fully as if ſhe had been proclaimed in every Market-Town in *Great Britain*, ſhe gave herſelf no trouble about it; but the Two Thouſand Pounds being a weighty Affair, was not ſo eaſily removed.

SHE expoſtulated with her Huſband, that Two Thouſand Pounds was a great deal of Money to give to a Perſon who was no ways her Relation; that Money was not ſo eaſily got in theſe Days; that, to be ſure, her Maſter was a good Maſter, but that ſhe dearly deſerved every Penny he had left her; and that ſhe was not ſure whether ſuch an Action was not breaking the Will of the Dead.

HOWEVER, Mr. *Barter* getting the better of the Argument, got the better of her Reſolution, and determined the Money ſhould be given to the Nephew which he had propoſed; and to behave as a Servant to his Wife,

till a proper Time ſhould arrive for the declaring to the World the Secret of their Marriage.

About two or three Days after this Mr. *Barter* paid a Viſit to Mr. *Thomas Stem*. He found him in a certain Tranquillity of Spirits which naturally follows a great Dejection in moſt Minds, when the firſt Pangs are ſomewhat abated; not unlike that Stillneſs in the Sky which is ſometimes obſerved when two oppoſite and gentle Winds, or Summer Breezes, have juſt overcome one another's Motion; or like the Tide at the Moment of high Water, before it has received the contrary Direction. In this manner Mr. *Barter* finding Mr. *Thomas*, he told him what he had obtained for him, which the other ſtrenuouſly refuſed to accept at firſt, from the Hands of that villainous Woman, as he named her, till being reaſoned with by Mr. *Barter*, whom he conſidered as his beſt Friend, he at length complied with this Requeſt, and accepted he Money.

This Affair being told by Mr. *Thomas Stem* to the young Fellows who came good-naturedly to comfort him in his Affliction, and piouſly to d—n his Uncle to Hell; concluding at the ſame Time that he was certainly gone there already; they ſwore that *Little James* was a d—mn'd honeſt Fellow, and deſerved to be conſidered; in which Thought we acquieſce, as well as theſe clever young Fellows; and, therefore, dropping young Mr. *Stem* for the preſent, we ſhall conſider *Little James*, alias Mr. *Barter*, through great Part of the following Hiſtory.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Barter *begins to become a Gentlewoman. Her Ambition of the beſt Company. The Introduction of two Perſonages. Much engaged with People in high Life. A Diviſion of the City of* London *on a new Plan, which we conceive to be the Invention of the Author; and therefore lay our Claim to it.*

MR. *Barter* having thus eſtabliſhed a good Character amongſt the young Men, which is always much eaſier and better done than amongſt the old; Youth being either more credulous, more ignorant of the World, or more honeſt; all which we are apt to believe; are more inclined to conceive People like themſelves than old Age, which is not fond of decorating its Cotemporaries with Garlands of thoſe Virtues, when it finds no Pegs in itſelf to hang them upon. This Piece of Generoſity, then, of *Little James*, theſe young Gentlemen applauded to the Skies, and ſpread abroad with great Vehemence every where; ſo that his Reputation for an honeſt Fellow being ſo great, he conceived that the Foundation for deceiving was now ſo well eſtabliſhed, that he made no Doubt of raiſing an immenſe Fortune, which was his Ambition. At the ſame time being determined to uſe this Advantage but upon great Occaſions, he laid it by to accumulate, as Miſers do their Money in the Stocks, and never riſque a good Character by the pitiful Tricks of ſhort Weight, ſelling one Thing for another, arreſting Men for

ſmall

ſmall Sums of Money, or caſting up Accounts in his own Favour; which imprudent Actions have been the Ruin of many an honeſter Man than himſelf, who fooliſhly parted with a Thing for five Pounds, that, well managed, would have brought them Thouſands. He continued ſome time to ſerve Mrs. *Barter*, his lawful Wife, as a Servant by Day only, dining with her at the ſame Table, and ſleeping in the ſame Bed; two Things not very uncommon with Male Servants, in thoſe Houſes where the Miſtreſſes are either Widows or old Maids.

THINGS paſſed on in this way, Mrs. *Barter*, from Ignorance of her State being called Miſs *Molly* by her Stay-maker, Mantua-maker, and Milliner; all which poſitively affirmed, that ſhe was the beſt Shape for a Lady of a largiſh Size that ever they had ſeen; and, indeed, ſhe was reduced to as ſmall a Diameter as Whalebone and Canvaſs could make her, being braced into her Stays like Cotton into a Sack; which Complaiſance of the Milliner and Mantua-maker being graciouſly received, was returned on Mrs. *Barter*'s Side, by a Deſire that the Ladies would drink a Diſh of Tea with her: This Requeſt was as readily granted, for Reaſons which will be as readily ſuggeſted; the Stay-maker going away unaſked, the Lady not being knowing enough in Politeneſs to decide whether ſhe ſhould invite him or not. Tea being ſerved, Mrs. *Barter* deſired the Ladies would admit Mr. *James* to the Tea-table, for though Providence, ſhe ſaid, had been pleaſed to bleſs her with Wealth, yet, thank Heaven, ſhe had not forgot that ſhe had been a Fellow-Servant with Mr.

James,

James, and therefore hoped they would excuſe it; which being complied with, with the utmoſt Readineſs, Mr. *James* participated of the Tea, and retired.

Now there is no Conjuror, however renowned he may be, that can foretell a Marriage, or gueſs at Man and Woman's Deſigns ſo ſhrewdly, as a Milliner or Mantua-maker; for that Reaſon theſe two Ladies tipt the Wink upon one another during the Tea-time, as much as to ſay, here is a Match going on. In which the Reader ſees, from the particular Favour of the Author's letting him into it, that they were once miſtaken; the Affair being already concluded, which theſe Ladies imagined but juſt begun.

Mr. *Barter* being retired, Mrs. *Barter* told the Ladies, ſhe hoped they ſhould be better acquainted; for that being always very fond of the beſt Company, ſhe ſhould take it as a Favour if they would ſee her often, which Viſits ſhe would conſtantly repay very thankfully.

To this good-natured Overture Mrs. *Mockmode* the Milliner courteouſly replied, that ſhe ſhould look upon her Company as the greateſt Honour which could poſſibly be done her; and hoped ſhe ſhould have the Pleaſure of ſeeing her at her Houſe next *Thurſday*, when Mr. *Doubletripe*'s Lady intended her the Favour of a Viſit; at which time, ſays ſhe, I do not doubt of beginning an Intimacy between your Ladyſhip and Mrs. *Doubletripe*; a Lady, I aſſure you, Miſs *Molly*, of great Politeneſs, and much known at Court.

THIS Speech was ſeconded by juſt ſuch another from the Mantua-maker; both for the ſame Reaſon, the Hopes of bringing more Cuſtom; for theſe Baggages knew that Fifty Guineas from Mrs. *Barter* was equal to Fifty Guineas from Lady ——, and much ſooner received from one than the other; which in a Tradeſman or Woman's Opinion makes a good Amends between ſimply heading a Bill with plain Mrs. and the Honour of,

The Right Hon. Lady Lucy Tiptoe,
To Martha Mockmode ———— *Debtor.*

For, ſtrange to tell! theſe unpolite People are ſo fooliſh to imagine, that ready Money from a Tobacconiſt's Wife is equal to the Honour of crediting a Dutcheſs.

NOTHING was ever in higher Spirits than Mrs. *Barter* was this Evening: She told Mr. *Barter* the Honour ſhe was like to have, and the Civility ſhe had received from Mrs. *Mockmode*; ſhe *proteſted*, a Word ſhe had that Day learnt from the Milliner, that ſhe did not believe there was a *more politer* Woman about Town, than Mrs. *Mockmode*. And here, before I conclude this Chapter, I ſhall give you the true Reaſons which entered into the Head of the Milliner, to make this Advance of Mrs. *Barter*'s meeting Mrs. *Doubletripe* at her Houſe.

IT is, or ought to be perfectly well known, by all who have made the leaſt Remark upon this great City of *London*, that nothing can be more unlike than the two Extremes of it, meaning *Wapping* and *St. James's*.

AND

And yet, in beginning at *Wapping* and proceeding to the Court, the Politeneſs of Manners increaſes ſo gradually, that you cannot perceive the leaſt Diſtinction in paſſing from one Individual to another between the two adjoining Neighbours, the Difference is ſo little; the Scenes from Barbarity to good Breeding running from the Landlady at *Wapping* to the Dutcheſs at Court, like the Scale of animal Beings in Nature, which if we ſuppoſe beginning with an Oyſter ends in a Man, all forming a Chain.

In Truth, the Increaſe of Manners is as imperceptible as the Hand of a Clock; which, though Experience tells us is conſtantly moving, the Eye is not ſharp enough to diſtinguiſh in its very Time of Motion; and only judges from the comparative Places of its pointing at different Times, that it makes any Progreſs at all.

In order then to create a perceptible and ſtriking Difference between the Inhabitants of this great City, it has or ſhould have been divided into four Capital Parts, the Court, the Law, Trade, and Navigation. The firſt including what is diſtinguiſhed by the Appellation of, *the other End of the Town*; the ſecond, *the Temple*, its Purlieus, and the Inns of Court; the third, *the City*, properly ſo called; and the fourth, that Part called *Wapping*.

Now it has been Time immemorial a Cuſtom in *England*, for thoſe who are called our Betters, to think they have a right to laugh at thoſe whom they imagine to be their Inferiors; for that Reaſon, the Ladies of Nobility and high Life

Life have always ſimpered at the Ladies of the Law, and laughed outright at the City Ladies; the Ladies of the Law have, in their Turn, imitated the Quality, in ſimpering at Sheriffs Wives and Lady Mayoreſſes, and laughed at others of inferior Quality at *Wapping*; and the City Ladies have always ſimpered at the low-bred People who have ſtarted into Riches three Years later than themſelves, and made *Wapping* their ſtanding Butt of Pleaſantry; which Place being filled with Sailors, the Inhabitants did nothing but laugh at one another, and all the reſt of the World, whilſt honeſt *Jack Tar* had any Money in his Pocket. In this manner the Laughter continually runs from one to another, in repeated Exploſions, like thoſe kind of Cannon which are called Chambers, fired by a Train of Gun-powder.

For this Reaſon it was, that Mrs. *Mockmode* had cunningly deviſed an Entertainment of Laughter for Mrs. *Doubletripe*, who deſired of all Things to ſee Mrs. *Barter*, of whom ſhe had heard ſo much; and Mrs. *Barter*, a Regale of Honour, who was extremely proud of ſitting in Company with ſo great a Lady. And this is what is ſometimes underſtood, by ſorting your Company at the other End of the Town.

This Viſit, however, though it might make a good Epiſode in the Hiſtory, we chuſe to ſay nothing about, but haſten to the Hour in which the Marriage was declared between Mr. *Barter* and Mrs. *Barter*, as having taken place only ſix Days, which had really been celebrated ſix Months. And this we think will make a pretty Beginning for a ſeparate Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Marriage declared, with ſeveral new Similes. Mr. Barter's *Idea of ſtrict Probity. His Way of taking Vengeance on the Enemies, and treating the Fellow-Subjects of* Great Britain. *Mrs.* Barter's *reſembling* Sarah, *the Wife of* Abraham *the Patriarch. The Birth of her two Daughters; and Mr.* Barter's *commencing Philoſopher.*

THE Time being come when Mr. *Barter* thought that his Marriage with Mrs. *Barter* might be intruſted to the World, without Loſs of Character; his Lady was allowed to own ſhe had taken him to her Arms, under one of which he lay like the Liver beneath the Wing of a Turkey, the Pinnace by the Side of a Man of War; or (which is the beſt Simile that was ever invented for a Man and his Wife, where one of the Couple is ſhorter than the other, and which, I hope, all future Authors will uſe on the like Occaſion) the Sheath of a Knife and Fork; where the two Parts being ſtrongly united, making, like Man and Wife, not one Fleſh, but one Utenſil; the Sheath of the Fork being ſhorter and leſs than that of the Knife, reſembled Mr. *Barter* and his Lady; for though their Heads were equally high on the Pillows, their Bodies were very far from extending equally low in Bed, Mr. *Barter*'s Feet reaching no farther than the Knees of his Spouſe.

THIS Marriage being declared, Company received in due Form, the Milliner and Mantua-maker

maker making no inconſiderable Part of the Viſitors, Mr. *Barter* ſet his Heart upon being extremely rich, and Mrs. *Barter* on being a fine Lady; and yet, ſuch prevalent Things are Cuſtom and Education, that every Morning, in coming down Stairs, ſhe found herſelf going ſeveral Steps into the Kitchen, before ſhe recollected herſelf; the Pots and the Spits coming ſtrongly into her Head, as they did into *Teague*'s, at the Sight of Mrs. *Day*, in the *Committee*.

Mr. *Barter* being Thirty Thouſand Times richer, perhaps, than ever he once imagined he ſhould be, was now determined to be Thirty Thouſand Times richer than he was, if poſſible; ſuch is the Diſpoſition of Man, thirſting after Wealth; and this we could prove from many *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, but that we are afraid of being taxed with writing ſometimes in a Language unintelligible to many of our Readers, whereas we chuſe to be as plain as poſſible in all we deliver.

To this End, he enlarged his Trade, and made Correſpondencies abroad, whereby to obtain the earlieſt Intelligence of all Merchandizes ſhipped for *England*. He was extremely punctual in his Payments, never cavilling about Trifles, ſmooth and ſimpering to all Men, and hated what he called a little Thing; which is to be underſtood, defrauding any one of a little Sum of Money, to the Loſs of a great deal of Reputation.

Yet he was not ſo weak as not to know what a Character was worth, and keep it upon his Hands by over-rating the Merchandize; for which Reaſon he never failed ſelling To-day

Five

Five Thouſand Pounds Worth of Goods, which he knew by Intelligence would not be worth half that Money To-morrow, from a freſh Importation, to any Man who was ignorant of the approaching Alteration. This, indeed, though deemed as very unjuſt in Gaming, is eſteemed very honeſt in Trade: So different are Things made by two Names only.

In the *French* War he inſured, by Commiſſion, for the *French* Merchants, their Ships and Effects in *England*, and then was concerned in fitting out Privateers to intercept them in their Return; and there are not wanting ſome Inſinuations that he was engaged in *French* Privateers, and betrayed the ſailing of the *Engliſh* Ships to the Captains of them in *France:* By which we ſee he was ſtrictly a Man of Integrity, and carried the Chriſtian Doctrine of loving his Enemy as his Fellow Citizen, and doing by one as the other, to a great Height. A very rare Example of Uprightneſs in this degenerate Age!

Being ſucceſsful in all his Undertakings, he became one of the richeſt Merchants on the Exchange of *London*, and Mrs. *Barter* one of the fineſt Dames in the City, if fine Cloaths, fine Jewels, and fine Furniture can make fine Folks, as fine Feathers make fine Birds.

Beſides this, he was bleſſed with two Daughters; Mrs. *Barter*, to her great Sorrow, having never given her Huſband a Boy; and now, like *Sarah*, ſhe began to think the Time of her Bearing of Children was paſt. Indeed ſhe had no ſmall Reaſon to be of that Opinion; but as the Almanack is loſt, in which her Father inſerted in

in the Margin her Name oppoſite to the Day ſhe was born, as 'Squires in the Country do the Foaling of a Colt, we hope we ſhall be excuſed from telling it.

Mr. *Barter* was now too rich to mind Character, and too proud to do a little Thing; and having an Ambition of being a Man of Senſe, as well as a Man of Riches, he kept Company with a Sett of Free-thinkers; and thus, from a Preſbyterian ſlid eaſily into an Infidel: A Tranſition which is leſs difficult than People are apt to imagine, no two Things being nearer a-kin than Hypocriſy and Infidelity.

His chief Companion was an elderly Man, of a grave and comely Aſpect; beſpeaking Senſe if beheld at a Diſtance, and ſomething different from it at a nearer View. He wore a Wig flowing on his Shoulders, and his Converſation was ſententious. The former Part of his Life was ſpent in that Occupation which the Greeks call Παιδαγωγος; but being a Man of Ambition, he paſſed from the Country to the Service of a late Miniſter, for whom he wrote in explaining the evil Tendency of Religion, and the Advantages of ruining his Country. But, his Patron being dead, he had ſince returned to his old Way, of Teaching Boys in Coffee-Houſes, that there was no God; with a pious Intent to prevent ſuch Notions from having an Influence on their Morals, and hindering them from riſing in the World.

This Gentleman had frequently the Honour of Dining with Mr. *Barter*, to whom his Converſation and Reaſoning upon Matters of Religion were extremely entertaining: His Life, in

ſome

ſome meaſure, wanting ſuch a Kind of Philoſophy, for the Sake of internal Quiet: All not being quite well within.

To this Gentleman's Company, Miſs *Molly*, his eldeſt Daughter, was very often introduced; her Father imagining, from what he had heard of the Court, that Infidelity and Politeneſs were the ſame Thing; and therefore he was determined his Child ſhould not complain, that he had not given her a genteel Education.

As to his other Daughter, ſhe was of another Caſt from the eldeſt; and not having the beſt Health, was obliged to ſpend her Time in the Country; where having read the Bible, ſhe had taken a Prejudice in Favour of the Chriſtian Religion, which Mr. *Narrowbottom* and her Father had no Hopes of weaning her from; and, therefore, all Thoughts of that kind were given over.

WHICH two laſt Words put us in mind that it is high Time to give over this Chapter, if it be but for the Sake of beginning another.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

New Matters of Delight for the Author, exemplified by two Similes. The Deſcription of the eldeſt Daughter, and then of the younger: The Difference left to the Reader's Deciſion. A new Family introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance.

THOSE who have never been Writers can never conceive how happy an Author is, that has travelled through the diſagreeable and ſterile Parts of his Work, and is now arrived at that which offers ſome Beauty to his Mind, and refreſhes his Fancy with pleaſing Senſations: It is not unlike a cooling Spring, which bubbles at the Feet of ſome weary Traveller, parched with Thirſt in the Deſerts of *Arabia*, inviting him to drink; or a full and frothy Pot of ſtrong Beer ſmiling on a thirſty Porter: Which two Similes we have choſen, one, to ſhew our Poetry, and pleaſe thoſe Readers who delight much in the Likeneſſes of Things which they have never ſeen, as Men raging like Lions, fierce as Tigers, and weeping like Crocodiles; and the other, to entertain thoſe who have no Notion of any thing but what they have ſeen; and this Diſpoſition in us, we hope, will be taken in good part by both Sorts of People.

OF theſe two young Ladies, then, the eldeſt, who was called after her Mother, *Mary*, reſembled the good Lady from whom ſhe deſcended, as much as the *Mediterranean* Sea does the Ocean; being entirely of the ſame Qualities, but

but not quite of the ſame Quantity. She was at Eighteen as tall as her Mother, though much leſs in the Girt; and her Mind endowed with the ſame excellent Qualifications, being of an ambitious Turn, and from her Childhood determined to be a Lady: which many People imagine was put into her Head by her Mamma, and others a kind of intuitive Perception of what was to be her Lot; though her Parents at firſt never conceived her being any thing above a Lady Mayoreſs, in the moſt romantic Excurſions of their Fancy.

THIS Female, then, as ſhe is ſo rich an Heireſs, and to figure in this Hiſtory, we muſt give a more ample Deſcription of, and particularly her internal Excellencies; the external being always, though never ſo eminent, to be poſtponed to the former; and this we dare to aver, though many Ladies of our Acquaintance are of a different Opinion, relying entirely on the Charms of their Perſons.

MISS *Barter*, we have already ſaid, was as tall as her Mother; who being already deſcribed to be ſix Foot, the Reader will know her Height as well as if he had meaſured her, at three Applications of a Two-foot Rule.

HER Face was flat and bony, her Cheek-Bones ſtanding out in the Northern Taſte. Her Eyes were grey, little, fiery, and ſecured from external Injuries by the Eye-brows and Forehead jutting out over them, like a Balcony over the Door of a Houſe; but in Compenſation of the Littleneſs of her Eyes, Nature, who is always very kind, had made her ample Amends by the Extent of her Mouth, which was bounded

by two thin Lips, and adorned with two Rows of black Teeth; which, for the ſake of Variety, ſeemed reeling from one another. And if Mr. *Maddocks* had been obliged to walk on the Top of ſuch a Line, he muſt have altered his rectilineal Step to that which is deſcribed by a Man whoſe Head has been ſodden with too much ſtrong Liquor. Her Noſe was long and ſharp, and her Chin ſharp and long. Her Neck was like a Skeleton covered with tranſparent Cloth, the Bones being viſible enough; and in the new-faſhioned Negligée, ſhe really was, at ſome Diſtance, in Shape not unlike a *Hungary* Water Bottle; only the two Arms, which being very long, and reaching down within ſix Inches of her Knees, terminated with a Pair of broad Hands, not unlike thoſe Oars which are known by the Name of Paddles, ſometimes deſtroyed that Reſemblance: In fact, ſhe was a kind of a walking Embryo, which only wanted being filled up with Fleſh to reſemble her Mother. Her Voice was neither Treble nor Baſe, but of ſuch a ſingular Kind, that *Handel* or *Geminiani* would have run mad at the hearing it; it would have ſucceeded in the Opera at *Paris* to a Miracle.

THIS extraordinary Body of her's was filled up with a Mind as extraordinary; having an Ambition within her not eaſily to be equalled, her whole Pleaſure conſiſting in being thought to be richer and finer than every other Perſon, and the greateſt Fortune in the City. She had learnt *French*, to read, and to *write*, but not to ſpell; her Mamma often lamenting the Want of *that* Art, was determined her Child ſhould not know the

the ſame Inconveniency, exclaiming againſt the Negligence of Parents in the Education of their Children, though her Daughter was the firſt of her Family that ever could write; but then ſhe paid it going in Reaſoning, which ſhe had been taught by Mr. *Narrowbottom* and her Pappa; and, indeed, ſhe would have made a good Figure at ſeveral Clubs in this City, where the only Requiſite is to diſbelieve every Thing which is the moſt neceſſary to be believed, and which has ſtronger Proofs than almoſt any thing elſe: Nay, it was with Difficulty ſhe was reſtrained from viſiting *Robin Hood*'s Club, and ſhewing her Talents to the Baker.

As to the Diſpoſition of her Soul, ſhe was ſo far from being poſſeſſed with thoſe Paſſions, which make what is called Female Weakneſs, that ſhe knew nothing of one of them: But then again, the Manly ſhe had in a very eminent Degree, being extremely apt to be angry and malicious; and ſo far was ſhe from being a Slave to the fooliſh Paſſion of Love, that there does not appear ſhe had ever ſhewn the leaſt Hint of it in any Inſtance but two, which were the Love of plaguing every one but her Father and Mother, whoſe Favourite ſhe was, and whom her Avarice only determined her to pleaſe; and in ſeeing the Dog and Cat ſcratch each other, which always drew a Laugh from her.

Her Employment was forming a Coronet with Pins in her Pincuſhion, whilſt ſhe was dreſſing; and her Converſation with her Father was about Money, Stocks, and Infidelity. A ſtrange Character, which Mr. *Barter* had made,

becauſe he had no Son to liſten to his Talk, and he could not be ſilent.

THE other young Lady was called *Eliza*. She was of the Size of that *Grecian* Statue of *Venus*, which ſtands in the Gallery of *Florence*; but rather more plump, though not ſo much in that Taſte as the Graces of *Rubens* in the *Luxemburgh* Palace at *Paris*. Her Features, ſeparately taken, were not perfectly fine, and yet the Compoſition of the whole produced ſomething more pleaſing than Beauty itſelf. Her Phyſiognomy being informed with a Sweetneſs which does not captivate, but ſeduce the Hearts of thoſe who behold it; creating that Senſation through the Eyes which Harmony does through the Ears, and converting the whole Soul into one uniform Complacency and Approbation.

HER Complexion was rather pale than florid, though not at all unhealthy; and a little *Pariſian* Rouge would have made it the fineſt in the World. Her Neck and Head were joined inimitably beautiful; and her whole Perſon was ſuch as *Guido* would have choſen for a *Madona*, having a native Innocence in her Looks and Air, which would become the Virgin-Mother looking down on the Saviour of the World. In fact, ſhe was the preciſe Taſte of Beauty in that Painter, which, though not ſo perfectly exalted and correct as that of *Raphael* and *Carrache* in the Drawing, has in its Air and Whole ſomething as pleaſing and deſirable to thoſe Minds which are tempered with Sweetneſs.

HER Voice was low, yet Harmony itſelf, coming from the whiteſt and eveneſt Teeth that ever were formed, placed behind the moſt roſy Lips

Lips that ever articulated a Word; which Words were truly a Perfume.

HER Temper was all Serenity, having no Pleaſure in the Thoughts of Ambition; and though ſhe was ſenſible of Injuries, ſhe never reſented them, only declining the Occaſion and the Perſon who had been the Cauſe. It has been already ſaid, that ſhe was bred in the Country during the greateſt Part of her Life, where ſhe amuſed herſelf with learning *French*, Drawing, and Muſick; and though her Voice was not loud enough nor had ſufficient Compaſs for difficult Airs, it was perfectly in Tune; and thus in Retirement ſhe amuſed herſelf with Singing, Playing, Reading, and Drawing, unenvying and unenvied. Beſides this, ſhe had the tendereſt Heart that ever beat in a Female Boſom, and could not behold even thoſe who deſerved it in Pain, without great Senſibility and Heart-ach. She gave largely of that Money which her Parents allowed her, to a deſtitute Widow of a Captain of a Ship, who had been murdered by the Negroes on the Coaſt of *Guinea*, in her Father's Employ; the old Gentleman not chuſing to ſee the Wife of that Man, who was ſo conſumedly negligent, he ſaid, as to let a Parcel of Blacks get the better of him, and loſe a fine Ship on her firſt Voyage, without one Farthing inſured.

SHE gave Money to all the little Boys of the Village where ſhe lived, who would not rob the poor Birds of their Eggs and Young, and purchaſed their Freedom when they were caught. She ſpent whole Hours in obſerving the Pigeons, their Loves, and Fidelity; and kept nothing in

Confinement but two Turtle-Doves, which the Inclemency of our Iſland would not permit to live in open Air, and therefore could enjoy Life upon no other Terms; and who, being confined to a Cage from the Neſt, had never taſted of Liberty, and perhaps, like the Sultanas in the Seraglio of the Grand Turk, believed that Spot the Paradiſe of this World, and never ſighed for greater Freedom or Change of Condition. Such was the ſecond Daughter of Mr. *Barter*, as unlike her Siſter as the muddy Streams of the River *Avon*, which waſh the Walls of *Briſtol*, are to the Waters of the Silver *Thames*. Not the white Down which decks the Silver Swan is more unlike the ſooty Raven's Back, nor Truth to Falſhood, than was *Eliza* to her Siſter *Mary*.

INDEED, ſhe appeared deſcended from another Race, and not the Offſpring of thoſe ſhe came from. At the Age of Seventeen ſhe left the Country, the Clergyman, with whom ſhe had lived, and who had been her great Inſtructor, being about to leave the Living, for a much better near *Totneſs* in *Devonſhire*; of which County he was a Native.

WITH this Gentleman, his Wife, and a Daughter of her own Age and Diſpoſition, *Eliza* had paſſed a Life of Sweetneſs, Eaſe, and Underſtanding; learning from the ſmiling Dictates and Example of this good Man and Family, what Life needs for Happineſs; a Philoſophy, which nothing but Experience can teach, and a good Heart give reliſh to and enjoy.

THE Name of this Gentleman was *Thorough-good*; his Family conſiſted of one Son, who was a Fellow of *Exeter* College at *Oxford*, and the Daughter

Daughter already mentioned, who was ſo much like Miſs *Eliza Barter* in the Degree, though ſome Difference in the Kind of Beauty and Perſon, that it would be ridiculous to attempt the Deſcription of her; their Minds were as much reſembling each other as two Drops of Water, or two equal Portions of pure Space; it is ſcarce a Figure to ſay, that they were animated by one Soul.

THE Day was at laſt come when *Eliza* muſt quit her lovely Friend and Companion *Fanny Thoroughgood*, which Day was no more than the moſt afflicting of the preceding Month, every Hour having increaſed in Pain from the Moment they knew they muſt part; every Minute of which was paſt in ſilent Tears, in Heart-felt Sighs, Embraces that ſeemed to unite them into one Body, with Words expreſſing their Fears of never ſeeing each other again. At laſt, poor *Fanny*'s Heart, almoſt burſting, permitted her to utter what ſhall be ſeen in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XI.

A Deſcription of the parting of two Female Friends, rarely found at Court. The Admonitions of a Parent; and the continued Friendſhip of the Ladies.

"YOU are going, my dear *Eliza*," ſays *Fanny*, beholding her with Tears, "to "Scenes of Pomp, Expence, and Pleaſure, of "very different Kinds from thoſe which this "rural Spot has afforded. Will you, ſays ſhe, "remember your conſtant *Fanny*, amidſt the "Tumult of the World and Whirl of Gaiety, "and give to our old Friendſhip a few Thoughts "on one who will never forget to love and re-"member you? Shall I be permitted to weep "with Joy over your frequent Letters?"

"CAN my *Fanny*, ſays *Eliza*, doubt of the "Truth of what I have ſo often repeated? Be-"lieve me, I ſhould be glad of an Occaſion "which might determine me to be for ever "your Companion; and ſo little Charm has the "pleaſurable Life of *London* for me, from what "I have ſeen at my ſhort Stay in it, that I would "with Joy relinquiſh all my Expectations of "Fortune for that which would ſupport me with "you, (for as yet her Heart had received no "Impreſſion of Love.) My Letters you ſhall "never want."

"Alas! ſays *Fanny*, I do not fear your In-"conſtancy, yet I love you too well to be en-

"tirely

" tirely at Eaſe; excuſe my Doubts, *Eliza* " knows how well I love her!"

AFTER ten thouſand Kiſſes, repeated with the greateſt Emphaſis, the Father and Mother looking on, the Tears ſtealing down their Blood-ſhot Eyes; after going and returning to embrace a thouſand once-more's, thanking the good Man and Woman for all their Cares and parental Kindneſs; ſhe ſtept into the Coach, which carried her from the loveliеſt Friend on Earth, imparting an Anguiſh little leſs than that of the Moment when the Soul leaves the Body.

SILENT as the Midnight Hour, unmoved as the Statue of Deſpair, poor *Fanny* followed with her Eyes the Coach which bore away her lovely Companion, her Father and Mother being but little leſs afflicted; and when ſhe could no longer ſee it, her Soul, as if it would ſtill purſue her Friend, forſook her Body, and ſhe would have fallen fainting on the Ground, if her Father had not prevented it, by catching her in his Arms.

BY ſome little Applications ſhe ſoon recovered from this Swoon, and a Flood of Tears gave Eaſe to her oppreſſed Heart. During which Time, her Father, knowing what Relief ſuch Diſcharges afford to human Nature, did not attempt to expoſtulate with her on the too great Degree of her Paſſion; but leaving her ſome little Time to recover, he began:

" MY deareſt *Fanny*, ſays the good Man, it " is with Pleaſure that I have beheld ſuch con- " vincing Proofs of your Friendſhip for that " amiable young Lady, who is juſt now parted " from us; and yet I tremble for you, my dear

"Child, when I conſider what Pain you muſt "feel for me and your Mother, when the Day "ſhall come which muſt ſummons us to ano- "ther, and, I hope, a better Life; though Pro- "vidence has given me no Reaſon to complain "of this.

"My dear Child, continued he, there is "nothing on Earth but the Loſs of Virtue which "may not be bewailed too much; Friendſhip "and Duty have their Bounds, and of conſe- "quence the Sorrow which is occaſioned by the "Loſs of the Object in each ſhould be limited "alſo."

"I AM ſenſible how little I can practiſe what "I know to be right, and can recall the Mo- "ments of Affliction which your dear Mother "and myſelf underwent when we thought we "beheld Thee ſtruggling in the convulſive "Agonies of Death; yet we were miſtaken, "thou wert reſtored to our Arms and Prayers; "and ſome kind Occaſion may yet arrive, to "unite you and the lovely *Eliza* inſeparably "in this World; at leaſt the Time is ſhort, "which will produce that Period in another. "Believe me, Child, it is not worth the "Tribute of all theſe Tears and Afflicti- "on."

WITH theſe, and ſuch kind of Reaſonings, the good Man and Woman endeavoured to make the Grief of *Fanny* paſs off as lightly as poſſible; which, indeed, was much alleviated alſo by the writing out the Sentiments of her Soul, when it was over-charged with Affliction, in a Letter to the lovely *Eliza*, aſſiſted greatly by Letters as conſtantly coming on the Part of *Eliza*

to

to *Fanny*, who felt her equal Share of Pain in the Separation. Thus, nothing but the Eye ſeemed to be deprived of its Pleaſure, in the Diviſion of theſe two Friends, this Intercourſe of Letters and Ardour of Friendſhip continued unabated and pure as the veſtal Fire; Mr. *Thoroughgood* going into *Devonſhire*, with his Wife and lovely *Fanny*; where we ſhall leave them to ſtep back to ſee what was paſſing in the Family of Mr. *Barter*.

CAAP. XII.

In which Mrs. Barter's *Ambition and Mr.* Narrowbottom *are communicated to the Reader. Mr.* Narrowbottom's *Manner of Speaking, and Offers of Friendſhip. To which is added Mrs.* Barter's *Dream, for the ſake of Interpreters in Viſions.*

ONE Day Mr. *Narrowbottom* in dining with Mr. *Barter*, who was now more fond of his Company than ever, as the Tenor of his Life daily required a Philoſophy which might explain away the Terrors of another World, and his Fears of it grew ſtronger with advancing Years; diſcourſing of an Act which was paſſed, to prevent the Marriage of thoſe who were under the Age of Twenty-one, without Conſent of the Parents, Relations, or Guardians; aſked him why he did not think of marrying his two Daughters to two Peers of the Realm? "For, ſays he, "this Act may throw all the Money

" into the Hands of the Nobility, who purchaſing " the Boroughs, may chuſe what Commons " they pleaſe; by which means they may be- " come the Repreſentatives of the Lords, and " not the People; the —— may be a mere " Cypher, a Kind of Penſioner of the Lords. " Make your Family noble, if you can; take " my Advice, remember what I ſay." To this, Mr. *Barter*, perceiving the Truth of what was ſaid, and Mrs. *Barter* catching greedily at the Word Lord, aſked Mr. *Narrowbottom*, " If he " knew of any young Nobleman, who would " chuſe Sixty or Seventy Thouſand Pounds with " her eldeſt Daughter: As for *Betſy*, ſays ſhe, a " Baronet will do for her, with the Thirty " Thouſand which we intend giving her; for I " am not willing that my Huſband ſhould part " with more than a Hundred Thouſand Pounds " during his Life." By this Propoſition it will plainly appear, that Miſs *Barter* was the Favourite; and *Eliza*, like Virtue, had not the Eſteem or Reward ſhe merited.

" I DON'T know, Madam, ſays Mr. *Narrow-* " *bottom*, but I may; there's the Earl of *Worm-* " *eaton*'s Son, my Lord *Sapplin*, is a fine young " Fellow; a fine Eſtate, a little Debt upon it, " or ſo, perhaps, a Trifle; the Father crippled with " the Gout, cannot ſpend more of it: I don't " know but ſuch a Thing may go down there: " I'll try; feel the Pulſe of the old Lord; there's " no Harm in that; I know him very well. " You ſhall hear from me the End of this Week, " Madam."

AT this Place, though the Pride of Mr. *Barter* made him much in Love with marrying his Daughter

Daughter into a noble Family, yet his Cunning and his Thirſt of Money made him deſire Mr. *Narrowbottom* not to propoſe a Match, if the Eſtate was indebted very largely: "For, (ſays he,) "if my Money goes to pay off a large In-"cumbrance, the Eſtate will hardly maintain "two Families, the Father's and the Son's, "which has not been hitherto ſufficient for one: "Therefore Mr. *Narrowbottom*, let us have no "Treatment upon this Matter, without you "are ſure that the Debt is not large, and that "the Settlement on my Daughter may be made "ſecurely."

"WHAT! miſtruſt your Friend! you don't "know me; you miſtake me for a Chriſtian!— "What! think I'll betray you for any Lord "alive!—I have no other Thoughts, but to "ſerve your Family.—Depend upon me—all "ſhall he done as it ſhould be, one way or "another." This was uttered with ſome little Vehemence by Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who delighteth much in the laconic Style and ſhort Sentences.

THINGS being ſettled in the above manner, the two Gentlemen drank a Bottle of Burgundy, with Succeſs to the intended Marriage, being now and then pledged by the Lady in ſo good a Cauſe; and Mr. *Narrowbottom* promiſed at the ſame time to look out for a Huſband for Miſs *Betſy*, which the Parents ſaid they were in no hurry about; becauſe one Thing being well over, they could the better provide for another. But as Mr. *Narrowbottom* entertained ſome Ideas different from Mr. *Barter* and his Lady, relating to the Marriages of their Daughters, he was determined

determined to tranſact both together, for Reaſons which will appear in the ſucceeding Sheets of this Work.

THE Day being paſſed very pleaſingly to all Parties, that is, to Mr. and Mrs. *Barter*, and Mr. *Narrowbottom*; the young Ladies knowing nothing of the Converſation; the Philoſopher withdrew, and the Maſter and Miſtreſs of the Houſe retired to Bed; where Mrs. *Barter* was amuſed with the following Dream, which we beg leave to add to this Chapter, becauſe it ſeems hardly long enough without it; for we are not only determined to deliver nothing but the ſtricteſt Truth in relating this Hiſtory, but even to tell the Truth in every other Circumſtance, particularly the Reaſon of our Writing it at all, in the laſt Chapter.

MRS. *Barter* then having reclined her roſy Head upon the Swan-white Pillow, which looked like Mount *Hecla*, whoſe Top is ever burning amidſt ſurrounding Snows, dropt into a ſweet Slumber, accompanied with that Sound which reſembles the Drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe; and which, Mr. *Barter* being long accuſtomed to, it was no more offenſive to his Ear, than the Murmuring of falling Waters, the vernal Breeze ſighing through the Leaves, or the melodious Song of the Evening Nightingale.

DURING this Sleep, like *Agamemnon*, ſhe was favoured with a Dream from *Jupiter*, in which ſhe fancied that ſhe was transformed into a very large Pumpkin; [the Fruit of a Plant, which never riſes from the Ground without ſome Support to ſuſtain its Branches, but creeps along the Surface;] that ſhe became by much the biggeſt

biggeſt of the whole Seaſon; when being thoroughly ripe ſhe at laſt ſplit, and there were found in her but two Seeds; one of which being placed in a Hot-houſe, to make it produce Fruit the ſooneſt that it could poſſibly be done, ſeemed to ſpring up with great Vigour at firſt, then ſuddenly grew rotten and came to nothing; the other being entirely neglected on the Ground, came in due Time to be the moſt beautiful Plant which ever was ſeen of the kind, riſing round the Stem of a fine Fruit-tree, and climbing into the Branches, where the Fruit appeared extremely pleaſing and beautiful.

THIS Dream Mrs. *Barter* related to Mr. *Barter*, at her waking; but as there was no Solution of it to be found by either of theſe two Perſons, ſo we pretend to be no Interpreter of Dreams, leaving all theſe Things, like obſcure antique Inſcriptions, or the Ænigmas of the *Ladies Diary*, for the Entertainment of our Readers Imaginations; and yet, in Imitation of *Titus Livius*, whom we ſhould be proud to imitate in all our Writings, relating the Prodigies of the Year. And now, having brought this Chapter to a ſufficient Length, we deſire to be permitted to conclude, and begin another.

CHAP.

CHAP XIII.

The firſt Appearance of Mr. William Worthy. *His Deſcent and Character. A philoſophical Account of Love; proving that Lovers are no more than two Inſtruments in Tune. The Inſatiability of the Paſſion of Love.*

BESIDES the Family of Mr. *Barter*, which we have already mentioned, there was in his Counting-Houſe a young Gentleman of a very ancient and honourable Family, whoſe Anceſtors had never deviated from the Service of their Country, reſiſting the Temptation of the grand Corrupter, the Earl of ——, and conſtantly voting, with unbiaſſed Heart, for the Welfare of that Kingdom which gave them Birth, and claimed their Regard.

HE was the ſecond Son of Sir *Simon Worthy*, of ——, in *Cornwall*; and, as his Father had ſupported himſelf in his Borough, for his Country's Sake, he was the leſs enabled to leave large Fortunes to the younger Children. This Gentleman then was placed with Mr. *Barter* (his Father being dead) by his elder Brother, now Sir *Simon Worthy*; where Merchandize and Trade might increaſe the Four Thouſand Pounds, which was left him by his beſt of Parents.

THIS Gentleman was of as amiable a Diſpoſition as could enter into the human Compoſition; the Honour of his Anceſtors blended with the greateſt Humanity, good Senſe with Good-nature, conſcious of his Birth, yet knowing what becomes a Man who is deſtined to Trade,

Trade, he diſtinguiſhed what was laudable from what was lucrative; he entertained the fulleſt Philanthrophy that can be imagined, and hated nothing but Iniquity, not diſtinguiſhing between the Vices of Politeneſs and the Vices of Commerce, perhaps with a Soul not truly formed for accumulating great Sums of Money, or ſhining in the politeſt Company at *White*'s. His Perſon was greatly agreeable; and though not a Male Beauty, like Mr. ——, yet handſome enough for any Man alive, diveſted of that ill-founded Vanity which attends fine Perſons and feeble Underſtandings.

THIS Gentleman was in the Compting-Houſe of Mr. *Barter*, when Miſs *Betſy Barter* returned from the Country; he was a Favourite of his Maſter, becauſe of his Fidelity, Rogues having no Delight in truſting Rogues with their Affairs; even Mrs. *Barter* allowing that *Billy Worthy* was a good Lad.

NOW, if I had a Mind to lard my Hiſtory, like the celebrated Author of *Joſeph Andrews*, with introductory Chapters, I would in this very Place inſert a Diſſertation upon Love; moſt certainly proving, that two Lovers are no more than two Fiddles in Tune, anſwering one another; for as in the two Machines the Strings in Uniſon are reſponſive to one another's Sounds, ſo Lovers Hearts are in Accord with one another; and thus whatever enters by the Eyes, Ears, and Lips in Kiſſes, paſſing on to the Seat of Senſibility, affects the Heart-ſtrings of thoſe who are enamoured with each other; which Affection is certainly no other than Uniſon; and thus

thus I hope that the Paſſion of Love is very well accounted for.

WHETHER this may be received by the literary and learned Societies of *England*, *France*, *Berlin*, *Edinburgh*, *Upſal*, *Florence*, and all others from *Japan* Weſtward to *Mexico*, as a true Account of the Phœnomenon of the Paſſion of Love, I know not; but this I know, that I ſhould be very glad if any of their Members would ſend me a better.

INDEED, whatever may be the Fate of our Philoſopher, Mr. *Worthy* felt a Something about his Heart, at the Sight of Miſs *Betſey Barter*, which he was inſenſible of at the Preſence of all other Females upon Earth; he never miſſed an Opportunity of gazing on her when he could; his Pen ſtood ſtill, if ſhe came to her Father in the Compting-Houſe, and he was as immoveable and attentive to her as if ſhe had been *Meduſa*, and turned him to Stone; every Day he wiſhed that Dinner was ready two Hours before the Time, though he felt no Hunger, and left the Table with Pain, becauſe he left her behind him, though he was fully ſatisfied with eating; he would officiouſly leave the Compting-Houſe to let her in, when he ſaw her at the Door, being, in that reſpect, the contrary to *Teague*, his Heart getting the better of his Legs, and running away with him, and he performed the Office of a menial Servant in that Action, without knowing that he deſcended from his Rank in Life. In fact, he was in Love, and knew it not: This Civility, as well as many others, which he politely did for her, was always rewarded with a Smile;

for

for Good-nature will ever ſmile with Gratitude for genteel Behaviour; which Return, though it overpaid him a Million of Times in his own Opinion, yet he was never ſatisfied with receiving; ſo greedy are Lovers of being rewarded by thoſe they love; perhaps even theſe Smiles, on the Part of Miſs *Betſy*, were not altogether the Effects of pure Complaiſance, but an Effect of a Kind of a Uniſon, which has been, or at leaſt attempted to be, explained already. And here we think fit to leave our Readers to meditate on this new Philoſophy; at the ſame Time hoping, that ſome Men of profound Penetration will make farther Obſervations on this Diſcovery, and carry it into Trade; where, perhaps, the Merchants may conſider the Improvement, it having been out of Faſhion to reward Ingenuity at Court, ever ſince Mr. *Hogarth* received that ample Reward of Five Shillings, for a Print of his March to *Finchley* Common, after having exhibited the Picture, which Sum may be ſuppoſed to have quite exhauſted the Fund for that Purpoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Perſons of great Dignity begin to appear. Converſation between a great Peer and a great Philoſopher; in which is ſhewn the Honour of ſome Noblemen, and the Honeſty of ſome Philoſophers.

WE muſt now turn our Eyes towards the other End of the Town, to the Houſe of my Lord *Wormeaton*, in —— *Square*; where Mr. *Narrowbottom* will be beheld in that Light, which every Man of his Way of thinking may be ſeen in, if People would but take Care to obſerve them.

IT ſeems my Lord and he had often met together at a late Miniſter's, where the Peer and the Scribbler had come for the ſame laudable Purpoſe; the receiving their Hire, for attempting to undo their Country, and acting in conſequence of having no Conſcience.

COMPLIMENTS being paſſed, my Lord, with his gouty Leg on a Stool, deſired Mr. *Narrowbottom* to ſit down; when the Philoſopher began to open his Intent in the following Manner:

"MY Lord, we have been old Acquain-
"tance, my Lord; and I am always proud of
"ſerving your Lordſhip, or your Family."

To which my Lord replied, he was extremely ſenſible of it.

"THEREFORE, my Lord, as we were
"talking together ſome Days paſt, about
"a Marriage for my Lord *Sapplin*; I think
"I have

"I have got one for him; I can't abſolute-
"ly affirm it; but if I am not miſtaken, I
"have."

IN Anſwer to which my Lord, with as gracious a Smile as the Pain of the Gout would permit him, aſked who the Lady was?

"IT it, ſays Mr. *Narrowbottom*, the eldeſt
"Daughter of Mr. *Barter*, one of the richeſt
"Merchants in the City; a Seventy Thouſand
"Pounder — a great Sum, my Lord — down
"on the Nail — Seventy Thouſand more on
"the Death of the Parents — ſcarce ſuch ano-
"ther Fortune in *England*."

"MR. *Narrowbottom*, ſays my Lord, if this
"Match can be accompliſhed, I ſhall think
"myſelf more obliged to you than to any
"Man living; it is, indeed, an Inſtance of
"that Friendſhip with which you have ever
"behaved towards me, ſince I have had the
"Honour of being known to you, by means
"of our late great Friend, who is now no
"more. Yet, Sir, I hope, though I am con-
"vinced this Generoſity, I muſt call it ſo,
"ſprings entirely from the Motive of pure and
"diſintereſted Eſteem for me, that you will
"not reſent it, Sir, I hope you will not,
"when I deſire you to accept a Bank Bill of
"Two Thouſand Pounds on the Day of their
"Marriage."

MR. *Narrowbottom* thanked his Lordſhip, and hoped, he ſaid, his Lordſhip did not imagine him mercenary; he was ſure he had no ſuch Expectations, yet he could not avoid admiring his Lordſhip's generous Diſpoſition; and aſſured him

him he would leave nothing unexecuted to complete the Affair, ſince it was ſo agreeable to his Lordſhip.

"YOU cannot be a Stranger, Sir, ſays my "Lord, that amidſt the gay and expenſive "World, Playing, Keeping, and other Mat- "ters, which Noblemen muſt do to preſerve "their Rank in Life, but that I muſt have "drawn ſome Debt upon my Eſtate, which is "but Six Thouſand a Year; this Sum you "mention will reinſtate me in great Part, and "the Remainder will more than free it from all "Incumbrance. Pray, what Age is the Fa- "ther of the Lady?" To which being anſwered Fifty-five—

"I HAD rather he was older, ſays my Lord; "but no matter, we cannot have every thing "as we pleaſe, we muſt do as well as we can. "Now, Sir, you may have poſſibly heard that "*Iſhmael* the great *Jew* has a very conſiderable "Mortgage upon Part of my Eſtate; at the "ſame time there is another of thoſe rich low- "born Raſcals, who has a like Tie upon "another Part of it. Now, Sir, this laſt "Scoundrel complains, becauſe I do not pay "him his Intereſt; and has the Impudence "to be very importunate about the Money, "threatening I know not what, ſomething in "the Law, if I do not pay him the Mortgage "very ſoon; it is the Devil to have to do with "ſuch dirt-born Fellows.

"I SUPPOSE, continues my Lord, this Mr. "*Barter* will require a Jointure to be made "on this Daughter of his; a Man of his "confined Manner of Thinking will ſcarce

"think

" think it ſufficient to part with Seventy " Thouſand Pounds to have a Child of his " married into a noble and very ancient Fa- " mily. In ſhort, this Kingdom is not a Place " for Nobility."

" You are right, my Lord, ſays old *Narrow-* " *bottom*, he will inſiſt on a Settlement, the old " Dog ſaid ſo: He is as cunning as a Fox; we " muſt make a Settlement, or ſomething like " it, my Lord; perhaps your Lordſhip's Wri- " tings are in the Hands of thoſe two Fellows " you have juſt been mentioning; an un- " lucky Circumſtance that! my Lord, we " muſt get over that, my Lord; very unlucky, " indeed!"

" It is very true, Sir, replies the Earl; it " is really enough to chagrin a Nobleman, to " be ſo hamper'd by low Fellows; and I aſſure " you, Sir, I very much queſtion whether " either of theſe Fellows will truſt my Honour " with the Writings to ſhew them to the " Counſellor of old *What d'ye call him*, old " *Barter*; if either of them would, why that " would do the Thing; the Settlement might " be made, and the Writings returned to the " *Jew*; becauſe I would rather have thoſe in " his Poſſeſſion, to ſettle that Eſtate on this " Girl you talk of, and pay off that other " Fellow, who is ſo arrogantly importunate " about his Money, which being but Forty " Thouſand Pounds, whereas the other is Sixty, " there would remain a ſmall Sum of Twenty " Thouſand Pounds for my Son, to figure " with after the Marriage."

" Now,

"Now, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, if you can "effectuate this Thing, I need not ſay how "much this ancient and noble Family of the "*Wormeatons* will be obliged to you."

"My Lord, ſays the Philoſopher, there is a "Thing come into my Head, my Lord; I "know a Quaker, a Friend of mine in the "City, that is a ſenſible Fellow, knows the "World, ſomething for ſomething, my Lord; "he thinks as we do, in Matters of Religion; "the City have learnt from the Court, they "will be paid for what they do."

"Mr. *Narrowbottom*, I have too much Ho-"nour to deſire any Gentleman ſhould ſerve "me for Nothing; if you will tranſact the "Affair with him I leave it entirely to you. "I know you are a Man of Honour, let it "be done; you may depend on it, I ſhall not "complain of your Manner of executing this "Affair: He ſhall have what he demands," ſays my Lord.

At which Words Mr. *Narrowbottom* took Leave of my Lord, his Lordſhip being full of the moſt emphatic Expreſſions and Senſe of his Kindneſs and Friendſhip; when at the ſame Inſtant lamenting his Diſorder, which confined him from waiting upon him to the Door, he rang the Bell, which bringing a Servant, Mr. *Narrowbottom* withdrew; my Lord curſin ghim for a mercenary Raſcal, the Moment the Door was ſhut upon him; exclaiming againſt the Hardſhip of being obliged to have to do with ſuch low venal Fellows, and that a Nobleman's Honour did not paſs equal to a Commoner's Bond.

In this Situation was my Lord; and as it is neceſſary that his Lordſhip's Son ſhould be apprized of this Affair, we think it high time to introduce him to the Reader's Acquaintance, but not at the Fag-End of a Chapter; for though we agree in the old Adage, the latter End of a Feaſt is better than the Beginning of a Fray, and have as much Veneration for Proverbs as the renowned *Sancho* in Don *Quixote*;

Yet we have more Manners than to bring an Earl's Son upon the Stage only to ſhew him, and ſhut the Scene; and therefore we begin with him and a Chapter at the ſame time, as may be ſeen if you caſt your Eye on a little farther.

CHAP. XV.

More great Company arrives in this Hiſtory. The Style of the Hours fixed in London, *in Imitation of the Style of the Year; in which we follow Mr.* Hutchinſon, *rather than Sir* Iſaac Newton. *Converſation between a Father and a Son; and a Diſcovery of great Duty, where one would not expect to find it. Together with the Opinion of Lord* Wormeaton *of the Merchants of* London.

My Lord *Sapplin* being now dreſſed, it being juſt Seven o'Clock in a Winter's Evening; which Time of the Day we think it abſolutely neceſſary to diſtinguiſh, leſt our Country

Readers, being quite ignorant that the Nobility of *London* reckon the Time according to the *Moſaic* Cuſtom, where the Evening and the Morning make the Day, might poſſibly be induced to believe it Seven in the Morning.

THIS Nobleman being dreſt, his Father deſired to ſpeak with him before he went abroad; which my young Lord accordingly obeyed, and the Earl ſpoke to him in the following Manner:

"MY Lord, ſays he, you are very well dreſt; "I like the Taſte of your Cloaths; indeed, "you or your Taylor have a very good Fancy; "I think I remember myſelf going to Court "in ſomething like this Suit of yours." [His Lordſhip having been a great Beau in his Youth.]

"I AM proud, my Lord, of your Approba- "tion; I wiſh you a good Evening, ſays the "Son. I am juſt going to make about a thou- "ſand Viſits, and then to *White*'s; good Night, "my Lord." Thinking his Father had no other Buſineſs but to ſee his Cloaths.

"MY Lord, ſays the Earl, I have at preſent "ſomething of Importance to impart to you: "Here has been old—old—old, that Fellow "that wrote thoſe raſcally Papers in Defence of "the Earl of ——'s Miniſtry." "*Narrow-* "*bottom*," ſays my Lord *Sapplin*.

"RIGHT, ſays the Earl, the ſame; he is "come in great Precipitation from the City, "with a Propoſal of a Marriage from one *Barter*, "who has the Vanity, as all theſe Cits have "who are rich, of marrying their Daughters "into

" into noble Families. Now, my Lord, as the " Circumſtances of our Eſtate require a pretty " large Sum of Money to ſet it free; ſuppoſe " you were to think of taking this Plebeian, " with Seventy Thouſand Pounds paid on the " Day of Marriage, and as much more at the " Death of her Father; indeed, the Fellow is " not ſo old as I wiſh him to be; however, " Seventy Thouſand Pounds is ſomething."

" You know, my Lord, in what Light I " look upon theſe Marriages, as a kind of taking " Money with the Mortgage of a Wife to pay " off a Mortgage on an Eſtate; and, indeed, " the ——— ſeems to have looked upon it in the " ſame Light, and contrived a Regulation of " Matrimony for the Emolument of the No- " bility, by this late —— which reſtrains the " Sexes from Marriage till they are of Age; " for, my Lord, theſe old Plebeian People, " who are rich, will always be actuated by " Ambition or Avarice, and generally marry " their Daughters to Noblemen, though they " live wretched Lives; which very Girls, if " this Act had not taken place, would have " choſen Huſbands for themſelves amongſt Men " they liked, and been happy. Theſe mercan- " tile mechanic Fellows, my Lord, I have ever " regarded, as the Slaves who dig Gold in the " Mines for the Nobility of this Land; and " though it is a provoking Thing to be obliged " to take the Incumbrance of a half-bred Wo- " man along with it, yet it is a Chief-rent " which we muſt pay, and, therefore, my Lord, " I hope you will have no Objection to the mar- " rying her.

"As to the Affair of living with her, that is "a Thing of another Nature; if ſhe has Senſe "enough, my Lord, to be quiet, or is Fool "enough to know nothing, why, ſhe may live "in the ſame Houſe with you; if not, there is "nothing ſo eaſy as to frame a Divorce, and all "is well again; beſides, the Money is of abſolute "Neceſſity to our preſent Affairs: Poor Thing! "it is a Thouſand to one but ſhe will be contented "with the Name of my Lady, and run about "the Houſe tame, and breed."

My Lord *Sapplin* to this replied, "He was "willing to take her, provided the Thing could "be done without much Trouble." And then, taking his Leave, left his Father, to arrive in good Time to that Place where one black Ball ſhuts a Man from the moſt conſummate Honour in the Kingdom, that of loſing his Money in the politeſt Company.

The Earl of *Wormeaton* commended him for his Duty, and wiſhed him much Succeſs, with a "Pray make my Compliments to Lord *Bon-* "*mot*;" at which Moment my Lord ſtept off lightly, on the Tops of his Toes, and bruſhing into his Chair, ordered himſelf to be carried to Miſs *Lucy Shelton*'s, in *St. James*'s *Place*.

This young Lord was an only Son, and having never left his Father's Side, was educated by a Tutor; who had poſitive Orders never to teach him any Thing (Mr. *Hoyle* excepted) leſt the Application to Study ſhould damp the Fire of his Imagination, and cramp his Genius; which, my Lord inſiſted was always beſt left to Nature and its full Swing, without the Fetters of Pedantry;

Pedantry; and quoted the Genius of *Shakeſpeare* in Defence of his Argument.

My Lord, being indulged in all Things, was a Buck of the firſt Head; he kept Running-Horſes, Fighting-Cocks, Packs of Hounds, and Women; in truth, for we hate to belie any Man, Noble or Commoner, he kept every thing but Three, his Church, his Honour, and his Money; neither of which, as the Faſhion was not in their Favour, did he keep at all.

During this whole Converſation on the Marriage, the Reader may have obſerved, or it is not our Fault if he has not, that neither the Earl nor the Lord, the Father nor the Son, have ſhewn the leaſt Attention to what was the Perſon, Underſtanding, or Age of this Lady, which was to be taken into the Family: In fact, ſhe was conſidered as Muſick-Printers do Compoſitions in Muſick, when they tag two bad Concerto's with one good one, which is to ſell them; or, as a Manſion-Houſe out of Repair upon a good Eſtate, that muſt be kept up, and yet the Poſſeſſor would be glad to let drop; as an Aqueduct which is to bring Streams to fatten the Land, a Ship wafting Gold from *Ophir*, or a Piece of Parchment conveying ſo much Money from the Pocket of Mr. *Barter* to the Pocket of my Lord *Wormeaton*, and in no other Light whatever was this Female conſidered by the Ancient Right Honourable and Noble Family of *Wormeaton*.

CHAP. XVI.

Sir Roger Ramble *his Travels, Taſte, and Vertù, are introduced into this Hiſtory. His Holineſs the Pope's Civility to* Engliſh *Travellers. Mr.* Narrowbottom's *free Converſation with this Baronet, and his Bargain with him.*

THERE is not the leaſt Doubt in us, but our Readers have out-run the Hiſtory which we are writing, and have already fancied that Mr. *Narrowbottom* was gone to ſettle Matters on the beſt Footing, to accompliſh this Match between the Son of my Lord *Wormeaton* and the Daughter of Mr. *Barter*.

BUT here we muſt beg our Reader's Pardon, and aſſure him, that this ſaid Mr. *Narrowbottom* was a Man of too much Refinement in Politics to proceed in that Manner, having ſtudied under ſo great a Maſter, to ſet about doing one Half of his Work which might probably prevent the other; he therefore applied to one Sir *Roger Ramble*, a Baronet, who was juſt returned from his Travels; and who, for the Honour of *England*, had ſpent more Money in the diſtant Courts of *Europe* in three Years, than he ought to have done in ten; having an Eſtate of Three Thouſand a Year, and being abſolutely indebted Thirty Thouſand Pounds.

THIS Sir *Roger* was a young Gentleman, whom Mr. *Narrowbottom*, before he began his Travels, had taken much Pains with, to eraſe all thoſe fooliſh Notions of another World, a Providence, Obligations of Religion, and other idle Conceits;

Conceits; which, he ſaid, cunning Men had deviſed to keep Fools in Awe, and reap their Advantage from it. Beſides this, he was deeply learnt in *Vertù*, no Gentleman having ever purchaſed ſo many Pictures of *Raphael*, *Carrache*, *Corregio*, *Guido*, *Titian*, *Dominiquino*, antique Buſts, and Statues, Intaglias, and Camæas, Coins, Medals, and Reliefs, and other ineſtimable Curioſities of this Kind. In ſhort, by particular Order from his Holineſs, who had heard of his Expences in that Kind, there was ſpecial Order given for the letting his Collection paſs the Gates of *Rome*, without paying the uſual Duties; the Pope being determined to encourage Strangers to lay out their Money in thoſe Merchandizes, the Stock increaſing vaſtly upon his People's Hands. In ſhort, in no Nobleman's Catalogue was there to be ſeen ſo many Names of eminent Maſters in Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and Polite Arts, as in Sir *Roger Ramble*'s.

Few Gentlemen of *England* have ever travelled to ſo good a Purpoſe, or have been ſo much altered by their Travels, as this Baronet: In ſhort, he had been ſeven Times tried by Fire, and was returned as pure as Gold; though indeed the Alloy, which was fluxed out of him, had left ſo little of the Original remaining, that, his Height excepted, he did not come back one Third of the Subſtance he went out. In truth, he was ſo very near a finiſhed Gentleman by this three Years Voyage, that many People believed another Half-year would have completed him entirely.

No *Engliſhman* was ever more famous abroad than this Baronet, nor did his Country more Ho-

nour by his expenſive Living: He kept at one Time the little *Raye* of the *French* Opera at *Paris*, Mademoiſelle *Gogault* of the Theatre, and threw away ſome Hundreds to no Purpoſe on *Coraline* of the *Italian* Comedy; and yet, of all theſe noble Exploits, there remained but two Tokens, which were only a ſmall Alteration of one Feature in his Face, namely, a Sinking of the Noſe, and a certain Sound of Voice, which generally accompanies that Accident; theſe, in my poor Opinion, were but ſmall Acquiſitions for all he had ſpent upon himſelf, and too dearly purchaſed by Ten Thouſand Pounds; and which, really, many People were weak enough to imagine, were no Improvements, either to his Perſon, or Manner of ſpeaking.

To this Gentleman Mr. *Narrowbottom* applied, in a more familiar Way than to the Earl, the Baronet having been his Pupil; and therefore, he accoſted him with more Freedom.

"RARE News, brave News, by *Jove*; I "have found a Fortune for you, Thirty Thou- "ſand Pounds in Hand: Take no Denial: "Pretty Wench! Faith, take no Denial: Give "me your Word." Theſe Expreſſions he uttered the Moment he entered the Baronet's Apartment; at which, with ſomething more than uſual Readineſs, Sir *Roger* aſked, what he meant by this Speech? To this Mr. *Narrowbottom* having anſwered, and mentioned the Affair of Miſs *Betſey Barter*, the Baronet conſented. "But, ſay he, "Can't it be made Forty Thouſand? "There is another Ten Thouſand Pounds "worth of *Vertù*, which I would gladly pur- "chaſe in *Italy*, in a ſmall Voyage that I would "make

" make thither; however, I ſhall not heſitate to " take the Thirty Thouſand Pounds: She is " not poſitively intolerable: One can paſs one " Night with her; hey, old *Narrowbottom?* I " am determined to ſleep with her but ———; " however, to follow the *French* Mode, and " live in two different Apartments; and there- " fore you may propoſe it."

" YOU'LL remember me then, ſays the old Man; " a Thouſand! aye, a Thouſand! not " leſs by *Jove.*" " Oh! oh! old Miniſterial, ſays the Baronet; " you have not forgot, you " are ſtill at the ſame Game, I ſee. Well, well, " get the Fortune increaſed, and never fear me: " Go, go, make it Forty, and you ſhall find me " full of Acknowledgments."

AND here, gentle Reader, it ſeems to be the proper Time for Mr. *Narrowbottom* to ſeek his Friend *Abraham Sly*, the Quaker, to which Place we ſhall conduct him; but as during his Walk through *Pall-mall*, the *Strand*, *Fleet-ſtreet*, *St. Paul's*, *Cheapſide*, to the *Exchange*, there fell out nothing which might not have happened to any other Man; we ſhall not fill up our Hiſtory with ſuch Deſcriptions, thinking, that the common Occurrences which happen to all Men are not worth the Reading of any one Man; and this we dare to advance, in Contradiction to that Legion of Evening-Poſts, Advertiſers, Gazettes and Gazetteers, which live upon no other Merchandiſe.

CHAP. XVII.

The great Variety of this Hiſtory appears more and more: A Quaker and a Jew now making their Appearance: In which the Ranks of the different Sects in Religion are attempted to be ſettled; and what wonderful Effects pure Reaſon will produce in Morality, without one Spark of Religion, for the Benefit of Jews and Infidels; Turks *being out of the Queſtion.*

MR. *Narrowbottom* being arrived at the Houſe of his Friend *Abraham Sly*, we ſhall not take the Trouble to deſcribe particularly Friend *Abraham* to our *Engliſh* Readers, the whole Kingdom knowing what a Quaker is; and thus knowing what one is, of conſequence knows all.

AT the ſame time, reſerving the Liberty to ourſelves of adding, by way of Note, in the *French*, *Italian*, *German*, *Poliſh*, *Swediſh*, *Daniſh*, *Spaniſh*, and other Tranſlations of this Hiſtory, what conſtitutes a true Quaker; and this through the Love of Truth, and for the ſake of diſabuſing the World, which have been induced by Mr. *Voltaire* and Abbé *Blanc* to believe this Sect much reſembling the primitive Chriſtians; whereas we ſhall, in that Note, take upon us to prove, that thoſe Gentlemen reſemble a certain Order amongſt their Countrymen, called Jeſuits, which we apprehend to be ſo far from a primitive Order, that if our Memory is to be truſted, it is the very laſt of all amongſt Chriſtians.

To

To him Mr. *Narrowbottom*, at his Coming, never minced a Word of his Errand; for theſe two Gentlemen had been uſed to ſpend Evenings together, with one Doctor *Morgan*; who, being full as good a Divine as a Phyſician, uſed to employ his Talents in Theology to as good Purpoſe as thoſe in Medicine; deſtroying the Religion and Morality of all he had the Happineſs to be intimate with.

THE Propoſition being made, the Queſtion was aſked, how he could get the Writings from *Iſhmael* the rich *Jew? Narrowbottom* having forgotten; either accidentally or deſignedly, to add what Sum of Money might be obtained from the Earl of *Wormeaton*, on a Completion of the Work.

FRIEND *Abraham* began. "Friend *Narrow-*
"*bottom*, ſays he, Thee and I know one another
"well enough; Thee knoweſt that I have no
"Objection to this Thing, but the being caught
"in it—The World has its Prejudices in ſpite of
"all that Thee and I, Friend *Chub*, Friend *Mor-*
"*gan*, and other thinking Men have been able
"to ſay — therefore, though there is nothing in
"doing the Thing, yet it is the Devil to be
"caught, Thou art ſenſible; and that Fellow is
"a Fool who puts the Loſs of Reputation againſt
"no Advantage. I ſpeak to Thee, as to a Man
"of Senſe."

To this Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who would have kept this Sum to himſelf, if Friend *Abraham* would have tranſacted the Affair for nothing, which though he ſcarce believed, he knew there was no Harm in trying; told him, that he had

Power to offer him Two Thouſand Pounds, if the Writings could be had only one Month in the Poſſeſſion of the Earl.

"WHY, Friend *Narrowbottom*, ſays he, whilſt "Thou haſt been ſpeaking, there is a Thought "come into my Head, that this Affair is not "impoſſible to be tranſacted; I will think upon "it a little more; but I foreſee it muſt be by "the Conſent of Friend *Iſhmael* the Jew; he "is too ſenſible a Fellow to be over-reached, "Thee knoweſt. Come and dine with me "To-morrow; I ſhall go in my Conveniency "to take the Air towards his Houſe this Af-"noon, when I will take Occaſion to ſpeak to "him; and then thou ſhalt have an Anſwer to "thy Propoſal. I'll promiſe Thee I'll endea-"vour to ſerve Thee."

WHICH Mr. *Narrowbottom* by no means diſbelieving, left him; telling him, he was convinced of his Good-will: For thoſe Fellows converſe with one another in the ſame Words, though not conveying the ſame Ideas, which Men of Integrity and Probity uſe in their Converſation.

FRIEND *Abraham Sly* was as good as his Word, and paid the Jew a Viſit in the Afternoon. Now, in my Opinion, in the Circle of our Religions in *England*, beginning with Judaiſm and running round the Sphere, it is Quakeriſm that is the fartheſt from it, and yet that which joins it; which, leſt it ſhould look too paradoxical, I ſhall explain. If a Traveller, beginning at the City of *London* and going down the *Thames* Eaſtward, ſhould proceed round

round the World over *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *America*, *Weſtminſter* would be the laſt Place he could arrive at; and yet turning his Back to the Eaſt, if he had gone Weſtward in his Progreſs, travelling forth over *America*, *Aſia*, and *Europe*, it would be the very firſt. In the ſame Manner, Quakeriſm is the fartheſt from Judaiſm, in proceeding one Way over the various Sects of Chriſtians, and the neareſt in going from it another; it has none of the ceremonious Rites, but all the Craft which attends the Profeſſors of the Jewiſh Religion. And thus, theſe two Religions are united, like the two Cities above-mentioned, in one End, and diſtant in another.

WHICH Diſcovery, we hope, is entirely new, being extremely ambitious of uniting Novelty with Truth; the other Conjunction of Novelty with Falſhood having been practiſed by abundance of late Writers, whom, as we have no Deſire to imitate or rival, we willingly leave in full Poſſeſſion of that Union.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Converſation between a Quaker and a Jew. Inſtructions to the Ignorant how they ſhall behave with Quakers. A Solution of a difficult Phænomenon: And, the Advantages of a ſimple Style in coming to Matters quickly.

THE Hour of dining being over, *Abraham Sly* ordered his Conveniency to the Door, and then directed his Servant to drive to Friend *Iſhmael*'s in ——— *ſtreet*; where being arrived, and finding him at Home, he proceeded to the Room where *Iſhmael* ſat; not moving that Hat, or bending that Body, which has been ever too proud to expreſs Reſpect either to God or Man by any outward Tokens; reſerving all theſe Things for the Action and Operation of the Spirit within; which, as no Man can ſee what paſſes in another's Heart, may never have been acknowledged either internally or externally, for aught that we know to the contrary.

"FRIEND *Iſhmael*, ſays he, how do'ſt do? "I came this Way, and therefore thought "I would aſk Thee how Thee art. Thou "ſeemeſt in good Health by thy Counte-"nance."

TO which *Iſhmael* anſwering in the Affirmative with reſpect to his Health, deſired Mr. *Sly* to ſit down.

AND here, as Inſtruction in the Knowledge of Mankind is acknowledged to be the moſt uſeful Part of Hiſtory, we ſhall with great Pleaſure ſtop to communicate one uſeful Hint to all thoſe who may

may have to do with Quakers, and have not yet heard of this neceſſary Article:

THIS is, That Quakers never receive back the Friendſhip they have given; or, in other Words, that though they ſalute almoſt every one with the Name of *Friend*, yet they by no means are pleaſed to be thus accoſted by another of a different Perſuaſion; which Phænomenon has been various ways accounted for.

ONE of which is, that delivering this Epithet of *Friend* with an internal Conſciouſneſs that it is a Lie, they do not chuſe to receive the Lie from another. Another is, that being in themſelves too proud by Words to acknowledge a Superior, they think themſelves the only Beings who ſhould have the Word *Maſter* prefixed to their Names; and this has made ſome People to imagine, was the Reaſon why their menial Servants are always of another Perſuaſion; not chuſing to be Thee'd and Thou'd by thoſe, whom they think in Situation of Life beneath them; and, therefore, whoever would ſucceed with a Quaker, muſt uſe the civileſt Terms, or he aſks in vain.

"FRIEND *Iſhmael*, ſays *Abraham*, haſt heard "any thing of Friend *Barter* lately?" To which "*Iſhmael* anſwered, No. "Why then, (ſays he,) "I'll tell Thee. It ſeems there is a Match in "Agitation between Neighbour *Wormeaton*'s "Son and Friend *Barter*'s Daughter; and, if I "am not informed wrong, Thee haſt a conſide-"rable Mortgage upon Neighbour *Wormeaton*'s "Eſtate; and, on that Account, as our Friend "*Narrowbottom* informs me, Neighbour *Worm-*"*eaton* is apprehenſive, that if Thou ſhouldſt not

"let

" let him have the Writings to ſhew to Friend
" *Barter*, the Marriage may not take place."

" WHICH I ſhall moſt certainly not do, (ſays *Iſhmael.*) " Does he imagine I'll part with the " Security of Sixty Thouſand Pounds, and truſt " to the Honour of a Lord? Mr. *Sly*, you know " that 'tis a Rule with us to believe, that no " Man, who cannot keep his Eſtate, will ever " keep his Honour, or any thing elſe. And " ſurely no Man in his Senſes will truſt a Lord, " preferable to another Man, who has no Re- " putation in Trade to loſe, and whoſe Perſon " cannot be ſecured."

" FRIEND *Iſhmael*, ſays *Abraham Sly*, what " Thou ſayeſt is true; but when ſuch a Thing " may be tranſacted, and Neighbour *Wormeaton* " and Thee and I equally ſerved, there is no " great Harm done: Thou art not againſt help- " ing a Neighbour, when Thou canſt help " Thyſelf at the ſame time."

To which *Iſhmael* anſwering, he was not: " Why then, continued *Abraham*, I'll tell Thee; " there is an Overture made me that Two " Thouſand Pounds will be given for the Loan " of theſe Writings a Month; which I have " imagined might be divided in this manner be- " tween us; Thee ſhalt have One Thouſand, " and I another. Thee ſhalt intruſt me with " the Writings, and I will depoſit *Eaſt-India* " Bonds to that Value in thy Hands, till Thou " haſt them again; which Writings ſhall never " part from my Poſſeſſion, Thou needeſt not " give Thyſelf any Pain about that."

" MR. *Sly*, ſays *Iſhmael*, I know you to be a " *good* Man; and, to oblige you, I conſent,

" provided

" provided the Money be paid me on delivering " the Writings into your Hand." " Friend " *Iſhmael*, Thou mayeſt depend on that; I " ſhall engage in nothing without the Money in " Hand; I think Thou mayeſt rely on me for " that."

Perhaps the Reader, who may have paſſed his Days in a College in ſtudying Theology, Hiſtory, Mathematics, or polite Literature, and has never been on the *Royal Exchange*, where Merchandiſe and Men are bought and ſold, may wonder why *Iſhmael* complimented *Abraham* with the Epithet of *Good*; this Secret, as no Dictionary can explain it, unleſs, peradventure, that new one called the *Scoundrel's Dictionary* may find him an Explanation, we ſhall willingly let him into, in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XIX.

A Stroke of the Author's Preciſion and Settling the Ideas of Words. A Specimen of a Work much wanted for the Uſe of moſt Diſputants, Writers, and Readers: Being a Diſſertation on the Meaning of the Word Good.

NO Fault in Speech has been oftener taken notice of by Men who are acquainted in Literary Matters, than the Abuſe which is made of Words: They complain that no Preciſion of Idea is to be found to many in Uſe, and that the fluctuating State of Language has annexed

nexed Ideas different from thoſe of the original Intent.

PERHAPS this Word *Good* may juſtify thoſe who complain of the unſettled Condition of Language; and thoſe alſo who change the Idea, or affix a new one to an old Word.

IT may be ſaid, with ſome degree of Reaſon, that in the Times of Yore when this Iſland was overſpread with Chriſtian Darkneſs, before the Coming of thoſe enlightened Days and Sunſhine of Reaſon, that this Word *Good* was applied to thoſe Perſons, who believed and practiſed the Dictates of the Chriſtian Religion; from whence, when the World knew no better, theſe People were called *Good*, thereby ſignifying, that ſomething excellent in itſelf was underſtood by the Term *Chriſtian*.

BUT, as Knowledge increaſed, true Wiſdom, moral Rectitude, and Reaſon, got ground, and drove out the idle Notions of Religion; the Epithet *Good* became to loſe its Application; the Words *Good* and *Chriſtian* by no means being thought compatible, it was applied to thoſe Things which were moſtly eſteemed; and therefore in the City it was underſtood to ſignify Riches; a *good* Man, in the City Phraſe, meaning no more than a rich Man, every Man's Goodneſs being always adequate to his Riches; and thus the richeſt Man was always the beſt; and, in conſequence of this, the Anſwer to a Queſtion which enquires into the Circumſtances of any Man is, that he is a *good* Man if he be rich, and a bad one if poor.

NOW this Definition has no Relation to the Manner in which the Money is gotten, but refers

fers to the Sum alone; a Twenty Thouſand Pounder being twice as *good* as a Ten, a Fifty five times, a Plum ten Times; and ſo on; Goodneſs always increaſing with Money: This, indeed, has one Advantage belonging to it; Goodneſs being now brought to ſome certain Standard, whereas before it depended on ſome vague and undecided Notions of Charity, Humanity, Friendſhip, Piety, and ſeveral other Things, which, as they are all viſionary, cannot be brought to any regular Eſtimation.

In leſs than a League's Longitude Weſtward from the City, this Word, from the ſame Cauſes, is annexed to quite another Idea; *good*, applied to Company, ſignifying Titles, Ribbands, Routs, Diamonds, Brocades, cheating at Cards, and other Gentleman-like Qualifications; which, taken all together, make what is called *good* Company.

Thus my Reader will plainly ſee, though the Word *good* applied to a Man ſignified a pious, charitable, humane and beneficent Being, whilſt thoſe Things were falſely imagined to contain ſome Degree of Excellence in them; that at preſent the Truth being diſcovered, Money and Titles conſidered as the only meritorious Qualities, that this Word *good* has with ſtrict Propriety been transferred from the firſt to the laſt. Hence it plainly appears, that thoſe who continue in the Old Style, have Reaſon in complaining that the Word *good* is applied to any thing but Virtue; and thoſe of the New are right, in applying it to what they know is preferable to it, Money and Titles.

This,

THIS, I hope, will be an Elucidation of what was advanced in the Beginning of this Chapter; and a Proof, that in the City Senſe *Iſhmael* and *Abraham* were two *good* Men, being both extremely rich, the only Requiſite neceſſary for eſtabliſhing that Denomination.

CHAP. XX.

A Specimen of the Quakers open Style in writing Letters. A Speech of the Earl of Wormeaton's. *A Hint of the Author's Skill in knowing what to leave out in Hiſtory. An Inſtance of his Knowledge in polite Writing. The great Deſire which Mr.* Narrowbottom's *Club had for his Company; together with the Reaſon for it: As alſo the Author's Ambition of imitating* Homer, *and wiſhing his Readers a good Night.*

ABRAHAM SLY having thus accompliſhed what he intended with *Iſhmael* the *Jew*, returned to his own Houſe, and wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Narrowbottom:*

"*Reſpected Friend,*

"I HAVE tranſacted with our Friend that "which Thou deſiredſt me to do for thy "Friend, and I conceive to thine and his Satis-"faction; therefore I have ſent Thee this "for thy Government, and to let Thee know, "that we are ready to ſerve Thee and thy "Friend, whenever Thou thinkeſt it convenient.

"*I am thy aſſured Friend,*

"ABRAHAM SLY."

UPON

UPON the Receipt of this Letter, Mr. *Narrowbottom* repaired to the Houſe of my Lord *Wormeaton* with no little Satisfaction; where having recounted his Succeſs, my Lord appeared extremely ſatisfied with the Concluſion of this Affair; and deſired he would propoſe the Marriage to Mr. *Barter* the next Day. At the ſame time pronouncing, with a truly noble Air, Attitude and Voice,

"SIR, in this Affair you have ſhewn, what I "always imagined you poſſeſt, the pureſt Heart "and moſt perſpicuous Judgment, Talents "which our late Friend knew and acknowledged "in you; and though his Name will be ever "dear to my Memory, yet I muſt confeſs his "Ingratitude was too manifeſt, in not having "rewarded your Services for him and our Coun-"try, in that Manner which is becoming the "Liberality of a great Miniſter to give, and a "great Genius to receive.

"THIS Crime you ſhall not find in me; the "Service you have done this Family of *Worm-*"*eaton* ſhall not be eaſily effaced from my "Heart, it glows in this Boſom, and will glow "with unabated Ardour whilſt this Being knows "Exiſtence."

WHICH Speech Mr. *Narrowbottom* receiving with a Bow of deep Acknowledgment, juſt as he was addreſſing himſelf to ſpeak, having ſhaken back his Wig which had fallen too far forward in his Compliment, the Servant entered with an Account that Dinner was ſerved; which unlucky Accident prevented Mr. *Narrowbottom* from making a very good Speech, and the Reader from the Pleaſure of reading it. And thus he

he walked off, my Lord following him, to what he liked much better than any Oration of *Demoſthenes* or *Tully*, a Table covered with elegant Fare, and ſerved with the beſt Wines of the firſt Growth of *France*.

THE Dinner ſhall find no Deſcription in this Hiſtory, leſt in diſplaying the Elegance of the Entertainment the Reader's Mouth ſhould water more after the dainty Diſhes, than the following Parts of this Work: A Thing which no Writer of common Underſtanding would chuſe to have happen to him.

HOWEVER, we ſhall aſſure our Readers, that Mr. *Narrowbottom* drank again and again Succeſs to the intended Marriage, there being preſent no one but the Earl and his Son; and this he did from two Motives, his Love to good Wine, and Love to the Family; one of which was a true one to my certain Knowledge, and which of the two I ſhall leave to the Reader's Determination; having heard it remarked by moſt excellent Critics, that ſomething ſhould be always left to the Reader's Imagination in all Works of Literature; which we accordingly do in this place, to convince the World how deeply we are converſant in all the Requiſites neceſſary for a polite Writer.

DINNER being paſt, Mr. *Narrowbottom* left the two Noble Lords; who, the Moment he was gone, deſpiſed the dirty mercenary Dog. Says the Earl, "My Lord, this Fellow was ſo "well known by our old Friend, that he always "believed a Shilling would determine him in a "Sum of Five Thouſand Pounds, to write on "any Side the Queſtion. But, continued he,

"the

" the Raſcal wrote ſo execrably bad, that there " was not the leaſt Danger of his being bought " off; that Party rather chuſing to give him " Money to write againſt, than for it; and yet " he is now poſſeſſed of Ten Thouſand Pounds, " which he got by that Employment."

MR. *Narrowbottom* knowing there was no Time to be loſt, after having 'ſcaped the Servants like a Tumbler through Hoops, without touching one of them, made the utmoſt Haſte to the Dwelling of Mr. *Barter*; where, not finding the Merchant at Home, he diſcovered to his Lady the Succeſs of his Embaſſy.

AT this Diſcovery Mrs. *Barter* clapping her Hands together, which had not diminiſhed in Size, nor yet been ſo much weaned from their former Employment or hardened by their preſent, as to forget bluſhing, cries out, " Mr. *Nar-* " *rowbottom*, to be ſure you are the greateſt " Friend I and my Huſband have in *London*; " for, to be ſure, no Perſons can be *more happier* " than we ſhall be by this Match.—Good now, " what Sort of a Man is he? pretty luſty, I hope. " My *Molly*, I believe, would not be againſt " marrying a luſty Gentleman, that is a Lord; " but you are ſure, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, that he " will be a Lord; there's no Doubt of that, I " hope?"

" NONE, Madam, ſays he—What, think " I'll deceive my old Friends—ſcorn the Thing " —Man of Honour—Lord, to be ſure—muſt " be a Lord—can't be otherwiſe—an Earl's " Son."

To this laconic Speech Mrs. *Barter* ſuſpecting, what there was no Reaſon to ſuſpect, that Mr.

Mr. *Narrowbottom* was almoſt angry, anſwered, that it was her Ignorance of what related to Lords which made her aſk, and nothing elſe.

Mr. *Narrowbottom* having drank Tea, the young Ladies being engaged to ſpend the Evening abroad, who were, indeed, already gone, and Mr. *Barter* himſelf, not being expected home, withdrew, after having told Mrs. *Barter* that he would ſend the two Suitors; one of which, forgetting poor *Betſy*, ſhe had never aſked after.

From this Lady he retired to a Club of Gentlemen, who were in deep Expectation of the Coming of Mr. *Narrowbottom*, more ardently wiſhing it than the rich Jews do that of their Meſſiah; ſeveral of them wanting again to have it proved that there was no God; which, though he attempted to do every Evening, and they retired firmly believing it; yet ſo ſtubbornly is the Truth impreſſed on the Minds of Men, their Conſciences were diſturbed by it every Hour more and more till Eight o'Clock in the Evening, when they were again reinſtated in their former Belief; in this Reſpect reſembling an old faſhioned Clock, which wants drawing up and being ſet right every Twenty-four Hours, yet never goes true during the whole Time.

In this Place we ſhall leave him; and, as it is now drawing towards Eleven o'Clock at Night, in this Hiſtory, we deſire our Readers to take a Nap, and ſuffer the Author to do the ſame; having an Ambition that ſome future Critic ſhall ſpeak of us, as *Horace* has of *Homer*,

Aliquando Bonus dormitat ——

And here we wiſh our Readers a good Night.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

In which Mrs. Barter *ſhews great Tenderneſs to her eldeſt Daughter in diſcovering that a Lord was to be her Huſband, through Fear of a Surpriſe; and great Poſitiveneſs that her youngeſt ſhall marry a Baronet, whom we have already introduced into this Hiſtory. A Specimen of his Preference of Vertù to Love.*

MRS. *Barter* did not fail to communicate the News which Mr. *Narrowbottom* had told her, to her Huſband at his coming home; who received it with no leſs Joy than the good Woman, being very ambitious of ennobling his Family.

THE next Morning, after a ſleepleſs Night, though no Cares or other vexatious Matters kept her from Reſting, (ſuch is the Effect of Joy, as well as Sorrow,) this Lady got up, being determined to let her Daughters into the Secret, particularly Miſs *Molly*, who, we have already hinted, was the great Favourite of the Mother, as well as the Father, though not ſo violently of the laſt.

NOW, as ſhe imagined that this Affair ſhould not be declared too ſuddenly to her Daughter, leſt it might occaſion a Surprize, ſhe ſent for Miſs *Molly* into the Parlour, and gently began:

"MOLLY, we have gotten a Lord for thy "Huſband." At which Words Miſs *Molly* cried out, "Lord have Mercy! why did you "tell me ſo? You have made my Heart come

" into my Mouth with the Suddenneſs of the " Thing." " Indeed, *Molly*, 'tis true, I aſſure " you; Mr. *Narrowbottom* is our great Friend; " if we ſhould live for *ever* we ſhould not live " half long enough to return this Favour."

" WELL, ſays Miſs *Molly*, I always ſaid I " ſhould have a Lord; when do you ſay he will " come here, Mamma?"

" THAT I know not, ſays Mrs. *Barter*; but " I ſuppoſe very ſoon."

" SURE, Mamma, ſays the Daughter, you " have not joked with me; he will come, will " he not? — Well, now I ſhall take Place of " Miſs *Doubletripe*, Miſs *Ninepenny*, Miſs *Scrib-* " *ble*, and a Thouſand Miſſes more; I ſhall " ſhew the Aldermens Daughters what it is to " be a Lady. — Will he be here To-morrow? " I long to ſee him. Pray, Mamma, how long " will it be till we are married? Not long, I ſup- " poſe." Thus, aſking Queſtions of her Mother, and anſwering them herſelf, ſhe went on in a Sort of Extaſy, which is little ſhort of a poetic Frenzy; and which any Writer of Poems for the Magazine will gladly explain to his Neighbours, who may read and not underſtand theſe Words.

MISS *Molly* was not of that Sort of Ladies who require many ſuperior Talents in a Lover, nor vaſtly delicate in her Choice; provided her Huſband was a Man and a Lord, it anſwered her Purpoſe; ſhe ſcorned thoſe little Niceties of Examination which many People affect. In fact, ſhe ſaw nothing in one Man preferable to another, and required no more than what every one of them is ſuppoſed to be able to give; for ſhe had

had in her Compoſition a great deal of ſomething which begins with an *L*; which, though it is not Love, is often miſtaken for that Paſſion, and deceives many good People into an Opinion of their poſſeſſing that which they never knew the leaſt Syllable of.

THE old Lady made no doubt of Miſs *Molly*'s Duty and Obedience in this Matter; ſhe now diſmiſſed her, and bid her ſend down her Siſter *Betſy*; which, creating a Suſpicion and a Queſtion, whether *Betſy* was to be married alſo? Her Mother anſwered, "Yes:" "A Lord, Mam-"ma?" ſays the Daughter. "No; ſays the Mother, "a Lord! what do you imagine I or "your Father would think of a Lord for her? "No, Child." Which ſettled Miſs *Molly*'s growing Suſpicions; for of all her Mother's Children ſhe loved herſelf beſt.

ELIZA being come into the Parlour, her Mother began: "Child, as your Siſter *Molly* is "about to be married to a Nobleman, I and "your Father think it our Buſineſs to look out "for a Huſband for you too, that you may have "no Reaſon to complain that you are neglect-"ed."

"MADAM, ſays *Eliza*, I ſhould not have "complained of my Siſter's being happily mar-"ried, though that ſhould never be my Lot." "But, ſays her Mother, you do not think it a "bad Thing to be married, with a handſome "Fortune, to a Baronet; I hope you will not "refuſe ſuch a Match; ſuch Offers don't come "every Day."

"MADAM, ſays *Eliza*, if the Gentleman "be an agreeable Man, and ſuch as I think I

"can love, my Duty will always be ready to "obey your Commands; you would not have "me marry a Man with whom I cannot live "happily."

"THINK you can love him! Why, is not "he a Man? what does any Girl love, when "ſhe marries, but a Man? Is not a Man a Man? "I am ſure I loved your Father, becauſe he was "a Man, and for no other Reaſon; have not "we lived happily together?"

TO which Miſs *Betſy* deſiring to ſee this Geutleman before ſhe gave a poſitive Anſwer; the old Lady told her, ſhe might ſee him if ſhe would, but have him ſhe ſhould; her Siſter had none of theſe diſobedient Tricks about her, and ſhe ſhould not be indulged to her Ruin. For it ſeems the old Lady was determined to get rid of this Daughter, not abundantly caring for her Company; their Manners by no means agreeing together, beſides fearing that ſhe might at laſt get the Aſcendant in her Father's Affection if ſhe remained in the Houſe.

IN this State Things ſtood, when a Letter from Mr. *Narrowbottom* came to the Hands of Mrs. *Barter*; intimating that my Lord *Sapplin* would poſitively pay his Reſpects to the Family of Mr. *Barter*, and drink Tea with Miſs *Molly* in the Afternoon.

AT this the old Lady, who had liſtened to this Letter, which was read by Miſs *Molly*, looked full in the Face of her Daughter, as ſhe did in that of her Mother, neither ſpeaking a Word for one Minute, each being ſtruck dumb with Joy, Wonder, and ſeveral other Things of that Nature.

WHICH Silence being juſt got over, Mrs. *Barter* ordered the Fire to be lighted in the Dining-Room, the Curtains to be taken out of the Paper-Bags, the Carpet to be laid, the Silver Tea-kettle and Lamp, Coffee-pot and Waiter, and all things neceſſary for the Reception of ſo ſplendid a Gueſt to be got in Order, and gave Six-pence to the Boy in Livery to have his Hair curled, and make him look ſmart on ſo joyful an Occaſion.

IT ſeems the Baronet being engaged at an Auction of Dr. *Mead*'s *Vertù*, could not have the Honour of being there the ſame Day; being determined to purchaſe ſome Paintings, which were ſuppoſed by all who knew nothing at all of the Matter to be the Works of *Rubens*, being the Hiſtory of *Achilles*; and by all who did, to be Prints ſtuck upon Copper-Plates, and for this ſimple Reaſon, the Attitudes being all left handed; and for that ingenious Conceit of *Chiron*'s teaching *Achilles* to ride behind the human Part on the Horſe, and having a Whip in his Hand to flog himſelf, leſt one Part of him ſhould tire or be lazy, and not keep company with the other, or the Horſe-Part forget what the Man was doing.

This Sale, and thoſe Pictures, he was determined to attend and buy, being rather inclined to miſs the poſſeſſing the Lady than the Paintings; which is no ſmall Proof of his great Love for and Judgment in the polite Arts, and no leſs Encouragement to the Profeſſors of them. The laſt of which is much wanting in this Kingdom.

CHAP. XXII.

The Arrival of Lord Sapplin *at Mr.* Barter's, *and the Circumſtances of the Family at the Rapping at the Door. A Metaphyſical Account for a Footman's falling Up-ſtairs, and the Superſtition of an Infidel, with the Author's Remarks. The Taſte of the* Barter *Family, and my Lord's Approbation of it. Together with a Propoſal and Acceptation of Miſs* Molly's *Fortune.*

WE muſt now take our Readers into ſublimer Scenes, and move the whole Family of *Barter* from the Parlour up into the Dining-Room; and here we deſire the Peruſers of this Hiſtory will take Notice how fond we are of raiſing the Perſonages of this Performance, having already elevated Mrs. *Barter* from the Kitchen to the Parlour, and now from thence into the Dining-Room.

In this Place the Family were all attending the coming of my Lord *Sapplin*; the old Woman, with more Trepidation than many a pious Soul awaits the Day of Judgment, in all her Life having never been in better Company, nor in any other Lord's than that of a Lord-Mayor, whom ſhe conceived to be (compared with this Lord) no more like him than a Ha'p'worth of Gingerbread is to St. *Paul*'s Church; ſuch favourable Ideas do the Citizens entertain of our Nobility, particularly thoſe who have never had the Honour of being in their Company.

WHILST the Father, the Mother, and Miſs *Molly*, were ſitting together, for Miſs *Eliza* was not permitted to be of the Company, the old Lady taking it into her Head that it was poſſible my Lord might like her the beſt of the two; a Thing not very improbable, if his Lordſhip had been coming thither to like any Thing but the Money, and which, not knowing his true Errand, ſhe was not willing to riſque.

DURING this time a Coach with two flaming Footmen, in two flaming Liveries, with two flaming Flambeaus, ſtopt at Mr. *Barter*'s Door; on which Miſs *Molly* cried out, he is come; the old Lady felt ſomething like the Riſing of the Lights, being as it were almoſt choaked with ſhe knew not what, and old *Barter* trembled more at receiving this Lord than receiving Ten Thouſand Pounds for Merchandiſe, which he had ſold iniquitouſly.

THIS Stop of the Coach was attended with a Thundering at the Door, not much inferior to the Firing of all the *French* Cannon which took ſome of the Towns defended by the *Dutch*, laſt War in *Flanders*.

THIS gave a ſecond Flurry to their Spirits, and opened the Mouth of Mrs. *Barter*, who declared ſhe was ſure he muſt be a Lord by his Footman's Knocking, no Citizen's being able to knock half ſo cleverly.

FROM the Chariot deſcended my Lord *Sapplin* and Mr. *Narrowbottom*; the Boy or Man in Livery, for he was neither one nor the other, ſtood to receive them at the Door; which Place leaving to precede my Lord with a Can-

dle, and not being able for his Life to keep his Eyes from his Lordſhip's fine Cloaths, he walked with his Head turn'd over his Shoulder; and as it has been obſerved by ſome great Metaphyſicians, that the ſame Idea being always in View makes Time appear extremely ſhort; and by ſome great Lovers, that Pleaſure makes Time fly rapidly; ſo the Lad being come to the Stairs before he imagin'd he was, deceived by the ſame Idea and the Pleaſure of ſeeing the fine Cloaths of my Lord, forgot to lift his Legs, and thus fell Up-ſtairs rather than down; which old *Narrowbottom* beholding, cried out, "A good Omen! a good Omen! I am glad "of that, glad of that; very lucky to fall Up-"ſtairs."

Now we have remarked, in the Courſe of our Lives, that it is the undoubted Privilege of an Infidel to believe what a Chriſtian cannot, and that Superſtition, tho' not a religious one, infects their Minds as much at leaſt as it does that of Chriſtians; *Boullainvilliers* believing firmly in judicial Aſtrology, tho' he did not credit one Word of the Goſpel; and *Julian* the Apoſtate having his Superſtitions alſo, tho' not of the Chriſtian Kind.

This Accident being recover'd, my Lord, dreſt in a Figur'd Velvet whoſe Ground was Silver and the other Part Roſe-colour, with every Thing anſwering it, entered the Dining-Room, the Company having been ſtanding ever ſince the Chariot came to the Door; at which Entrance Mr. *Narrowbottom* pronounced the Name of my Lord *Sapplin*, preſenting his Lordſhip to Mrs. *Barter*, to Miſs *Molly*, and Mr.

Mr. *Barter*; my Lord turning round, and with infinite Eaſe and Politeneſs admiring the Room and Furniture, ſaid to Mrs. *Barter*, "You are extremely well lodged here, Madam." Which being a Court-phraſe, and ſomething beyond the Comprehenſion of the old Lady, ſhe miſtook it, and told my Lord, "That it was not "Lodgings, but their own Houſe."

"MADAM, ſays he, I am convinced of that, "to be ſure; no Man would build who could "find ſuch Lodgings."

MR. *Narrowbottom* ſat on the Side of the Room with Mr. *Barter*, and my Lord between the Mother and Daughter; the two firſt engaged in Converſation of a mixt Kind, ſomething between Trade, Stocks, Infidelity, and my Lord; and his Lordſhip aſking of Mrs. *Barter* and Miſs *Molly*, how they liked the Burletta?

To this Mrs. *Barter* told my Lord, "That "ſhe ſeldom went from Home; that unleſs "People looked after their Families, all Things "ran to Rack and Ruin; that Servants were "never ſo bad as in thoſe Days, nor ever "wanted ſo much following: Her Children, "ſhe ſaid, went to all theſe Places, once in the "Year; to the Uprores, Ridotters, Plays, "*Ranelar*'s, and *Foxhal*'s; and you have been "where my Lord ſays, have not you, Child?" To which Miſs *Molly*, for the firſt Time ſince my Lord came in, ſaid Yes.

"AND, pray, ſays my Lord, how do you "like it, Miſs?" With a pretty dimpling ſimpering Smile. "Extremely well, ſays Miſs, "particularly the Girl; nothing can be ſo

" cleverly acted as that Girl does her Part; I " think ſhe plays far beyond Mrs. *Cibber* and " Mrs. *Pritchard*; as to the other, I can't ſay " I much admire them."

" Miss, ſays my Lord, I perceive you have " a moſt exquiſite Taſte." " Yes, indeed, " my Lord, ſays Mrs. *Barter*, ſhe has; I al- " ways conſult her in all the Sauces I make, " when we have extraordinary Company, or " ſo, to dine with us."—Here, Miſs, knowing that was not the Taſte my Lord meant, looked a little blue at her Mother's Speech. But my Lord, with infinite Affability, admired that Excellence alſo, as he thought, he ſaid, Taſte in a Lady was the fineſt Qualification.

The Tea-time paſſed on pleaſing and being pleaſed with each other. Old *Narrowbottom* whiſpering to old *Barter*, and deſiring him to remark what Fondneſs my Lord ſhewed for his Daughter; concluding what a happy Thing it was, to marry a Child into ſo noble a Family.

And now Mrs. *Barter* and Miſs took Leave, neither from Knowledge or Inſtinct, but from a certain Whiſper which Mr. *Narrowbottom* deliver'd to the Ear of Mrs. *Barter*, intimating that no Time was to be loſt, and that my Lord was ſo much enamour'd of her Daughter, that he intended making his Propoſals this very Viſit.

On this Account Mrs. *Barter* left the Company, hoping that ſhe ſhould ſoon ſee his Lordſhip again; and Miſs *Molly* followed her curt'ſying very profoundly: My Lord bowing, ſmiling, and thanking her very graciouſly.

The

THE Ladies being withdrawn, Mr. *Narrowbottom* began. "We are all Men, Man is a "reaſonable Creature, honeſt Men—all ſen- "ſible Men—few Words are beſt. My Lord, "ſhall I make your Propoſals?" To which my Lord aſſenting, he aſked Mr. *Barter* what Money he would give his Daughter? To this being anſwered Seventy Thouſand Pounds down. My Lord ſaid, "He would receive "her with that Sum, and would ſettle upon "her an Eſtate of Five Thouſand a Year." "But," ſays Mr. *Narrowbottom*, whiſpering to *Barter*, "there is a ſmall Debt of Forty "Thouſand Pounds on one Part of it, which "Mortgage ſhall be paid off, and the other "Part of the Eſtate has not the leaſt In- "cumbrance upon it, as you will ſee by the "Writings." During this Whiſper his Lord- ſhip looked at the China on the Chimney- piece, and entertained himſelf with a ſoft Whiſtle.

To this Propoſal Mr. *Barter* conſented, with deſiring Liberty to have the Deeds of the unmortgaged Part of the Eſtate put into his Lawyer's Hand; which being thought reaſon- able, was agreed to.

AND now my Lord took his Leave, together with Mr. *Narrowbottom*, deſiring his Compli- ments to the Ladies; the Mother and Daugh- ter returned, and all their Converſation was on the Perfections of my Lord, which laſted till it was high Time for two Things; for the Company to retire to Bed, and the Author to finiſh this Chapter.

CHAP. XXIII.

In which two noble Lords look very ſtrangely upon one another, which is removed by one lucky Thought of Mr. Narrowbottom. *Sir* Roger's *firſt Viſit to* Eliza; *and Mr.* Barter's *to the Earl.*

THINGS being in this Situation, my Lord *Sapplin* having acquainted his Father in what Manner he was received, neglecting no ſingle Circumſtance which might draw Ridicule upon the Family; at the ſame time admiring the fooliſh Vanity that thoſe upſtart Mechanics (a Name with which Tradeſmen of all Kinds are diſtinguiſhed by Perſons in high Life) entertain of marrying their Daughters into noble Families; he ſaid Mr. *Narrowbottom* would be that Day at his Lordſhip's Houſe to receive ſome farther Inſtructions. At this Time Mr. *Narrowbottom* arriving, according to the old Proverb, "Talk "of the Devil, and you ſhall ſee his Horns;" the Earl thanked him for his Friendſhip, which he had ſo eminently manifeſted for the Family of *Wormeaton*. "Now, ſays he, you "have nothing to do, Mr. *Narrowbottom*, but "to get the Writings of my Eſtate from "*Iſhmael*, and deliver them into the Hands of "Mr. *Barter*'s Lawyer."

"YES, ſays Mr. *Narrowbottom*, with all my "Heart, my Lord; but your Lordſhip muſt "give me the Two Thouſand Pounds for Mr. "*Sly* and Mr. *Iſhmael*, or one of them will not

"engage

"engage to procure, or the other deliver, the "Writings."

In this Place, and at theſe Words, the Earl and his Son ſtared upon one another with the ſame Confuſion, as if each had ſeen a Spectre; well knowing, that at that Time they could as well have worked Miracles, and riſen the Dead, as have riſen Two Thouſand Pounds.

It ſeems they had never imagined this Sum was to be paid till the other was received; however, my Lord *Wormeaton* aſked Mr. *Narrowbottom*, if he believed Mr. *Sly* and Mr. *Iſhmael* would not take his Honour or his Bond? Which Queſtion being anſwered, by ſaying, he believed the contrary; with an Addition, was it his own Affair, he would do it: But he conceived theſe two Gentlemen would not, as Death and ſeveral other Circumſtances, ſuch as Diſcoveries and other Things, made it improbable they ſhould.

How ſoon are the fineſt Days overcaſt with Storms! How will the Small-Pox blaſt the fineſt Beauty, and what Havock will the rude Hands of a Bailiff make with the fineſt Collection of Vertù! How nipping is a Froſt to the bluſhing Flower! and how —— ſeveral other moral How's we might make here; but we beg Leave to tell our Readers, that all theſe Things were only introduced to ſhew the Wantonneſs of our Imagination; and thus haſten to explain, How one lucky Thought of old *Narrowbottom* ſet all Things to Rights, and reſtored the Jaw-fallen Countenances of the diſconſolate Father and Son.

THIS was no other, than by aſking, if they had any Jewels belonging to the Family; and being anſwered in the Affirmative, he demanded, at what Value? "Perhaps, at Five "Thouſand Pounds," ſays the Earl. "Then, "ſays Mr. *Narrowbottom*, give them to me, and "theſe will anſwer to the Money which Friend "*Abraham Sly* ſhall advance."

THESE Jewels then my Lord pledged with Mr. *Abraham Sly*, at the ſame Time manifeſting by his Looks that he would much rather have pledged his Honour, being a Thing which might have been more eaſily withdrawn than Five Thouſand Pounds Worth of Jewels.

NECESSITY has no Law, he gave them to Mr. *Narrowbottom*, who tranſacted the Affair with his Friend *Abraham*, who tranſacted the Affair with *Iſhmael*; theſe Writings *Abraham Sly* put into Mr. *Narrowbottom*'s Hands, who delivered them to the Lawyer of Mr. *Barter*; which Writings having been conſidered by this Lawyer, were returned to Mr. *Narrowbottom*, with a favourable Anſwer to Mr. *Barter*.

THE Day was now approaching a-pace, when the Marriage Ceremony was to be ſolemnized between my Lord and Miſs *Polly*; which, if I was to paint, I would follow *Guido* in his *Aurora*, only placing Love for that Figure ſcattering Gold, *Hymen* in the Place of *Apollo*, and the firſt twelve Hours dancing round the Carr; and yet, though our Readers may be all longing to ſee that happy Time, we ſhall ſtop them in their Career, and turn their Eyes upon Sir *Roger Ramble*. This Gentle-

Gentleman, notwithſtanding he had determined to purchaſe the Paintings already mentioned, had, by entering into a Diſpute with a gay Traveller, whether the *Roman* or *Lombard* School had furniſhed the greateſt Maſters in Painting, miſſed the Opportunity of this valuable Work by Eagerneſs in one Place, and Inattention in another, and this to his no ſmall Mortification.

HOWEVER, the next Day Mr. *Narrowbottom* introduced him to the Houſe of Mr. *Barter*; where the Deſires being not quite ſo vehement for this Match, in the Parents and Miſs *Eliza*, as they were in them and Miſs *Molly*, the Baronet paſſed an Hour at Tea-drinking with the Family, without feeling much Emotion for the Lady, or ſhe for him: Their Souls, according to our previous Philoſophy, not being in Uniſon with one another.

HE took his Leave, and going Home in his Chariot with Mr. *Narrowbottom*, this laſt Gentlemen aſked him, how he liked his Miſtreſs? "Why, faith, *Narrowbottom*, I can-"not ſay ſhe is altogether ugly, and conſider-"ing ſhe was born in this vile City of *London*, "I am almoſt aſtoniſhed how ſhe came to be "ſo well; upon Honour, I think if ſhe had "a little more Spirituality in her Face, and a "little *French* Rouge on her Cheeks, ſhe "might ſit at the Head of my Table without "bringing me much Diſgrace. Faith, what "ſhe ſaid was not abſolutely Nonſenſe, and "very modeſt; but, *Narrowbottom*, I poſi-"tively declare that Wheelbarrow-full of a "Woman, her Mother, ſhall never come pub-

"lickly

" lickly to my Houſe, any more than that " little ſelf-ſufficient Impertinence her Father; " Theſe Things, I preſume, may be hin- " dered.

" So, *Narrowbottom*, d'ye hear, I'll wait " upon her again To-morrow, or next Day, " and then deſiring to ſee the Lady alone, is " that neceſſary? whilſt you talk with the Pa- " rents; we will bring this Matter to a ſhort " Iſſue, and be married the ſame Day my " Lord marries her Siſter." " Well then, " let it be ſo; I'll go with you; we'll do the " Thing—let me alone for that," ſays old *Narrowbottom*.

MR. *Barter* being ſatisfied with my Lord's Propoſals, thinking all ſecure, the Bargain was agreed upon; and he went and dined with the Earl of *Wormeaton*, where much Parade and Elocution was waſted in Encomiums of the ancient and honourable Family of *Wormeaton* by the Head of it himſelf, and ſome cajoling Touches on the great Merit of Fathers that raiſe Families by their Induſtry and Capacity.

" THERE muſt have been, ſays my Lord, " a Time, though no Hiſtory can diſcover it, " when this Family of mine was not noble, and " therefore ſome Action in my diſtant Prede- " ceſſors muſt have begun it; and though we " have never, thank Heaven, degenerated " from our Rank, yet it was owing to that " great Anceſtor that this Family became firſt " ennobled: You, Mr. *Barter*, are to your " Family, what that Man was to us; you are " the Fountain, whence all future Honours " flow;

" flow; the Stream is the Conſequence of the " Fountain, and to that it owes all its Beauty " and Worth."

WHICH Speech Mr. *Barter* not being able to anſwer very readily, only thanked his Lordſhip for the Honour; and, after having ſpent the Day, he retired to his Wife, not too well pleaſed with the Manner of my Lord's living. The Nobleman conſidering *that* as ſupporting the Dignity of his Rank, which the Tradeſman looked on as running out his Eſtate. Such different Notions ariſe in vulgar and noble Heads, from one and the ſame Object.

ON this Account he expreſſed ſome Uneaſineſs to his Wife, who laughed at him, and ſaid, " That a Lord, to be ſure, had other " Ways of getting Money than Merchants; " or how could they live? Beſides, your " Daughter muſt have a good Jointure, and " be a Lady." Which two Conſiderations a little abated the Qualmiſhneſs which was riſing in the Stomach of Mr. *Barter*.

MY Lord *Sapplin* repeated his Viſits, to the great Joy of Mrs. *Barter*, and converſed with Miſs *Molly* with great Familiarity, though we could never find with much Tenderneſs. He choſe her Wedding-Cloaths, and entered into all the Decorations of her Perſon, with much Spirit. The new Coach, new Chair, and new every-thing, was left to my Lord's Choice; who, being a Beau, was mightily pleaſed with this Part of the Ceremony. However, during this Time of Love he was never ſo enamoured as to quit a certain Damſel whom he viſited in *St. James's Place*; and there-

therefore, by way of Epiſode, we ſhall give our Readers a Converſation of what paſſed between him and this Lady, juſt after he had left his intended Bride, being driven directly from the Houſe of his Father-in-Law to that of his kept Miſtreſs.

CHAP XXIV.

A ſmall Epiſode, in which Lord Sapplin *deſcribes Miſs* Molly Barter *to Miſs* Lucy Shelton. *Her Remarks on married Ladies. And, an Obſervation on the true Manner of a Parent's educating a Son, founded on Experiment.*

BEING arrived at the Door of this Lady, he ſallied from his Chariot, and ran directly up Stairs to his dear *Lucy*. "Oh! my "dear Girl, he cried, take me to thy Arms; "I am fatigued to Death with paſſing a whole "Afternoon with that aukward Thing, which "is to be my Lady *Sapplin*; ſhe certainly is "the ſtrangeſt Being that ever was created! "two long Arms, and broad Hands, that "would make Battle-dores for the two Gi-"ants in *Guildhall*; two long Sides, like "that of an Elm-Tree; two long Legs, that "would ſpread like the Coloſſus at *Rhodes*; "and a Face an Ell broad. Well, I vow to "Heaven, *Lucy*, you ſhall, ſome Way or o-"ther, come at the Sight of her, that you "may ſee what a Thing I am going to mar-"ry; we muſt have one good Laugh at her;

"a Man

" a Man may laugh at his Miſtreſs, though " not as his Wife. I would bring her to the " Play, but I am afraid *Billy Rigdum* or my " Lord *Fun* will be there. I wiſh to God we " were married, and that d—mn'd Wed- " ding-Night over, that I might live without " being obliged to ſee her. Did you behold " the Thing, how aukward in her Finery! " ſhe looks as uncouth, as the *May* Girl " dancing with a Milk-Pail on her Head. " Poor Devil, ſhe ſweats under the Weight of " her Finery; and yet to ſee the Vanity of " being a Lady, and the good old Wife her " Mother, like the Prince's Simile of Sir *John* " *Falſtaff*, the *Manningtree* Ox with a Pudding " roaſted in his Belly. If you ſaw how fond " ſhe is of me, with praiſing her Daughter for " having an excellent Taſte in Sauces. Well, " *Lucy*, when I am married, I ſhall love thee " more than ever."

" WHY, really, my Lord, ſays *Lucy*, Matri- " mony has ſeldom been a Prejudice to us, who " enjoy the Company of Gentlemen without " that Clog, and the Marriage-Law bids fair to " improve our Advantage. Wives, in general, " grow ſo negligent and inattentive to their " Huſbands, becauſe they think themſelves " ſecured of their Perſons by Marriage, that " they ſend their Hearts to us; who muſt uſe " them with Civility to preſerve them, having " no other Tie upon their Behaviour."

" WELL, ſays my Lord, the Hour is al- " moſt come, when I muſt ſurrender up my- " ſelf to the Embraces of my deareſt Wife.— " *Lucy*, don't you think I ſhall make a good " Huſband?"

" Huſband?" — " Good enough for your " Spouſe, according to your Account of her," ſays *Lucy*. — " Well, then, kiſs me, my dear " Jade:" which ſhe did.—At this Time my Lord diſmiſſed his Servants, telling them he ſhould ſleep there that Night. " Hark'ee, " *Tom*, ſays he to his Servant, if my Lord " aſks after me, tell him where I have been, " and where I am; that I ſend him my Duty, " and wiſh his Lordſhip a good Night."

And here may be plainly ſeen the vaſt Advantage of educating young Noblemen and Gentlemen in the utmoſt Familiarity with their Parents; it is by this Means that a Father knows the true Diſpoſition of his Child; therefore, if old Gentlemen would lead their Sons to Bagnios, inſtead of terrifying them with the pernicious Conſequence of following lewd Women, and get them enrolled Members at *White*'s or *Macklin*'s, as ſoon as they know the Cards, inſtead of filling their Minds with the deſtructive Notions of what accompanies Gaming, they would find their Sons as docile as my Lord, and no more conceal their keeping Miſtreſſes than Canary-Birds. This Practice I have known followed by more than one Father, which had this happy Effect, the Son, by his Amours, was at One-and-twenty too rotten to hold together, and the Eſtate in the ſame Condition by Play; and thus the Father got rid of both Incumbrances at the ſame Time.

Now you may ſee what a Calamity it had been to both theſe Perſons, if the Son had been educated in any other Manner; he would

would have found a Father and no Eſtate to inherit, and the Father a Son when he had no Eſtate to leave him. And thus the great Utility of this Manner of Education is proved by Experiment.

CHAP. XXV.

In which we return to the main Story. Sir Roger's *Converſation with* Eliza, *Tête-a-Tête; in which ſhe proves, that ſome Women have at leaſt as much Underſtanding as ſome Men. Mrs.* Barter's *Apology for her Daughter's Behaviour; with a Sample of her own Delicacy and good Breeding.*

WHILST theſe Things were tranſacting between Lord *Sapplin* and Miſs *Barter*, that is, the Wedding Finery providing, Sir *Roger Ramble* made a ſecond Viſit; at which Time, by the Means of Mr. *Narrowbottom*, Sir *Roger* had an Opportunity of converſing alone with Miſs *Betſy*.

AFTER looking two or three Minutes ſillily upon one another, the Baronet taking out his Watch, and ſaying it was Seven o'Clock, half yawning and half taking Snuff, began: "Miſs, "(ſays he) I preſume you are acquainted with "the reaſon of my coming here, by your Pa- "rents,—I ſhould therefore be obliged to you, "if you would let me know in what manner "you think of me."

"SIR *Roger*, ſays the young Lady, I really "do not know enough of you, to have form-

"ed

" ed any Thoughts about you: This is the ſe-
" cond Time I have ever ſeen you."

" THAT is not what I mean, Miſs; I would
" know, whether my Eſtate and Offers of
" Settlement are ſuch as you can think proper
" to receive?

" As to that, ſays *Eliza*, my Parents are to
" judge; but with reſpect to determining on
" the Perſon one chuſes to paſs one's Life
" with, that, indeed, I think, cannot be deci-
" ded without more Acquaintance than I have
" yet the Honour to have with you, Sir."

" MISS, ſays Sir *Roger*, I apprehend that
" the Affair of paſſing a Life together, is by
" no means a Thing to be conſidered in Mar-
" riage. In thoſe Days it is all Matter of
" Conveniency to both Parties, the Ladies of
" *England* generally wanting to get a Title,
" and the Men of Quality a Fortune. And
" this, Madam, ſays he, will certainly happen
" in this Union of ours; and I cannot con-
" ceive, what Objection you can poſſibly have
" have to it."

" But, Sir *Roger*, ſays *Eliza*, ſuppoſe my
" Perſon ſhould be diſagreeable to you, or
" my Diſpoſition after Marriage, what Reme-
" dy will you have againſt theſe Inconveni-
" encies?"

" Do as they do in *France*, Madam—have
" ſeparate Beds, ſeparate Apartments, ſeparate
" Equipages, and every thing elſe ſeparate,
" ſays the Baronet. Believe me, Miſs, I have
" travelled, and am convinced how fooliſh all
" this Stuff called Love, Fidelity, Billing and
" Turtling in *England*, is: Depend upon it,

" your

" your only happy Marriages are thoſe where " People do not care a Farthing for each other, " each purſuing their own way; Liberty is the " Life of all Pleaſure. When I ſay this, I " mean for People in polite Life. As to Cits " of ſmall Fortune, who are obliged to ſit " doating one againſt another in one little " Parlour—why not to be ſhocking to each " other, may be thought neceſſary.—But for " People of Rank, who can avoid each other's " Company at Home and Abroad, I ſee no " Reaſon why ſuch a Huſband and Wife ſhould " like each other better than any body elſe."

" THIS is your Manner of Thinking, then, " Sir *Roger*," ſays *Eliza*.

" UPON my Honour, Miſs, it is, replied " the Baronet; not only mine, but of all Gen- " tlemen of Figure and Knowledge in the " World."

" THEN, Sir, ſays ſhe, I am determined " never to marry a Man, to avoid him; one " whom I have Reaſon to believe I can never " pleaſe, and whoſe Behaviour and Converſa- " tion is too modiſh for my humble Way of " Thinking: Believe me, Sir, I will never " marry for Love, to lie upon Straw; nor " marry for Title, without that Paſſion to " improve it: Therefore, the moſt agreeable " Thing Sir *Roger* can do for me, is never to " ſee me more."

WHICH Converſation ending in this Place, Mr. *Narrowbottom* and Mrs. *Barter* entered the Room, and Miſs *Eliza* left it ſoon after; at which Time Mrs. *Barter* began with Sir *Roger* in the following Manner:

" SIR

"SIR *Roger*, ſays the good Woman, I hope "my Daughter has not miſbehaved herſelf: "She has, indeed, had a Country Education, "her Health obliging me to ſend her there; "for which Reaſon I cannot anſwer for it, as "well as if ſhe had been bred up under my "own Eye."

"MADAM, ſays Sir *Roger*, without Doubt "there are many Allowances to be made on "that Account; and to that I impute her An-"ſwer, which ſhe has given me."

"WHAT, ſays the Mother, ſhe has not "offered to refuſe you, has ſhe?

"SHE has indeed, Madam, ſays Sir *Roger*, "deſired me to ſee her no more."

"HAS ſhe? then leave that to me: I "thought ſhe would prove a diſobedient Girl; "you ſhall have her, Sir *Roger*, and that you "may depend on me for; I ſhall teach her to "diſobey her Parents: Continue your Viſits, "and you ſhall find her of another Mind To-"morrow."

SIR *Roger*, who had no Inclination to miſs this Thirty Thouſand Pounds, nor the old Woman (who was determined to get rid of the Daughter ſhe did not love) to loſe him, were of the ſame Mind in this Affair; on which the Baronet promiſed to repeat his Viſits, though it were entirely to ſhew that Regard which he had for her Politeneſs to him.

THUS the Baronet took his Leave, with Mr. *Narrowbottom*; and the Mother went to expoſtulate with her Daughter. Which Opportunity we ſhall alſo take of cloſing this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

Mrs. Barter's *gentle Proceedings with* Eliza. Eliza's *Anſwer, and Expoſtulation with her Mother. A ſecond Converſation with the Baronet. The Parents Reſolution to marry her to Sir* Roger. *And the different Thoughts that employed the Imaginations of the two Siſters, deſcribed.*

MRS. *Barter* being much inflamed with what ſhe had heard from Sir *Roger*, went with no little Wrath to the Chamber where her Daughter was retired; when opening the Door, with a Countenance quite unlike that of a Ghoſt, being as red as the other is pale, her whole Perſon having nothing ghoſtly in its Appearance, though not leſs terrifying in fact: She began in this Manner:

"WHY, here is fine Doings, indeed! I "ſhall make your proud Stomach come down, "I warrant you; becauſe your Siſter is to be "married to a Lord, you are determined not "to have a Baronet. Fine Doings, indeed! "as if there were no Difference in Daugh-"ters."

"MADAM, ſays *Eliza*, permit me to aſſure "you, you are miſtaken; I have no Objection "to Sir *Roger*, becauſe he is no Nobleman, but "becauſe his Perſon and Manner of Thinking "are not agreeable to me. As to my Siſter, I "wiſh her all poſſible Joy in this Match: and "I know nothing that would give me ſo "much Pleaſure, as ſeeing her happily married;

" which, I hope, ſhe will very ſoon be. All I " requeſt, Madam, is, that as I never will marry " any Man without your Conſent, I may never " be forced to marry any Man contrary to my " own."

" FORCED, cries Mrs. *Barter*; a great Force, " indeed, for a young Girl to be married to a " Baronet! Why, is not he a young Man? I " am ſure I ſhould not have thought it a Force " at your Years: Why, I had lived many Years " older than you, and did not think it a Force " when your Father married me; a fine Force, " indeed!"

" MADAM, ſays *Eliza*, I beg you to ſuffer " me to refuſe Sir *Roger*. Though you ſhould " oblige me to give him my Hand, I am afraid " all the Powers upon Earth cannot make me " give him my Heart; and as it is very proba- " ble that this Diſlike may grow greater, rather " than diminiſh, after my being married to " him, you would not chain me with what muſt " for ever be diſagreeable to me, and make me " wretched."

" MAKE you wretched!—Where did the " Wench get theſe Tantarums into her Head? " Why, is not Sir *Roger* a Man? What would " the Girl be married to but a Man; what " are other Girls married to but Men? Take " my Word for it, marry him thou ſhalt, or " I'll ſee who will be Miſtreſs. What, your " proud Stomach will not down with a Ba- " ronet, becauſe your Siſter is to married to a " Lord."

Now the Reader may remark, that Mrs. *Barter* was not half ſo much ſtocked with Sen-

ſibility

ſibility of Soul, as ſhe was with ſomething of another Kind; ſhe could not conceive what was the Reaſon of her Daughter's refuſing a Man; a Sentiment very common in ſome Women.

THIS Refuſal, therefore, or ſomething like it, of the Baronet, this Mother communicated to the Huſband; who, being much obedient to his Wife in theſe Matters, joined with her in laying his Injunction upon *Eliza*, to receive Sir *Roger* with more Politeneſs the next Time he came.

THIS Command, though vaſtly diſagreeable to her, *Eliza* determined to obey; with ſome ſecret Hope, that, by expoſtulating with Sir *Roger*, ſhe might prevail upon him to relinquiſh all Thoughts of marrying her. Accordingly, when Sir *Roger* came, and they were together alone,

ELIZA ſaid, "Sir *Roger*, I find you perſiſt "in your Intention of marrying me, and to this "you are encouraged by my Parents; whatever "they may have ſaid to induce you to this Pur- "ſuit, I will tell you very freely, I cannot find "your Perſon agreeable to me. This, I dare "ſay, may be an ill-founded Prejudice; but it "is what I can never overcome: Let me, there- "fore, intreat you to deſiſt from this Deſign. "You, without Doubt, will find ſome Lady "more amiable in all Reſpects than I am, and "I may meet with ſome leſs worthy Man; who "may yet be more agreeable to my confined "Way of conceiving Things. Think what "it is to make a young Creature miſerable, re- "lieve me from the Diſtreſs I am in, create in

" my Mind the higheſt Reſpect for your gene-
" rous Behaviour, though I cannot feel that
" Paſſion in my Heart for you, without which I
" never muſt marry any Man, however elevated
" in Rank and Fortune he may be. May you
" be happy as you can wiſh, and may you
" find in ſome other Woman what is more
" adapted to your Manner of Thinking and
" Living."

To this Sir *Roger* attempted to anſwer by a Kind of Raillery upon her antiquated Notions of Things; that Life was quite another Thing than ſhe imagined; that Love was a Viſionary, which never out-lived the Honey-moon; and a thouſand Strokes of that Kind: And, what is ſtrange to tell, he began to feel an Inclination to poſſeſs her Perſon; becauſe ſhe was averſe to him, the Difficulty inciting him, and creating a Deſire for that which he did not care two Straws for before. As to the being affected with what ſhe ſaid, is it to be imagined that the Man, who had made many a beauteous Girl miſerable, and given large Sums to ſeduce them to their Ruin, would heſitate to effectuate the ſame Perdition on a Female, who was to bring him Thirty Thouſand Pounds? Such hackney'd Hearts are inſenſible to the Touches of Humanity.

He therefore concealed from the Mother and Father every Thing which he did not like in her Converſation; and thoſe two Perſons determined that ſhe ſhould be married the ſame Day with her Siſter.

During all theſe Tranſactions, Miſs *Barter* had been the Converſation of all the Routs in Town: Her fine Cloaths, fine Jewels, fine Equipage,

Equipage, and all Kinds of Finery, though very fine, had yet been made ten Times finer by the Tattle of the Town.

THE Imagination of this Lady was entirely filled with her approaching Grandeur; ſhe dreamt of nothing but her Titles and Splendour, and waked ſeveral Times at the imagined Sound of a Voice, which cried, "Lady *Sapplin*'s Chair "there, Lady *Sapplin*'s Servants: By your Leave, "make Room for Lady *Sapplin*'s Chair."

FAR other Thoughts employed the Head and Heart of the gentle *Eliza*; whilſt her Siſter was meditating on the Glories of the coming Hour, ſhe was laying ſome Scheme by which ſhe might prevent the impending Ruin; being determined to ſuffer any Thing rather than that wretched State, which ſhe foreſaw muſt be her Fate with Sir *Roger*.

CHAP. XXVII.

In which Mr. William Worthy *diſcovers his Paſſion to* Eliza, *with her Manner of receiving it.* Eliza's *Reſolution.*

THE Reader may recollect, that in the Houſe of Mr. *Barter*, we have ſaid, there was a young Gentleman, whoſe Name was *William Worthy*; whoſe Heart had conceived a Paſſion for *Eliza*, though his Lips had never given it Utterance but in Sighs.

THIS young Gentleman, finding that his dear *Eliza* was like to be married to Sir *Roger Ramble*, felt that Grief which Lovers can only

conceive in the Fears of being divided from all their Souls hold dear. Every Moment at Table his Eyes were employed in gazing on her, whilſt the ready Drop ſtood trembling in them; his Breaſt heaved with almoſt inceſſant Sighing, his Face grew wan, and a Dejection, not much ſhort of Deſpair, poſſeſſed his Soul entirely.

TEN Thouſand Times he deſigned aſking Leave to retire into his native Land for the Recovery of his Health, on purpoſe to avoid the Sight of that dreaded Hour when his dear *Eliza* was to be for ever ſevered from him; and yet, though this was the Scene he feared the moſt on Earth, he could not find the Reſolution to loſe one Moment's Power of gazing on her he loved, before the Time arrived that he muſt ſee her no more; or, if he did, entirely from his Power of of poſſeſſing her, in the Arms of another.

THIS Concern *Eliza* diſcovered in him, from a ſympathetic Senſation in her own Breaſt; ſhe wiſhed that Mr. *Worthy* had been the Perſon propoſed in the Place of Sir *Roger*; and would gladly have given up the Title of Lady, for the Name of *Worthy*, and all external Pomp for the ſole Joy of living with him ſhe loved.

NOTWITHSTANDING this mutual Paſſion, the Secret had hitherto eſcaped from the Eyes alone, unleſs Sighing may be called the Language of Love. One Day, however, the Family being engaged in Attendance upon my Lord *Sapplin*, Mr. *Worthy* found *Eliza* in the Parlour, unknowing ſhe was there; the penſive Look and flowing Tear which ran down her Face were irreſiſtable at that Moment in that Situation; he ran to her, and, falling on his Knees,

Knees, beſeeched her to tell him what was the Cauſe of her Affliction? "If it be in my Power "to give you Eaſe, you may command my Life; "indeed, indeed, Miſs *Betſy*, I love you more "than Life: Let me know—make me ſervice-"able to you, you may truſt me." This he ſaid with all the emphatic Earneſtneſs of ſincere Paſſion, witneſſed by Tears. "Oh! Mr. *Wil-"liam*, ſays ſhe, I am undone; two Days hence "deſtines me to the Arms of him I deteſt. "Oh! pity a poor, diſtreſſed, friendleſs Crea-"ture."

"I DO, I do, my deareſt *Eliza*, ſays he, with "burſting Paſſion, (for the Singularity of the Accident had taken off all Thought of Re-ſtraint,) "tell me what Danger I can undertake "to prevent it: Will you fly with me; I have "enough to find Happineſs for us both, with "Love like mine. Let us eſcape from this "deteſted Place." This he ſaid, preſſing her Knees as he ſtill remained kneeling before her, with great Energy.

SHE bad him riſe, and told him, "That fly-"ing with him ſhe never would conſent to; and "yet Mr. *William*, it is not from any Diſlike to "you." She added, "But running away, even "with the Man we love, is not a laudable Ac-"tion."

"AND does my *Eliza* love me? Am I that "happy Being? Does ſhe confeſs ſhe loves me?" ſays Mr. *Worthy*.

"DID I ſay I loved you, ſays *Eliza?* Indeed, "Mr. *William*, I do not hate you: Certainly "your Affection for me deſerves a better Return "than Hate."

THE Fear of being ſurprized drove him from this Attitude of Kneeling, aſſiſted by her Requeſt. At which Time, ſays ſhe, "Let me implore you, Mr. *Worthy*, not to condemn my "Behaviour, in what I am determined to do to "avoid this Marriage; and believe me, that "during Life I ſhall always entertain the greateſt "Regard for him, who has manifeſted ſo much "Tenderneſs for me, even in theſe few ſhort "Moments.

"DRIVE me not from your Memory, though "I never ſee you more; and believe me, was I "Miſtreſs of my own Perſon, I would not heſi-"tate to beſtow it where I am convinced it "would be moſt acceptable."

THESE Words ran through the Heart of Mr. *William*; he would have undertaken Impoſſibilities to ſerve her, implored her to know her Deſign, and aſked her Ten Thouſand other Queſtions; all which ſhe deſired to be excuſed from the diſcovering. And thus they parted, being alarmed by ſome one, who they had Reaſon to apprehend would have Occaſion to enter into the Room in which they were.

THIS Night Mr. *William* ſpent in more Tranquillity than he had paſſed a Night for many Weeks; though he ſlept not, he wept no more; though he feared he might never be happy in the Arms of her he loved, he had the Pleaſure of finding he was beloved by her, and that his Rival would be diſappointed. This was a vaſt Improvement of his Situation: Hope, that Stranger to his Breaſt, began to ſpread its genial Ray through his Heart, and recall the vital Powers, which were almoſt exhauſted.

If Mr. *William* paſſed the Midnight Hours with leſs Pain than uſual, *Eliza* paſſed them in reſolving her Eſcape, and contriving the Manner of it. She had make no Parade, nor Preparation for her Marriage, though her Mother had incited her to it. She had only prepared three Linnen Gowns, which were brought ſecretly into the Houſe, and which no one had known any Thing of but herſelf.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Eliza *prepares for Flight. A Receipt for the Fair, more effectual than Dr.* James's *Powder, or Mrs.* Stevens's *Medicine. A ſecond Dream of Mrs.* Barter's. *The Diſcovery of* Eliza's *Eſcape. An Inſtance of* Welch Peggy's *Courage. Mrs.* Barter's *Diſcovery of this Affair to Sir* Roger. *His Behaviour on that Account.*

ELIZA having determined on her Manner of Eſcape, ſeemed more eaſy the next Day; ſhe told her Mother ſhe would go early in the Morning To-morrow to her Milliner's to buy ſomething, and return at Dinner-Time; which ſhe accordingly did. And, at this Time, ſhe took a Place in the *Exeter* Coach, which was to part at Three the next Morning.

The Evening being paſſed with Lord *Sapplin* and Sir *Roger* at Mr. *Barter*'s Houſe, and all Things ready for the intended Nuptials of the two Ladies the following Morning, about Twelve

the two Suitors departed, and the Family to their reſpective Chambers; where we leave every one but *Eliza*, who had determined to eſcape the Man ſhe could not love, and who, ſhe plainly ſaw, had not conceived the leaſt Paſſion for her.

And here, ye gentle Souls, whoſe Boſoms feel the purer Touches of celeſtial Love, aid me with your Wiſhes, whilſt I recount the Manner in which the lovely *Eliza* fled from that which ingenuous Minds deteſt beyond the Pangs of Death.

After retiring to her Chamber, ſhe immediately applied herſelf to the moſt effectual Manner of diſguiſing her Perſon, ſuppoſing that ſome very ſevere Enquiry would be made after her when ſhe was found to have eſcaped.

Now, in this Place, I ſhall communicate to my Fair-hair'd Readers the moſt valuable Secret which has ever yet been diſcovered for that Part of the Creation; and this I do from pure good Will, deſiring neither Patent to ſecure me the Property, though I am ſure it is more effectual than Dr. *James*'s Fever Powder, nor Parliamentary Reward, though it deſerves ten Times the Conſideration of Mrs. *Stevens*'s Medicine; particularly, as this is infallible, and has never been known to fail in any Inſtance; and to the Truth of this I could get a Thouſand Affidavits to be printed in the News-papers.

And here I caution my Readers, that by the Word *fair*-hair'd in this Place, if the Word *fair* ſhould be either miſ-ſpelt, blotted, or otherways defaced, they have full Power to place *red*; this ſingle Inſtance of *Eliza*'s excepted, whoſe Locks were

were truly auburn, ſhining like Silk, and in great Abundance.

THE firſt Thing that is neceſſary to be done in this Proceſs, is to light a large Tallow Candle, if there be not one already lighted, then holding a Pewter-plate over the Flame, collect the Soot which ſticks to the Plate; this being done, you muſt have ready at the ſame Time ſome Brandy, or Spirits of Wine, and with a Pencil of Camel's-hair dipt in the Spirit and the Soot, put it on the Locks; this moſt effectually imparts the Raven to all Colours; and has the quite contrary Effect to boiling a Lobſter, converting the Red to Black.

THIS did *Eliza* perform; and thus having changed the Colour of her Hair, ſhe put an ample Quantity of the true *Paris* Rouge on her Cheeks; and having dreſt herſelf in one of her Linen Gowns, ſhe left the Houſe of her Father in the utmoſt Secreſy, guarded by the Powers which attend the Steps of Innocence, Truth, and Virtue, till ſhe came to the Inn; where, mounting the Coach, ſhe proceeded on her Journey to *Exeter*.

IN this Place we chuſe to leave her, and return to the Houſe of Mrs. *Barter*, who was much diſturbed by another Dream; being no leſs than that of having loſt a ſound Tooth, the only one which ſhe had remaining in her Head.

THE Morning being come, Mrs. *Barter* and Miſs *Barter*, who had not ſlept much that Night, being kept awake with the Thoughts of being a Lady, roſe more early than uſual; after having been ſome Time up, they wondered that *Eliza* was not come down to Break-

faſt; to which Mr. *Barter* ſaid, "Perhaps the "Girl is not well, ſend ſome one to her "Chamber, to know what is the Matter." When, lo! the Servant who was employed in that Office came down ſhe knew not how, crying, "She is not there, ſhe is gone, and "has not been in Bed To-night!"

AT this Intelligence, they all ſtared like ſtuck Pigs one upon another. "Why, ſure, "ſays the Mother, the Girl has not made away "with herſelf! Step up, *Nanny*, and ſee if ſhe "has laid violent Hands upon herſelf." "Lord, Madam, ſays *Nanny*, I can't go up by "myſelf; let *Peggy* go with me, and *Jack*." Which Requeſt being complied with, they all three mounted the Stair-caſe together, not one Word eſcaping their Lips, till arriving at the Chamber, *Nanny* ſays, "Do, *Jack*, do you go "in firſt." "Not I, ſays *Jack*; let *Peggy*." Now *Peggy* was a *Welch* Girl, and had good Blood in her Veins. "Cod ſave you, ſays "*Peg*, what was you 'fraid of; faith you was "mack a prave Sojer, inteed! What the Tevil "if hur was dead, hur was tead! Name o'Cod "I will go in." Which Words being uttered, *Peg* opened the Door, not without ſome Trepidation from the Apprehenſion of finding *Eliza* dead.

WHEN after hunting the Cloſet, and perceiving there was no *Eliza* to be found dead nor alive, *Peg* cries out, "Aye, faith this was "prave Toings, inteed; if hur hat found hur "tead, or hat found hur alive, hur could tell "what was become of hur; but now was not "find hur tead, nor alive: Faith hur cannot tell "what

"what to think of it. Name o'Cod, ſays *Peg*, "here is the Gown ſhe did wear Yeſterday, I "ſuppoſe hur has taken all hur peſt Cloſe "away; faith hur was commend hur for "that."

THE Search being to no Purpoſe, the Servants were called, to aſk if the Door was found unlocked this Morning; which being anſwered in the Affirmative, they all agreed ſhe had made her Eſcape that Night, but ſtill they were under ſome Anxiety on account of the Gown being left behind; this ſeemed to be beyond the Power of accounting for: All which was owing to the Ignorance of her Linen Gowns.

IN the ſame Manner it happens when ſome Heads are wiſely planning future Actions, or cunningly ſcrutiniſing into the paſt, under full Determination of coming to the Truth; that one ſingle Circumſtance omitted, as in the Caſe of the Gown, deſtroys all the Labour of their Thinking, and every thing remains unaccounted for; the Work takes a different Direction from what they intended, and the wiſeſt Head is ſcarce righter than the weakeſt.

MISS *Barter*, however, called her Mother aſide to aſk, if *Betſy*'s running away was to hinder her marrying? "Indeed, ſays ſhe, I "ſee no Reaſon for that." To which the Mother reply'd, nor ſhe neither: "If ſhe has "run away from her own Wedding, ſhe has "no Right to make you run away from your's "—But, ſays the Mother, I muſt ſpeak to my "Huſband on that Score."

ACCORD-

ACCORDINGLY ſhe adviſed with Mr. *Barter*, who was led by his Wife in theſe Things; and it was agreed, that Miſs *Barter* ſhould be married to Lord *Sapplin* that Morning; but the Difficulty lay in the coming off with Sir *Roger*. And now the happy Hour had brought Lord *Sapplin* to the Door; and, in a few Minutes after, Sir *Roger*.

MY Lord going into the Dining-Room, Mrs. *Barter*, who had undertaken to open the Affair to the Baronet, remained below; and when he deſcended from his Coach, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him in the Parlour.

SIR *Roger* being come in, Mrs. *Barter* began: "SIR *Roger*, ſays ſhe, here is an odd Acci-"dent has happened To-night; that diſobe-"dient Girl is gone off."—"With the Foot-"man, I preſume, ſays Sir *Roger*." "No, "Sir *Roger*, worſe than ſo; by herſelf. Lord "knows where ſhe is, or can be; but, if ſhe "be found, *dead or alive*, I am determined ſhe "ſhall marry you: For my Huſband ſays, ſhe "can't marry any Body elſe by the late Law. "And whenever we find her, ſhe ſhall be "brought back again with a *Siſſerary*—I aſſure "you, Sir *Roger*, 'tis not my Fault that ſhe "went off, for no Mother was ever freer to "give a Daughter to any one than I am to "you."

AT this News Sir *Roger* looked ſomewhat ſimple, and ſaid, he was ſorry it happened ſo; that he preſumed his Preſence was by no means neceſſary at that Time; and then, mounting his Chariot, drove to his own Lodg-

ings;

ings; but in the Road called upon Mr. *Narrowbottom.*

"*Narrowbottom*, ſays Sir *Roger*, here is a "d—mn'd Affair has happened, that little "——— of a Cit's Daughter is run away "To-night, to avoid being wedded to me this "Morning. D—mn her, if ſhe had ſtaid till "ſhe was married, till To-morrow only, ſhe "might have ran to the Devil, and I would "have willingly conſented to it, provided ſhe "had left the Money behind. But, by Heaven, "this has damnably diſconcerted me; I ſhall "now be obliged to ſell one Half of my Eſtate, "or my Vertù; and, if the latter, to what "Purpoſe have I travelled; and the other, "faith, does not look quite ſo well, you "know."

"RUN away—can't be—it's impoſſible—"where ſhould ſhe run to—you joke—you "joke—can't believe a Word of it—'tis to "frighten me about the Thouſand Pound—I "know you joke."

"FAITH *Narrowbottom*, ſays the Baronet "it's true; I have loſt the Thirty Thouſand "Pounds, and you the ſingle Thouſand; for "which Reaſon, and to avoid the Raillery of "my Friends, I ſhall take myſelf to *Ramble-*"*Hall* till the Affair is a little blown over."

MR. *Narrowbottom* looked extremely dejected at this Intelligence, having reckoned this Money as ſure as in his Purſe; and in that Plight we leave him ruminating on his Loſs, to conclude for the preſent, and not link Matrimony and Melancholy in one Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Lord Sapplin's *Nuptial Day, and going to the Country to conſummate. A ſmall Miſtake between the Father and Mother concerning their Daughters. Mr.* Worthy's *Diſtreſs, and what happened in the Stage-Coach.*

THIS Flight of *Eliza*'s did not ſit quite ſo eaſy on Mr. *Barter* as on his Lady; he would have been glad to have known where ſhe was, and her Mother never to have heard of her more. As to Miſs *Barter*, it would be ridiculous to think ſhe could throw away one Thought after a loſt Siſter, who was juſt upon getting a Lord for her Huſband.

THE Marriage Ceremony was performed, and that Moment the happy Pair aſcended the Coach of Lord *Sapplin*, to proceed directly to the Seat of the *Wormeatons*. The good Mother forgot the Loſs of her Daughter *Eliza*, in the Ladyſhip of her Daughter *Molly*; and old *Barter* wondered how he had been induced to give Seventy Thouſand Pounds on the Nail.

MY Lady *Sapplin* ſat in high Glee by the Side of my Lord, who bade his Coachman drive ſwiftly through the Streets, to make haſte out of Town: This his Bride conſtrued, to ariſe from the Hurry and Ardour he was in to conſummate; and my Lord, to prevent being ſeen in the ſame Coach with his Lady, by his Acquaintance. Take which of the two Motives you will, the Coach flew ſo faſt that it ſoon brought them to the Seat of the Earl of *Worm-*

Wormeaton, where the Earl himſelf received his new Daughter with a florid Speech; a Specimen of which we have already given more than once, and therefore omit doing it in this Place.

During this Time Mr. *Barter*, who had ſent to get Intelligence of his Daughter in vain, ſaid, with a Sigh, "Well, I wonder "where this poor Girl is?" "My Lady "*Sapplin* is arrived at her Country-houſe, an-"ſwered the Mother, by this Time, to be "ſure. "I mean *Betſy*, ſays old *Barter*." "*Betſy*, ſays the Mother, your Head is always "running upon that Vagabond; I have told "you before now what ſhe would come to."

Old *Barter* ſigh'd again at this; but as he could never get the laſt Word from his Wife, ſince the Time his Marriage was declared, he had learnt to acquieſce, and yield to that Power which nothing but Death could conquer.

Whoever came to the Houſe was entertained by Mrs. *Barter* with no other Converſation, but that of Lady *Sapplin*; my Lady *Sapplin* did ſo at her Marriage, Lady *Sapplin*'s Diamond Ear-rings and Necklace were made in ſuch a Taſte, Lady *Sapplin*'s Cloaths were made in ſuch a Manner, Lady *Sapplin*'s Coach was made in ſuch a Manner, Lady *Sapplin*'s Chair was made in ſuch a Manner: In ſhort, wherever the Words Lady *Sapplin* could be thruſt in, the Mother never neglected it; and poor *Eliza* found no Place for one Thought in her Head, nor one Senſation in her Boſom. Such Mothers there are in this World!

Tho'

THO' we have already ſaid that Mr. *Barter* had made ſome fruitleſs Search in queſt of his Daughter *Eliza*, yet there was another Perſon in the Houſe who was not leſs anxious to know what was become of her, than the Father himſelf; and this was no other than Mr. *William Worthy*. He had enquired at every Inn where Poſt-chaiſes are to be hired, and where the Stage-coaches ſet up, and could not find any thing to anſwer to the Deſcription he gave of *Eliza*; they were all poſitive that no ſuch Perſon had gone from thence in a Coach or Chaiſe.

THIS threw a deep Melancholy upon his Mind; he remembered the Words, "Drive "me not from your Memory, though I ſee "you no more;" and nothing could keep them from haunting his Soul eternally. He concluded ſhe had choſen to put an End to her Life, rather than marry the Man ſhe could not love; and lamented the Fate of the moſt amiable Maid that ever lived, and his miſerable Situation of hopeleſs Love.

DURING this Time *Eliza* travelled in the Stage-coach to *Exeter*, happy in the Eſcape ſhe had made, and determined to ſuffer any Calamity, rather than be wedded to that Man from whom ſhe had fled. Sometimes a Thought of Mr. *William* ſtole in upon her Soul, and preſs'd a gentle Sigh from her Boſom; however, the Journey was otherwiſe agreeable, and the Company civil to each other, which does not always happen in a Stage-coach; the Affability of *Eliza* appeared ſo ſtriking, that amongſt them there was one Gentle-

Gentleman who thought he could not uſe her with Politeneſs enough.

THIS Man, looking over the Daily Advertiſer at an Inn on the Road, ſaw a Deſcription of a Lady, without a Name; who, if ſhe would return to her Parents again, ſhould be civilly received.

"MISS, ſays the Gentleman, if it was not "for the Colour of your Hair, and the Rud- "dineſs of your Complexion, (for ſhe conti- "nued both theſe Diſguiſes) I ſhould ſwear "that you were the Perſon meant by this De- "ſcription, you anſwer to it ſo well in all "other Reſpects."

"AND pray, ſays *Eliza*, what is this De- "ſcription?" which ſhe pretended to read, to conceal her Confuſion; then reading it to herſelf, ſhe cried, "Some Girl who has fled from "her Parents, I ſuppoſe, to avoid being forced "to marry a Man ſhe does not love."

"If that be the Caſe, ſays the Gentleman, "I wiſh her well; I fear this Marriage-Bill "will have very fatal Effects: It has had ſome "already, from what I know of the Matter."

"IN what Manner, pray, Sir?" ſays *Eliza*.

"I'LL tell you, Miſs, ſays the Gentleman; "there is in the Pariſh where I live—At this Inſtant entered the Drawer, with a "Gen- "tlemen and Ladies, the Coach is ready, the "Coachman is waiting on the Box." Which breaking off the Converſation, muſt alſo break off this Chapter; for which Reaſon we ſhall give the Story in the Coach, which would otherwiſe have been told in the Houſe; and crave our Readers Patience one Minute longer

till

till the Company is ſettled; which every one of them did with the utmoſt Hurry, to attend to the Story.

CHAP. XXX.

A Story by the bye, to paſs away Time on the Journey; in which is deſcribed a Family that every one in their Senſes would be glad to be acquainted with; and an Inſtance that will make a Parent rejoice at the making the Marriage-Act, who thinks he may probably leave a Child in the Hands of a Guardian.

"THERE is, ſays the Traveller, in the "Pariſh where I live, a Gentleman "whoſe Name is *Sharpley* (if ſuch a Man can "be called a Gentleman) who was made Guar-"dian to a young Lady of great Fortune in the "Country; being not leſs than Twenty "Thouſand Pounds.

"In the Pariſh adjoining is a Gentleman of "an ancient Family, and ſtrict Honour, whoſe "Name is *Trueman*; the Eſtate, indeed, is "not very large, being no more than a Thou-"ſand a Year; at the ſame Time this Gen-"tleman having a numerous Family, which "he has educated well, and living with Hoſ-"pitality, though without Profuſion, which "a generous Heart can with Difficulty avoid, "he has ſaved but little Money for his Fa-"mily.

"ON this Account he has bred his eldeſt "Son to the Bar, who is like to make an il-luſtrious

" luſtrious Figure in his Profeſſion, being " eſteemed the moſt promiſing young Man of " his Standing; he has mixed in his Compo- " ſition great Readineſs of Imagination, much " Aptneſs of Expreſſion, a fine Perſon, a " pleaſing Voice, and his Mind well ſtored " with that which is neceſſary to be known in " the Law, and ſteady Attendance at *Weſt-* " *minſter-Hall.*

" THIS Gentleman came down to his Fa- " ther's Seat, during the Vacation, where the " Father, Mother, three Brothers, and four " Siſters, attended him with the utmoſt Impa- " tience: Never was there a Family ſo re- " markable for loving each other; their Faces, " filled with Attention and Smiles at each " other's Converſation, was a more pleaſing " Concert to the Eye, than any thing which " can be conveyed through the Ear in Mu- " ſick.

" PERHAPS no Sight could be more pleaſing " to a generous Heart, than the Reception " which the Parents, Brothers, and Siſters, " gave this their elder Brother at his coming " into the Country; each ſtriving to expreſs " their Love by the tendereſt Embraces, and " deepeſt impreſſed Kiſſes, intermixed with " Smiles and Tears, like *April* Suns ſhining " through the tranſient Showers.

" THREE or four Days after his Arrival in " the Country, the old Gentleman and his " Son walking together through his Eſtate, " My dear Child, ſays the Father, I need not " tell you my Circumſtances, that my Family " and Manner of living have prevented me

" from

" from ſaving much Money for my younger " Children; therefore, ſays he, my dear Son, " as they may want Money to ſettle them be- " fore you are in great Practice in the Law, I " have one Thing to propoſe to you.

" SIR, ſays young *Trueman*, if you want to " raiſe Money on your Eſtate to ſettle my " Brothers, or marry my Siſters, I ſhall rea- " dily join with you; though the Laws of " *England* have given me ſole Poſſeſſion of it, " after your Deceaſe, they have not diveſted " me of Humanity. Though it may be very " right, in a political View, to give that Male " the Family Eſtate who has the Chance of " being born firſt; it is not ſo in a natural " one, where all Children ſeem to claim an " equal Diviſion and parental Attention. At " leaſt, I can anſwer for my own Heart, that " nothing ſhall prevent me from making thoſe " Brothers and Siſters happy, whoſe Happi- " neſs has always appeared the making me ſo.

" MY Son, ſays the old Gentleman, with " Tears in his Eyes, your Goodneſs is beyond " what I aſk; you will overpower my old " Heart with your more than filial Duty. " Good Heavens! ſays he, how have I Rea- " ſon to thank you, that you have beſtowed " me ſuch a Child.—You have many, Sir, ſays " the Son; all my Brothers, all my Siſters, " would do the ſame thing by me; I am con- " vinced they would.

" BUT, my dear Child, ſays the weeping " Parent, taking him to his Boſom, let me " explain what I intended ſaying to you; and " here, ſays he, I will demand one Promiſe

" from

" from you, that your Duty to me does not " carry you to any Exceſs of Obedience; it is " an Article in which you are moſtly intereſt- " ed, and therefore your Happineſs alone can " make it mine.

" THERE is, my Son, ſays he, a young " Lady in the next Pariſh, whoſe Name is " *Suckey Brightley*, the Heireſs of Mr. *Bright-* " *ley*, whom you have heard me mention, I " believe. This young Lady is left as a Ward " to Mr. *Sharply*; ſhe has Twenty Thouſand " Pounds in ready Money, and is indeed but " little more than Eighteen at preſent; but " grown a Woman, and of an amiable Per- " ſon, if my old Eyes can determine of ſuch " an Object, which is truly that of Youth " only: We will, if you pleaſe, make a Viſit " to Mr. *Sharply*; where we ſhall ſee the " young Lady, and you may determine of her " Perſon. For, my Son, ſays he, though I " could marry you to the richeſt Woman in " *England*, I ſhould make myſelf extremely " wretched if you could not love her; believe " me, Child, ſays he, that Paſſion which has " been ſo truly ſupported between me and " your Mother (however, they tell me it is " the Faſhion to deride it at preſent,) is be- " yond what all the Riches in the World can " poſſibly beſtow on Mankind without it.

" THEREFORE I here exact your Promiſe, " that you do not think of marrying this " young Lady, without you are convinced you " can love her, and find her agreeable in all " Reſpects. There is no haſte; ſhe may grow " older, without being too old for Marriage,

" ſays

" ſays the old Gentleman, ſmiling; and you " may have Opportunities of viſiting her, and " be truly acquainted with her Character, " whilſt you remain in the Country.

" HOWEVER, ſays he, I think the firſt Vi- " ſit we make, I will tell Mr. *Sharply* my In- " tention; you know it is become neceſſary " to have his Conſent by this late Bill, and " therefore we will proceed like Men of Ho- " nour, and not ſeem to have any Deſign up- " on the young Lady's Affections, without " firſt acquainting the Guardian; and yet, my " Son, it ſhall be ſignified in ſuch a manner, " that your Addreſſes will only be made if you " like her Perſon and Diſpoſition." To this young *Trueman* conſented.

" A FEW Days after, the Father and Son " made a Viſit to Mr. *Sharply*, and were po- " litely received; the young Gentleman liked " the young Lady very well, for the firſt Con- " verſation; and Mr. *Trueman*, the Father, " told Mr. *Sharply* the Intent of bringing his " Son thither, and aſking Permiſſion for him " to viſit her; the Guardian was not at all a- " verſe to his Viſiting; he ſaid Mr. *Trueman* " would always find a Welcome at his Houſe; " and added, Sir, Miſs *Brightley* and I will re- " turn the Viſit; and thus ſhe will make ſome " Acquaintance with your young Ladies, " which I am convinced will be very agreeable " to her.

" BOTH Families parted well pleaſed with " each other; Mr. *Trueman*, the Father, fan- " cying that Mr. *Sharply* would be very willing " to this Union between his Son and his " Ward;

" Ward; and young *Trueman* believing he " ſhould like her well enough to make her his " Wife.

" SHE was, indeed, a Perſon which no Man " could diſlike; being of the middle Size, a " good Shape without appearing to be juſt " joined in the Middle of her Body like a " Fly; her Hair was jet-black, yet ſoft and " ſilky; her Eyes were of the ſame Colour, " quick and piercing; an aquiline Noſe, good " Teeth, pretty Mouth, and roſy Cheeks; " her Skin, indeed, was inclining to the " Olive.

" As to her Underſtanding, ſhe had con- " tracted a Reſerve, from being much in " Company with Mr. *Sharply*; and which he " had purpoſely given her, for Reaſons which " will be ſeen hereafter. On this Account " ſhe appeared aukward in his Company; and " this only was what was diſagreeable to young " *Trueman* in his firſt Viſit.

" MR. *Sharply* returned the Viſit the ſame " Week to Mr. *Trueman*'s, with Miſs *Brightley*; " where, being along with the young Ladies " of the *Trueman* Family, ſeparate from her " Guardian, ſhe had a Frankneſs and Eaſe " which formed the moſt amiable Behaviour " upon Earth, and which really made great " Impreſſion on the Heart of young *Trueman*; " inſomuch that he was determined to make " his Addreſſes to her.

" THUS far all Things appear well, and " promiſing: But, as it happened to a certain " great Genius, who being at that antient and " laudable Entertainment where Punch is the

" eternal Hero of every Performance, not " knowing what was behind the Curtain, and " taking Punch for the Author of all the " Smartneſs which he heard, and believed as " proceeding from his Mouth; he was ſo en- " amoured of his Converſation, that he pur- " chaſed him for the ſake of being the ſtand- " ing Bell-eſprit of his Table; but alas! he " was deceived. And, in the ſame man- " ner, are many Men deceived with ſpecious " Appearances, taking that for one thing " which is meant for another; and all for the " ſame Reaſon that this Man miſtook Punch " for a Wit, becauſe they do not ſee the Mo- " tives in one, nor the Wires in another, which " actuate both the Man and the Wood.

" But, continued this Gentleman, there " was in the ſame Village where Mr. *Sharply* " lived, a young Fellow, who was bound Clerk " to an Attorney; whoſe Father, dying young, " had left him a Thouſand Pounds in Money.

" He was of a good Figure, and had much " animal Vivacity, being by far the ſmarteſt " Perſon in the Village; a Beau to the Extre- " mity of Country Finery; his laced Hat was " cock'd in the ſmarteſt Taſte, his Wig little, " and one ſingle Curl running round the Bot- " tom of it; he wore a white Lapel Coat with " a blue Collar, a green laced Waiſtcoat, " Scarlet Breeches, white Stockings, and the " thinneſt Pumps that the Shoemaker could " deviſe, with an Iron-headed oaken Stick in " his Hand, and a Spaniel at his Heels.

" No young Man had more Gentleman-like " Accompliſhments; he ſwore freely, gamed

" freely,

" freely, and drank freely; he bred the beſt " fighting Cocks in the Neighbourhood, hav- " ing in conſtant Pay a Fellow to ſteal the " Eggs from the Walks of other Gentlemen " around the Village. He kept a good Horſe, " hunted much with a neighbouring 'Squire, " and never miſſed a Horſe-race within fifty " Miles of the Place where he dwelt. In " ſhort, he minded every thing but one, which " was his Maſter's Buſineſs; and had by this " genteel Taſte diſſipated more than one half " of his Fortune.

" THIS Gentleman had caſt his Eyes on " Miſs *Sukey*, and had been in Company " with her more than once; but the Marriage- " Act had totally prevented all Power of car- " rying her off, which had not a little diſcon- " certed his Views.

" THE whole Village, at leaſt thoſe Fel- " lows who helped to conſume him, did not " fail to tell him of the two above-mentioned " Viſits; every thing in the Country is a " Marriage, where two young People have " ſeen one another more than once; and " therefore they agreed that this muſt be one, " between young *Trueman* and Miſs *Brightley*.

" D—MN ye, ſays a Fellow in Company, I " would have her yet for all the Law, was I " Mr. *Smart*, (for this was the Clerk's Name;) " I would give old *Sharply* one half, and keep " the other myſelf; half a Loaf is better than " no Bread; he'll touch, I know'en of old.

" THIS Shot of his Companion hit the " Imagination of young *Smart*. In this Affair " he reſembled Marſhal *Villars*, who took the

" Advice of two Citizens of *Doway*, by which " means he conquered the Army of Prince " *Eugene*, and ſaved his Country.

" THE better to effectuate this intended " Scheme, he took an occaſion one Day to " ſpeak to Mr. *Sharply*, ſomething between " Jeſt and Earneſt; that if he would give his " Conſent that he ſhould addreſs Miſs *Bright-* " *ley*, upon Marriage they would divide the " Fortune between them.

" THIS was the very Overture which *Sharply* " deſired, and the very Cauſe that had made him " continue the Viſiting which was begun with " Mr. *Trueman*. What, ſays he, *Smart*, do " you imagine I will ſell the Girl? You do " this to try me, I ſuppoſe?

" NOT I, ſays the young Fellow, ſwearing " an Oath to bind it; if you will agree that I " marry her, if I can gain her Conſent, you " ſhall have half her Fortune. Are you really " in earneſt, ſays *Sharply*—Yes, upon my Soul, " anſwers *Smart*. Why then, ſays *Sharply*, " we muſt have a little more Converſation on " that Head. Which Converſation ended in " this Agreement, that the Fortune ſhould be " divided between them.

" AFTER this Time, young *Smart* found " ways to ſee Miſs *Brightley* in private, pre- " tending that it was all unknown to the " Guardian. At the ſame Time young *True-* " *man* repeated his Viſits, and grew much " enamour'd of the young Lady: This Mr. " *Sharply* beheld with no ſmall Concern, leſt " his Propoſals being made to his Ward ſhould

" fruſtrate

" fruſtrate this Expectation of getting Ten
" Thouſand Pounds.

" To free himſelf from this Dilemma, he
" made a Viſit to Mr. *Trueman*; when, after
" having ſpent the Day, he took occaſion to
" ſpeak to the old Gentleman, and with much
" pretended Affliction told him, there was too
" much Reaſon to believe that young *Smart*
" had found means to win Miſs *Brightley*'s Af-
" fection; and farther added, I am afraid ſhe
" is already in a Situation which ought to fol-
" low Matrimony, and not to precede it.

" THIS Intelligence ſtartled Mr. *Trueman*;
" he could not help being ſorry for ſo lovely a
" Girl. Why, ſays *Sharply*, without Doubt,
" Sir, it is great pity; but what would you ad-
" viſe me to do in ſuch a Caſe? Why, really,
" ſays the old Gentleman, I think, tho' young
" *Smart* is much beneath her in Fortune, you
" ſhould endeavour to marry them together,
" and ſave her Reputation as much as poſſible.

" SIR, ſays *Sharply*, I am afraid I may be
" cenſured by the World, for this Affair; but,
" I hope, you will have the Goodneſs to declare,
" that I conſulted you on this Matter; indeed
" it grieves me much, for I thought to have
" ſettled her in the Arms of your Son, where I
" am convinced ſhe would have been happy.

" INDEED, ſays the good Man, I was enter-
" taining Hopes of that Kind, but there is an
" End of all Expectations of that Nature. I
" am afraid how my Son may receive this
" News; I am really concerned for him; for
" he certainly has conceived an Affection for

" her: Poor Girl! ſhe is young, and eaſily
" deluded.

" Mr. *Sharply* being retired, full with Self-
" applauſe of his deep Cunning; Mr. *Trueman*,
" the Father, related the Story to the Son,
" who bore it with much Pain, and ſincerely
" wiſhed he had never ſeen her: But, Sir,
" ſays he, don't imagine I impute this to your
" Inclination to give me this young Lady. I
" am perſuaded, it is not Vice in her, which
" has been the Cauſe of this Indiſcretion, but
" the Importunity of the young Fellow; and
" that ſhe would have made me a very good
" Wife. I think, Sir, continued he, we judge
" too hardly of young Ladies, who are deluded
" in this manner; and I ſincerely wiſh that
" this Law, which is deſigned to prevent
" clandeſtine Marriages, may not increaſe the
" Number of ruin'd Maids. Certainly Men
" have now more to urge than before, and
" may with Reaſon be angry with thoſe who
" framed this Law, and hindered them from
" being united to all their Souls hold dear, as
" they will not fail to ſwear in order to deceive.
" A Law may be eaſily made againſt Marriage,
" which will be difficultly put in Execution
" againſt Love; and the Sexes, who feel that
" Paſſion for each other, will ſcarce be re-
" ſtrained by Acts of Parliament from commit-
" ting what is more fatal than unequal Mar-
" riage, to their Welfare and Reputation.

" INDEED, my Son, ſays the old Gentle-
" man, I believe your Remarks are juſt; and
" I wiſh we may not find them too true.

" THIS

" THIS Maſter-ſtroke of Policy in *Sharply* " prevented young *Trueman* from ever ſeeing " the young Lady again; the Guardian there- " fore treated her with more Severity than be- " fore, and made her Life as uneaſy as he " could; which Behaviour in him threw her " into the Arms of young *Smart*, whom ſhe " loved the more as ſhe wiſhed more earneſtly " to avoid the other. And this ended in " *Sharply*'s conſenting to marry her to him, and " in dividing the Money between the Guar- " dian and Huſband.

" YOUNG *Smart* being poſſeſſed of Ten " Thouſand Pounds lived in a very profuſe " Manner; he neglected no Kind of Diverſion " and Pleaſure, which the Country could give " him; but as *London* was a Place he had never " ſeen, he determined to paſs a Month in that " City, and yet he did not chuſe to take her " with him, who had given him the Power of " enjoying it, and therefore he left her with- " out much Reluctance.

" DURING his Time of being in *London* he " frequented every Place of Expence, and " ſpent his Nights in thoſe innocent Places of " Accommodation, called Bagnio's; where he " caught a Diſeaſe which is generally to be " found in thoſe Conveniencies of Ren- " dezvous; and, at his Return, communicated " it to his Wife. This Accident terminated " her Days ſome ſhort Time after, not a little " aſſiſted by the Miſmanagement in treating it.

" THUS ended the Life of this lovely Wo- " man, who had been ſold to this young Rake " by her Guardian; and I wiſh ſhe may be

" the laſt which is treated in ſuch a Manner: " For ſurely this new Law has rendered " Wards more in the Power of their Guardians " than before, and more than it ought; if " they are prevented from marrying them- " ſelves, they are render'd the Property of their " Guardians"—" and of their Parents too, " ſays *Eliza*:" To which all the Company agreed, and in lamenting the Fate of the poor unhappy Miſs *Brightley*. And thus ended the Story.

CHAP. XXXI.

Mr. Thomas Stem *becomes a Captain in the Army. A Diſſertation on two Lines in Dr.* Swift, *and on a fine Gentleman. The Effect of Talents miſ-applied. The Commencement of an Amour with a great* Welſh *Heireſs. The Advantage of the Marriage-Act to thoſe young Gentlemen who are not inclined to marry, and yet to receive the Fruits of it. Miſs* Biddy Lloyd's *Reaſoning upon this Law; and Captain* Stem's *Rapture.*

WE ſhall now let *Eliza* purſue her Journey, without any further Account till ſhe arrives at Mr. *Thoroughgood*'s, where the Reader ſees we are carrying her; and ſuffering my Lord and Lady *Sapplin* to conſummate their Nuptials in the Country, turn our Eyes back on Mr. *Thomas Stem*, the Nephew of old *Stem*.

THE Reader may remember that the firſt Intention of this Gentleman, after the Diſappointment

pointment of inheriting his Uncle's Effects, was to go to one of our Univerſities, and there ſtudy Divinity, with Deſign to take Orders. Theſe were the firſt Thoughts which came into his Head; the Mind, upon any Diſappointment, naturally leading to look on Things with an Eye of Piety and Devotion.

THIS however paſſing away, like an Ague-Fit, with giving him a ſmall Shake only, and the Two Thouſand Pounds which Mr. *Barter* had given him coming upon it quite unexpectedly; he changed his Mind from his former Intention of being bred to the Church.

IT has been already ſaid, in the former Part of this Gentleman's Life, that his Perſon was agreeable, and that he had a Fondneſs to be well dreſt; now he conſidered with himſelf that the being a Divine muſt put an End to all the Heart-felt Joy of embroidered Cloaths, laced Waiſtcoats, Bag-Wigs, laced Hats, white Silk Stockings, and all that Finery which delighteth the Heart of Youth, and adorneth the outward Man: For which Reaſon he deſerted all Thoughts of taking Orders, and bought himſelf a Commiſſion in the Army.

AND here, perhaps, in this Place we may be greatly condemned for this Levity, which we have given to Mr. *Thomas Stem*, in ſuffering him to quit Religion for War, and the Goſpel for a brown Muſket; and yet we venture to affirm, that the Army in general owes its being filled with ſo many gallant young Fellows to the Love of fine Cloaths, more than the Love of Battle; it being the indiſputed

ted Right of a Captain, which is every thing above a Serjeant till you come to a Major, to go as finely dreſt as his Taylor will permit him: And this we ſay, without Deſign of impeaching the Courage of our Officers in the Army, which we know has been proved in the Face of their Enemies, who are ready to acknowledge it.

CAPTAIN *Thomas Stem* then having entirely relinquiſhed all Thoughts of ſerving the Lord, or hurling Vengeance from the Pulpit on the Heads of Sinners, determined now to ſerve his King and Country, and exert his Courage and his Arm againſt their Enemies. To that Intent, as hath been ſaid, he bought a Commiſſion in the —— Regiment.

Now, it has been long ſince obſerved by Dr. *Swift*, from whom we ſhall ever with great Caution diſſent in what he has delivered,

" That to give a young Gentleman right
" Education,
" The Army's the very beſt School in the
" Nation."

In which we truly acquieſce; but then we can hardly conceive it to be univerſally ſo, only limited to a certain Manner of Study.

FIRST, we conceive the Army cannot be a School for the Law; that Aſſertion every Man would laugh at, becauſe that conſiſteth in Words, and not Blows; nor for Phyſic, it being equally ridiculous, becauſe that delighteth in giving Wounds, and not healing; nor for Divinity, becauſe we have two Univerſities deſtined

deſtined to that Study, and Parſons never take the Name of the Lord in vain, being always paid for it; which Soldiers, on the contrary, do: It is impoſſible alſo that he can mean the Art Military, becauſe that would be ſo obvious a thing, that the Doctor himſelf would laugh, if any one ſhould ſay, that the Army was the beſt School for the Army. He muſt intend then ſomething in which all the fineſt Qualifications which belong to human Nature are ſuppoſed to unite; and this is a fine Gentleman.

When we ſay a fine Gentleman, we would not be underſtood to mean that kind of Creature which lived in the Time of *Charles* the Second, in which Wit, Politeneſs, and Learning, were united with Gaiety and Gallantry; but a total Abolition of all theſe, and a thorough Spirit of Intrigue, or, that which is deſigned by it at preſent, a Reſolution to ruin as many Girls as may unhappily fall in his Way; without Reſpect to Honour, Family, or Reputation of the Female. This, together with fine Cloaths, makes the Definition of a fine Gentleman, and may be as readily learnt in the Army as in any School in *Europe*; notwithſtanding which, I know many Officers myſelf, who have been twenty Years in the Service of *Great Britain*, and yet are ſo deviliſhly dull, that to this Day they are no more fine Gentlemen, in this reſpect, than if they had been bred in a College all their Lives, and never heard of the Term; and yet Fellows that will fight bravely, and ſerve a Friend with the greateſt Pleaſure; two Things by no

means eſſential to the Character of the preſent fine Gentleman.

And here let me make one Requeſt to my young Countrymen, that they would not be ſeduced by the Love of fine Cloaths, which are preſent, to enter into the Army, and poſtponing the Conſideration of the Danger of Battle, which is diſtant, run the riſque of bringing a Diſgrace on themſelves and Family, by a ſmall Species of Timidity called Cowardice, when the Day of Trial is at hand.

For certainly there is no Crime in being ſubjected to the Influence of Fear by Nature; the only Miſtake lies in the Miſapplication of our Talents; thus the Perſon who makes a bad Soldier, may make an excellent Divine; and the Captain of a Ship of War, who never comes within Gun-ſhot of his Adverſary, may make an admirable Advocate at the Bar, where there is no Danger of Death, and it is the Cuſtom to fire only Powder to one another, to make uſe of a maritime Figure on this Occaſion.

By means of this Miſapplication of Talents it is, that Things run ſo croſs and contradictory in many Parts of Life. Many a Man miſcarrying in one Profeſſion, who would have ſucceeded vaſtly in another. Hence it is we ſee ſo many Heads in *Weſtminſter-Hall* uſeleſsly applied to what requires Thinking, which might have been employed to their Country's Good, in the manner the Antients made uſe of Battering-rams, and have been run againſt Stone-walls without the leaſt Danger of being hurted.

To

To return from our Digreſſion to Capt. *Stem.* This Officer was now as fine a Gentleman as any in the Regiment; he had deceived as many Girls, been cured of one Diſeaſe as many Times, drank as much *French* Wine, wore as fine Cloaths, walked as pretty a Minuet, played as good a Game at Whiſt, ſung a good Song, and was as genteel a Figure as the Heart of a fine Gentleman could wiſh, or as any Man of his Standing in the Army.

With theſe Accompliſhmens, (ſome of which he had the Art to conceal,) and with the Regiment, he was in Country Quarters at *Shrewſbury*; now this Town is remarkable for genteel Company, Men of good Senſe, and Ladies of much Beauty; ſo that in the Aſſembly of the Town-Hall we have ourſelves ſeen more fine Women than may be found at the Ducheſs of ———'s Rout; and in the Walks on *Severn*'s Side, as many Beauties as *St. James*'s *Park* has afforded this Year at any one Time.

Besides theſe Excellencies in the Inhabitants of *Salop*, it has been their Cuſtom to receive the Army with great Politeneſs, ever ſince the Days of *Farquhar*, who wrote his *Recruiting Officer* on that Spot, to thoſe of ourſelf, 1754, who are writing this Hiſtory on another.

Captain *Stem*, with theſe Endowments, was not long unobſerved by the Ladies of *Shrewſbury*; and, as it has been already ſaid, was not without Talents to pleaſe; Habit had made him ſhrewd in the Knowledge of Women: And thus, being an Adept, he ſoon found

found out that one Miſs *Biddy Lloyd*, a young *Welſh* Beauty, (Heireſs of Fifty Pounds a Year, and Twenty Years old,) began to have the Sparks of the Fire of Love fall upon her Heart from his Flint, which wanted nothing but the Bellows of Kiſſing and Breath of ſoft Speeches to blow it into a Flame, and which Captain *Stem* was determined ſhe ſhould not be long without.

THIS young Lady he plied with all his Art Military, but to no Purpoſe; ſhe was more ſtubborn than *Bergen-op-Zoom*, and did not ſo much as leave a Poſtern open into which an Enemy might enter.

AFTER having attacked her with a continual Fire from the Batteries of Love, and battering whole Months without making a Breach, he began to try the *French* Manner, and corrupt the Governor within; he gave her ſeveral very elegant Preſents, hired an *Oxford* Scholar to write a Song upon her Beauties, made the Organiſt ſet it to ſoft Muſick which he ſung to her, wrote her Name upon half the Glaſs-windows in *Shrewſbury*, and drank many a Bottle of Wine to her Health, and all to no Purpoſe; ſhe was ſtill invincible: The Captain had never thought of offering her Marriage, becauſe he thought the Marriage-Act had effectually cut that Expedient from the Catalogue of Reſources in Gallantry. In this, however, he was miſtaken.

ONE Day therefore, when he came to drink Tea with Miſs *Lloyd*, he was determined to try the old Expedient of promiſing Marriage. Now I muſt let my Reader into a Secret, which

which is, that tho' Miſs *Biddy* had not the leaſt Inclination to be taken by Storm, yet ſhe had no Objection to ſurrender on an honourable Capitulation, and put the Aſſailant in Poſſeſſion of the Citadel itſelf on reaſonable Terms; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, to give him her Perſon in lawful Matrimony.

THE Captain then began with inveighing ſtrongly againſt the Marriage-Act, which prevented him from Propoſals of that Kind to the moſt amiable Perſon upon Earth: "My "deareſt *Biddy*, ſays he, would to Heaven I "could teſtify the Sincerity of my Paſſion by "the making you my Wife, I would inſtantly "convince the World how much I adore thee; "but alas! this cruel Law, ſo pernicious to "all true Lovers, made only for the enriching "the Rich, and aggrandiſing the Great, has "deprived me of the Power of uniting us to-"gether in eternal Bliſs."

To this Speech of his Miſs *Biddy* cock'd her Ears, like a Hound in the Field, when he fanſies he hears the Tongue of *Comely*, who never opens till the Hare is gone.

"As to that Matter, ſays the Lady, I do not "much regard the Act of Parliament; I don't "imagine that the Law has any Power upon "ſacred Things: Can the Law aboliſh the "Chriſtian Religion? And therefore, ſince it "cannot do that, it cannot aboliſh Matrimony, "which is, in my Opinion, the beſt Part of it."

THIS Speech the Captain caught hold of, at the ſame Time catching Miſs *Biddy* into his Arms, and exclaiming, "My celeſtial Maid, "how am I doubly arm'd, my Death and Life,

"my

" my Bane and Antidote are both before me;
" this, in a Moment, brings me to an End:
" and this informs me, I ſhall never die."
Which Words, uttered with Rapture, though ſignifying nothing to the Purpoſe, had an excellent Effect on the Heart of Miſs *Biddy*, who knew they were quoted from *Cato*; which Play is ſtill admired in *Wales*. " How am I raviſhed, continued he, " to find thy Soul above all the " vulgar Prejudices ſo inſeparable from thy Sex." Then, with a Squeeze with one Arm, and his Hand preſſed on her Boſom with the other, a Liberty he had never taken before, and which ſeemed to ariſe from an Ecſtaſy that hurried him into ſomething he knew not what, he cry'd out, " When ſhall the Hour arrive that makes me " happier than *Adam* was in Paradiſe! when " ſhall we meet that Divine, whoſe Divinity " will unite our Bodies into one inſeparable Sub- " ſtance, as our Souls are already!

" Where in the Gardens of eternal Spring,
" Whilſt Birds of Paradiſe around us ſing,
" Bleſt with my blooming Beauty by my Side,
" We drink rich Wines that in full Rivers glide;
" Breathe fragrant Gales o'er Fields of Spice that blow;
" And gather Fruits immortal as they grow:
" Ecſtatic Bliſs ſhall our whole Powers employ,
" Till every Senſe be loſt in every Joy."

This he repeated with vaſt Energy, cloſing the Whole with a Kiſs ſo warm, and an Embrace ſo cloſe, that Miſs *Biddy* conſented to give him her Hand, notwithſtanding the Act to prevent clandeſtine Marriages, if he could find a Clergyman who

who would officiate in that Ceremony; which Captain *Stem* was determined to do, if Money could effect it.

CHAP. XXXII.

In which we introduce Parſon Farley *to the Reader's Acquaintance, and a Doctor of Divinity. The Reader may chuſe which he likes. A poor Country Curate's Notions of the Court Clergy. Mrs.* Farley's *Diſtreſs; and Doctor* Swallow's *Letter.*

THERE was in the Neighbourhood of *Shrewſbury* a Clergyman, named *Farley*; who was an excellent *Greek* and *Latin* Scholar, the Son of a Tradeſman in the Town, who died juſt as the young Man had taken Orders: His whole Income depending on the Profits of his Buſineſs, he could not leave this Son, who was his Second, any Fortune; his Education being the whole he could give him. Soon after his Father's Death he fell greatly in Love with a young Lady, whoſe Fortune conſiſted in a good Perſon, a good Underſtanding, and a good Diſpoſition; three Things which might have been joined, with much Happineſs, to a Man of a good Eſtate, and would then have made a Figure in Life; but, as it happened, were entirely loſt in the Situation ſhe was placed, being no more than a Curate's Wife, who had Thirty Pounds a Year, and three Children: The Rector living in *London*, who had never ſeen the Living but at

at the Time when he came to take Poſſeſſion of it.

THIS Gentleman, the Rector, is greatly eſteemed by the Miniſtry; he was a Coffee-Houſe Spy during the Rebellion, and informed againſt much honeſter Men than himſelf, and better attached to the preſent Governmen'. He has been concerned in bribing Boroughs, and giving the Electors Money to ſwear they had never received any thing to influence them to give their Votes in the Manner they did. He wrote in Defence of the *Jews* Act before it was repealed, and againſt it ſince; and ſtands now ready to attack the Chriſtians, if ever the Great Man ſhall give the Word of Command. So faithful a Friend to his Country and the Religion of the Land, it was impoſſible could go long unrewarded; and indeed, whenever it is ſaid that Merit does not meet its Deſert, I beg Leave to diſſent from that Aſſertion: Let us firſt lay down what Merit is, and then, I think, the contrary will appear to be true, to every unprejudiced Perſon.

MERIT, then, in my Opinion, at preſent conſiſts in doing that for which a Man would have been hanged about an Hundred Years ago, and deſerves it at preſent. When the Thing is truly ſtated in this Light, tell me, is there any one Man who has done any ſingular Act of that Nature, and not been rewarded with a good Place; unleſs, indeed, lately, there may be more Candidates in this meritorious Way, than there are Places to provide for them? And then, pray, what Truth is there in that ſo general an Aſſertion, that Merit does not meet its Reward in

theſe

theſe Days? It is in this Miſtake, as in moſt others, People do not ſo much differ in the Things, as in the Ideas which are annexed to Words. Formerly Integrity, Learning, Love of our Country, ſignified Merit; and now quite the contrary.

To this Rector, the Curate having ran Twenty Pounds in Debt, which was inevitable, and for which he was preſſed by thoſe to whom he owed it, or wrote a Letter, deſiring him to lend him that Sum of Money, and to augment his Salary Ten Pounds a Year; this, he ſaid, conſidering the Living produced Two Hundred and Fifty, he hoped he would do, in Conſideration of his increaſing Family, his Wife being again far gone with a fourth Child. With this Letter he ſtopped his Creditors Mouths, making no Doubt of the Doctor's complying with his Requeſt, and rendering him a happy Man.

"My Dear, ſays he to his Wife, it is not poſſi-
"ble but Doctor *Swallow* will be glad to com-
"ply with this reaſonable Requeſt of mine; one
"who is ſo much favoured by the Great, and
"has lately had the good Fortune to be pre-
"ſented with another Living in *London*, worth
"Four Hundred Pounds a Year; ſurely this
"Letter muſt give him great Pleaſure, when he
"finds that with ſo ſmall a Sum he can make a
"Family ſo happy. Certainly, ſays he, if there
"be any Joy ſuperior to all others, it is that of
"giving Relief to thoſe who feel Diſtreſs doubly;
"from the Senſe which a better Education im-
"parts to Want, and from Want itſelf: What
"can exceed the Pain which it gives to liberal
"Minds when they are obliged to conceal their

"Neceſſi-

" Neceſſities, or even aſk the Compaſſion of " others? and what can be more eligible to hu- " man Nature, than the Power of freeing them " from this terrible Senſation?"

In this manner Mr. *Farley* reaſoned with his Wife, bidding her be of good Spirit. " I am " convinced, ſays he, that ſomething better " awaits us, my Dear. There is a Power who " has always beheld the Virtuous with a favour- " able Eye, and who will not relinquiſh us in " this important Moment." Which he ſaid, kiſſing off the Tear that ſtood trembling in the Eyes of his dear *Nanny*.

" Heavens grant it may be ſo, my dear Mr. " *Farley*, ſays ſhe; but I own I feel a Sadneſs " round my Heart, which forbids me to hope " any Succeſs, I know not why. My Reaſon " and my own Diſpoſition tell me I ſhould cer- " tainly think it the greateſt Bliſs which Heaven " could beſtow on me, to be impowered to relieve " a Fellow Creature in ſuch Diſtreſs as we are; " and yet I am witheld by I know not what, " from believing that we ſhall receive any fa- " vourable Return from this Letter."

" My dear *Nanny*, ſays he, you have nurſed " our Calamities ſo long, that you almoſt deſ- " pair of being relieved; Is this right? You " know better; let me intreat you, my Dear, " to diveſt yourſelf of this Melancholy."

" Ah! Mr. *Farley*," ſays ſhe, the ſecret Tear ſtealing down her wan Cheek apace, " what " can bring Comfort to me, when I behold theſe " dear Children around me, and conſider their " Diſtreſs?" The eldeſt of which, the fineſt Boy that ever Eyes beheld, or *Corregio* painted, ran

ran to her Knee, and ſaid, "Don't you cry, "Mamma, God Almighty will bleſs *Tommy*," which was his Name. At which Words the Tears ran in ſilent Sorrow down their Cheeks, as they turned their Eyes from the Child to one another, and then back on him again.

"My deareſt *Nanny*, ſays poor *Farley*, let me "intreat you to compoſe yourſelf till we get an "Anſwer to my Letter; it is not in Cruelty it-"ſelf to deny me what I have aſked."

By this time ſhe grew a little more compoſed; Tears will give Relief even in the moſt wretched Condition, and leſſen ſome Anguiſh of the moſt piercing Sorrow.

At length the Day arrived which brought the Anſwer to his Letter, and which robbed them of more than one half of the Money they had in the World: He took it overjoyed, ſpeaking aloud, "My Dear, we ſhall here find ourſelves "made truly happy."

At which Words, opening the Letter, he read as follows:

"*Mr. Farley*,

"I am ſurprized at your Aſſurance, in de-"ſiring me to lend you Twenty Pounds, "or to augment your Salary."—At theſe Words the Letter fell from his Hands, and caſting his Eyes on his lovely *Nanny*, he found her ſwooning away in the Chair; he ran to her, crying, "My deareſt *Nanny*, my deareſt Wife, for Hea-"ven's Sake rouze yourſelf." Let me alone, "ſays ſhe, let me ſteal quietly from my Miſeries "to that Region where every Woe is at an end."

Saying

Saying this, ſhe fainted quite away; poor *Farley* was diſtracted, he thought her gone for ever, he wept aloud, "She's gone, ſhe's gone!" The eldeſt Child, poor Boy, caught his Father's Diſtreſs, and ran to the Door and cryed out, "Mamma is gone!" Which brought a poor Neighbour to his Aſſiſtance, by whoſe means ſhe was recovered back to Life.

When looking round, ſhe ſaid, "Why did "you ſtay my Flight, why bring me back to "Calamities, which I can only increaſe? Oh! "my dear Huſband, have I lived to find it a Pain "to behold thy Face!" Which ſaying, ſhe "burſt into Tears, which again gave her ſome "Relief.

Poor *Farley* put on a Reſolution, which would have become a Martyr; he ſaid, "He "doubted not of Relief from Heaven; there "were Thouſands yet, who would rejoice to "find Opportunity of aſſiſting them, if their "Diſtreſs was once known." And, thus ſaying, he conveyed his Wife to her Bed, and then finiſhed the reading the Letter ſecretly to himſelf; and which we ſhall give the Reader, as follows:

"*Mr. Farley*,

"I Am ſurprized at your Aſſurance, in deſiring "me to lend you Twenty Pounds, or to "augment your Salary: Pray what Security can "a Man have for ſuch a Sum, or how expect "to be repaid, by a Perſon who cannot live on "ſo handſome an Income as I allow you? I "am amazed at your imagining that I ſhould "increaſe your Salary, when you know that I "can

" can have the Living ſerved for Twenty-five " Pounds a Year; and which I ſhall accordingly " do: And I here deſire you to provide for your- " ſelf. I am informed you took it into your " Head to preach againſt Perjury, juſt preceding " the laſt Election. Pray, what have you to do " with other People's Buſineſs, who have e- " nough of your own, if you minded it as you " ought? Had I behaved in that manner, I " ſhould have been a ſtarving Curate to this " Hour. Am I to provide for the Children you " beget?

" *Your's*,

"SAMUEL SWALLOW."

" THIS Fellow! ſays *Farley*, this Blockhead! " who was the greateſt Dunce in the College; " this Villain, this Servitor, who has ſtood be- " hind my Chair a thouſand times; what Inſo- " lence; ſure, if the Great Man who befriends " him, knew of his deteſtable Behaviour, he " would never ſee him more."

IN this manner was poor *Farley* venting his Anguiſh, when the ſame good Neighbour who had aſſiſted him before, told him there was a Gentleman below, who wanted to ſpeak with him. At which his poor *Nanny* deſired him not to go down. " Who knows, my Dear, ſays " ſhe, but that it may be ſome Bailiff to arreſt " you, and drag you to Priſon: Let me go down, " and ſee him firſt."

" BE quiet, my *Nanny*, I cannot ſuffer more " than I have already; Jails are a Paradiſe com- " pared to the Inſult of this inſenſible, barbarous " Man,

" Man, and the Anguiſh I feel on thy Account, " ſaid *Farley*." " But, (ſays ſhe,) my Life, will " your Sufferings eaſe my Affliction?" To which ſaying " No;" he deſired the Neighbour to aſk the Gentleman's Buſineſs; this being anſwered ſo as to ſatisfy all Apprehenſions of being in Danger, he went down to him.

CHAP. XXXIII.

The Arrival of Captain Stem *at Parſon* Farley's. *Converſation between the Warrior and Divine. The Parſon and his Wife love one another as well as a Lord and Lady.*

NOW the Perſon who had paid him this Viſit was Captain *Stem*; he had learned that Mr. *Farley* was a Curate, in moſt diſtreſſed Circumſtances, and therefore imagined that Money would prevail upon him to do that, which another, who was not ſo unhappily ſituated, though leſs honeſt, might decline.

AT Mr. *Farley*'s coming near him, the Captain ſaid, " Doctor, your Servant; I believe I " have not the Honour of being known to you: " I am Captain *Stem*, in ——— Regiment; and " beg to ſpeak a Word with you, if you pleaſe."

" IF you pleaſe, Sir, ſays *Farley*."

" WHY then, Doctor, ſays *Stem*, I think there " is no one near us, is there, Sir?"

" No one," ſays the Clergyman.

" THEN, Sir, you muſt have heard, to be " ſure, ſays the Captain, of a Marriage-Act, " which has been lately made."

" HEARD

"HEARD of it, ſays the Divine, I have read "it many Times in the Church." It ſeems the Captain having never read the Act, nor been at Church ſince it was made, did not know that that was a neceſſary Part of it; ſo ſtudious are our military Men of the Profeſſion of Arms, and inattentive to all others.

"OH, ſays the Captain, if that be the Caſe, "it is well enough; you muſt know then, Doc- "tor, that there is a young Lady with whom I "am engaged in the ſolemneſt Vows upon Earth "to marry; no two Hearts ever burnt for each "other, as ours do at this Moment; you your- "ſelf are no Stranger to Love, you muſt know "how dreadful it is to be withheld from the "Arms of all that is dear to us."

"YES, indeed, Sir, ſays *Farley*, I know "what it is to love; and feel this Moment the "dreadful Anguiſh on my Soul — I have a "Wife — the beſt of Women," at which the Tears ſtarted from his Eyes; "ſhe is now in the "Moment as it were moſt perilous to human "Nature; and yet ſuch is the Ordinance of "Heaven, I have not wherewithal to procure "what is neceſſary for her preſent diſtreſſed Si- "tuation."

"BE of good Courage, ſays the Captain, I "am come to deliver you." "Heaven grant "you may," ſays poor *Farley*—"See that little "Boy which comes running towards me; is it "not a fine Child? Is it not a pity ſuch a Child "ſhould be in —?" His Tears and ſome honeſt Pride would not let him ſpeak out the Word, *Want*.

" It is a fine Boy, indeed; I'll warrant he'll " make a Captain, ſays *Stem*; here, my Dear, " take this to buy you a Cake." At the ſame time giving him a Crown, which, taking and making his little Compliments, in which he had been inſtructed by his Mamma, he ran to her, to ſhew what the Gentleman had given him below. She ſmiled with Gratitude and Surprize; for to thoſe who are in Diſtreſs, Five Shillings is often an infinite Sum, and brings a Joy unfelt by Affluence and Millions.

" Well, then, Doctor, ſays the Captain, " our Caſe is this; ſhe and I are dying for one " another; and yet, as ſhe is but Twenty " Years old, ſhe cannot marry me without the " Conſent of her Uncle, who is cruelly deter- " mined never to give his Conſent; not becauſe " I am not a proper Match for her, but becauſe " he is next Heir to her Eſtate; which, God " knows, Sir, continued he, is nothing; Fifty " Pounds a Year only; a Man may ſpend it on " a March between this and *Worceſter*.

" Notwithstanding this Act, therefore, " Doctor, we were imagining that you, who " are a Man of Senſe and Learning, and above " Prejudice, might have the Goodneſs to marry " us. For the young Lady is convinced that " Marriage is a ſacred Ordinance, and that " therefore no human Laws can ſet it aſide; " and, as I can anſwer from my Soul, that I " am of the ſame Sentiment, we both wiſh to " be joined in holy Matrimony, to prevent the " Sin of Fornication, and are determined to " keep it a moſt profound Secret till ſhe is of Age

" to

" to chuſe uncontrouled, which will be in leſs " Time than a Year.

" YOU ſee, Sir, ſays the Captain, there is no " ill Deſign: No Lady taken againſt her Incli- " nations; no Fortune ſtolen; no Miſchief done " to any one; the cruel Uncle only prohibiting " our Nuptials, in hopes that ſhe may die this " Year, and put him in Poſſeſſion of her Eſtate.— " Is not this extremely hard-hearted? — Does " not this Law bear with great Severity, in " this particular Inſtance?"

" INDEED, ſays *Farley*, I think it does; but " I don't ſee how I can remedy your Sufferings; " you know, Sir, that it is in fact no Marriage, " if I perform the Ceremony."

" WE know that, ſays the Captain; but " Souls formed for each other, like ours, muſt " they be kept aſunder? Was it not for the " Crime which we conceive we ſhould incur in " one another's Arms, neither ſhe nor I ſhould " heſitate one Moment to ruſh together; our " Paſſion is beyond all Influence of Time; it is " no more than preventing the Sin in our En- " joyments which has induced us to ſolemnize " the Marriage Rites, and no Diffidence or " Miſtruſt of the Flame abating which now ani- " mates our Boſoms."

" SIR, ſays *Farley*, I am apt to believe this " may be true, from what I feel in my own Bo- " ſom; even diſtreſſed as I am, I would not quit " my lovely *Nanny* for Mountains of Gold: " But you know, Sir, ſays *Farley*, I run the " riſque of being tranſported for this Action, if " it be diſcovered."

"DISCOVERED! Sir, ſays *Stem*, is there that "Ingratitude in Man? Is it poſſible the Perſon "who thus makes two Lovers happy, can ever "be treated in that manner? Sir, we ſhall look "upon you as ſomething more than Father, "Angel, All. You will reſtore us to the State "of our Firſt Parents before the Fall; we ſhall "be immortal, all Extaſy and Joy, Tranſport "and Rapture."

THE Divine taking all this falſe Fire as proceeding from real Paſſion, lamented that it was not in his Power to make them happy. "But, "Sir, ſays he, the Diſgrace which I muſt bring "on the Order which I profeſs and reverence, "muſt withhold me from it. Wretched as I "am, I dare not offend the Laws of my Coun-"try, and diſgrace the Character of a Divine."

"WHY really, Doctor, ſays *Stem*, I am ſorry "you have prevented me from making you a "Preſent of Fifty Guineas, which I have here "in my Hand; it was my Deſign; for, in my "Opinion, the whole World would be too little, "if I could give it, for the being put in Poſſeſ-"ſion of my charming *Biddy*."

THIS Sum of Money being vaſtly beyond all the Parſon had imagined, being ſuch as would ſet him free from his Debts, and in a State of Comfort to provide for that Moment when his lovely *Nanny* was to give him another Child; he ſaid, "Sir, give me Leave to conſult my *Nanny* "on this Occaſion, and you ſhall have my po-"ſitive Anſwer."

To his Wife he went, and told her every Circumſtance, which has been already related; adding, that he thought it beſt to be complied with.

with. "You, my Soul, ſays he, are in Ne-
"ceſſity of many Things, and who knows but
"even this hardened Villain, Doctor *Swallow*,
"may deprive me of this Curacy, and then we
"ſhall not have wherewithal to feed theſe In-
"fants: Better to run the Riſque of Death,
"than ſee thee and them in Want; what is
"there dreadful in being baniſhed from that
"Land, which can breed ſuch Monſters as this
"marble-hearted Villain, whom I have juſt
"mentioned?"

"My Life, ſays ſhe, do not, do not deviate
"from what you have always held to be right,
"and practiſed; I adjure you, let not my
"Diſtreſs incite you to break the Laws, and
"confine thee in a Jail; that God, who has
"hitherto ſupported us, will ſupport us ſtill."
Which ſhe uttered with a Sigh, and placing her Hand on her Side, "Are you ill, my Dear? (ſays *Farley*,) "are you in Pain? "I am
"afraid, ſays ſhe, my Time is nearer than I
"imagined." "And ſhall I then, ſays he, ſtand
"debating whether I ſhall violate a Law which
"perhaps no human Powers had a Right to
"make, and prefer the eſcaping Puniſhment to
"the ſaving thy Life, and protecting thee from
"Danger? Heaven forbid I ſhould." He therefore left his Wife, and ran down to the Captain, whom he told he was ready to comply with his Requeſt; which, accordingly he did the next Day, walking to *Salop* on purpoſe for that Errand, and bringing back the Money to his Wife, in thorough Contempt of all Danger which could ariſe from the Law.

"My dear *Nanny*, ſays he, ſhewing her the "Money, here is that which will free us from "the Sollicitations of my Creditors, and pro-"vide thee with what is neceſſary during the "Hour of Pain: By this I have probably pre-"ſerved myſelf from a Jail: What is my Exile "compared to thy Sufferings, which is the "worſt that can befall me. In leaving *England*, "I leave a Country where it ſeems it is be-"come criminal to preach againſt the worſt "of Crimes, for certainly Perjury is of that "Nature; and to what Part of the World "can they baniſh me, where I ſhall be more "inhoſpitably treated, than I have been by "this inhuman Man, this Miniſter in holy "Things, this execrable Fellow, this Doctor "*Swallow!*

"Whatever I ſuffer, I ſhall have this ſe-"cret Joy, that it was done to ſave thee and "thy dear Children, and even myſelf, from "much greater Torture, the Torture of ſee-"ing you in Want. Can I ſuffer any other "Pain like that!"

"My dear Mr. *Farley*," ſays ſhe, embra-cing him with all poſſible Tenderneſs, "I ac-"knowledge, and am truly conſcious, that all "this was done on my account; and yet, my "dear Huſband, ſays ſhe, I wiſh it had been "ſtill left undone. It is wrong. I would not "have it ſaid my *Farley* did wrong, to ſave his "Family from Ruin. It has been my Boaſt, "my internal Support, that though our Days "have been worn on in Penury, they have "been ſtill a Life of Virtue. Heaven preſerve

"my

" my dear Huſband from all I fear on this Ac-
" count."

" I DOUBT it not, my dear *Nanny*, he ſaid,
" preſſing her to his Boſom: I ſhould have
" thought thy Eaſe cheaply purchaſed with my
" Life. Can any thing be a Pain to me, which
" can bring Relief to my deareſt *Nanny!*"

CHAP. XXXIV.

Captain Stem *and Miſs* Biddy's *Delight diſcovered. A Dialogue between Miſs* Wells *and Miſs* Davis: *And then another between Miſs* Wells *and Mrs.* Hughes. *Mrs.* Hughes's *Legiſlative Capacity appears in a favourable Light.*

NOTHING could equal the Raptures which Captain *Stem* and Miſs *Biddy* enjoyed in one another's Arms; the Captain found ſeveral new Delights in this Amour, which he had never taſted till then, one of which was, a cheaper Way to ruin Girls than before the Marriage-Act; he began to think that more young Ladies might be ſeduced by the Matrimonial Trap now, than ever; that Fifty Guineas given to a Parſon, was a cheaper Way of purchaſing Beauty, than the other of Preſents to young Ladies, and their Servants; and that there could never be a Deficiency of indigent Clergy, in a Nation, where Pluralities are given to the Worthleſs, to ſtarve the Meritorious: Beſides this, there was another Pleaſure, which was that of tranſporting a Parſon.

Miss *Biddy* herſelf was the happieſt Creature upon Earth. At length the Time arrived and Conſequences of this Delight, when the Semi-diameter of her Body was almoſt as big as the Diameter had been a few Months before; which Increaſe being attended with a certain Paleneſs of Face, and other Symptoms, threw a kind of a Conjecture into People's Heads, that this Lady was, or ought to be married.

Which flying Report in its flitting from Houſe to Houſe, at laſt reached that of Miſs *Patty Wells*: Now Miſs *Patty* was a young Lady, who diſputed the Prize of Beauty with Miſs *Lloyd*; and many there were who decided the Preference in Favour of Miſs *Wells*. However, it ſeems, the Captain had not been of that Opinion; being always poſitive in the ſupporting Miſs *Lloyd* againſt Miſs *Wells*, which Poſitiveneſs was not too well reliſhed by this laſt mentioned Lady.

This News then was charitably received by Miſs *Wells*, who took it in and cheriſhed it; it was Five o'Clock in the Afternoon when the firſt Intelligence was brought her, at which time ſhe had reſolved not to go abroad that Evening, but was attending a neighbouring Lady to drink Tea with her. Whoever has obſerved a Weather-cock on the Top of a Steeple when it blows a briſk Gale, muſt have remarked, that it ſeldom keeps exactly to the ſame Point any two Minutes, veering one Way and another. In this manner it is with a Woman's Inclination; though the Reſolution be ever ſo ſtrong, 'tis ten to one but it veers more

or

or leſs; and ſo it happened to Miſs *Wells*, for ſhe actually came quite about, and determined to dreſs and go abroad that very Evening.

To Miſs *Molly Davis* ſhe made the firſt Viſit; who, it ſeems, was an intimate Friend of Miſs *Biddy*'s; Tea being brought, "Miſs "*Molly*, ſays Miſs *Wells*, you are extremely "ſecret; you never let one know a Word of "what paſſes; I'll warrant you, you don't "know that Captain *Stem* is married to Miſs "*Biddy Lloyd*."

"To Miſs *Biddy Lloyd!* ſays Miſs *Davis*, "impoſſible! ſure I ſhould have heard of it: "Beſides, it cannot be, ſhe is not of Age, "and cannot marry by this new Act."

THIS was the very thing which Miſs *Wells* wiſhed to know. "How full the World is of "Slander! ſays ſhe; it is not above an Hour "ſince that I was told ſhe was married, and "was breeding; but there is no believing "what People ſay, the World is ſo given to "Lying.

"WELL, ſays Miſs *Davis*, I will know the "Truth of this, this very Evening." To which Miſs *Wells* encouraged her much, for two Reaſons; one was, that ſhe might immediately have Liberty of going away and propagating this Story as ſoon as poſſible; and the other, to come to a Certainty the ſame Evening if it was true or not, that ſhe was married. Miſs *Wells* took her Leave, with a "Well," ſays ſhe, "I will not delay you from ſatisfying "yourſelf whether it be true or not."

FROM Miſs *Davis* ſhe went directly to the Houſe of Mrs. *Hughes*, whom ſhe luckily found

at home, with her three Daughters; where ſeating herſelf ſuddenly in an Elbow-chair, ſhe began: "Well, ſays ſhe, there is nothing "which the Malice of this World will not "invent; not two Hours ſince, Intelligence "was brought me, that Miſs *Biddy Lloyd* was "married to Captain *Stem*, and was breeding; "which cannot be true, Miſs *Davis* having "ſince told me ſhe is not of Age to diſpoſe of "herſelf. What is there which this wicked "World will not ſay?"

"WICKED as it is, ſays Mrs. *Hughes*, I "wiſh all this Story was true; but I am afraid, "ſays ſhe, that the Affair of being bigger in "the Waiſt may be ſo, though the Matri-"mony may not. Poor Girl! I am afraid "ſhe is undone. She was forced to ſlack "her Stays laſt Ball Night, to prevent her "from Fainting. Poor young Creature! the "Captain has been her Ruin, I fear."

"MRS. *Hughes*, ſays Miſs *Wells*, it is no "wonder, when young Ladies ſuffer Fellows "to be in their Bed-chambers at all Times; "there can be no good expected from ſuch un-"guarded Freedom. For my part, I am not "at all ſurprized at it; and indeed ſhould "have taken the Liberty of telling her of the "Indiſcretion which ſhe was guilty of, in be-"ing continually with Captain *Stem*; but you "know how we are together. I own I am "ſorry, but I cannot ſay I am ſurprized. "Mrs. *Hughes*, a good Night to you; Ladies, "your Servant; when ſhall I have the Plea-"ſure of ſeeing you, to drink Tea? I muſt be "going home, the Evenings are ſo cold."

Which

Which laſt Words of going home ſhe immediately forgot, and went to ſix or ſeven Houſes more, to lament the Misfortune which was befallen Miſs *Biddy*. So much was this good young Woman concerned for the Evil which was befallen this young Lady.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, "Yes, ſays Mrs. "*Hughes*, you are ſorry, indeed; your Sorrow "will not draw many Tears from your Eyes "on this Account; however, you may thank "Heaven the Captain did not attack you, in-"ſtead of her; o'my Conſcience you are as "badly made to keep ſweet without ſalting, as "Miſs *Biddy*; what will not Envy do, and "what Diſguiſes will it not put on, to obtain its "Ends? If you, ſays ſhe to her Daughters, "join the common Slander againſt Miſs *Biddy*, "I ſhall reſent it in a manner you little think "of. When they made this Law to keep "young People from marrying, they ſhould "have made another to prevent them from "ſeeing one another. Do they imagine an "Act of Parliament, becauſe it can annull "Marriages, can annihilate Deſires; or, be-"cauſe they can keep the World from one "Part of the Ceremony, they can from the "other. It would be no Surpriſe to me, if "half the young Ladies in *England* ſhould be "ſeduced; and I cannot ſee what can be laid "to their Charge, if they are. There ſeems "to me to be no great Wiſdom in preventing "Matrimony, when it muſt improve Debau-"chery; and to ſave the Fortune from the "Hands of a Man, when he has robbed the "Lady of her Virtue. Surely I could make as

" good a Law as this myſelf, who am but a " Woman. What! do they imagine they can " prevent Women from ſmuggling what they " like by Law; when they cannot prevent the " *Welchmen* from ſmuggling Teas and Brandy? " If they do, I am miſtaken." And, with this Speech, we end this Chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

In which is ſhewn that one Inclination, which brought Captain Stem *and Miſs* Biddy *together, is now divided into two. Miſs* Wells's *Politeneſs in wiſhing Miſs* Lloyd's *Friends Joy of her Marriage. The Arrival of Mr.* Llewellin Lloyd, *at* Salop; *and what befell Miſs* Biddy, *and Parſon* Farley.

MISS *Davis*, then coming to Miſs *Lloyd*'s, found her drinking Tea with the Captain; " Well, ſays ſhe, I wiſh you Joy; you " are ſo ſecret, there never was the like." " What Joy?" ſays Miſs *Biddy*. " Joy of " being married to Captain *Stem*," ſays ſhe. At which Words Miſs *Biddy* turning her Head to the Captain, and, ſmiling, ſaid, " Well, " my Dear, I think we muſt own it now; what ſay you?" " To be ſure, my Dear, ſays " the Captain, own it." " Well, then, ſays Miſs *Davis*, " I really do wiſh you all poſſible Joy."

Now, perhaps, there could not be any Secret upon Earth, in which the two Reaſons for diſcovering it could be more diametrically oppoſite,

oppoſite, than thoſe in theſe two Perſons: Miſs *Biddy* believing that no Law could efface the Effects of Matrimony, and being in continual Pain leſt every Eye ſhould diſcover her Situation, and every Female condemn her for a Crime, ſhe thought herſelf not guilty of, was charmed at the Arrival of that Time, when ſhe might clear herſelf of all Imputation of Guilt.

THE Captain, having had as much of her as he ever deſired of any one Woman, being tired of her Fondneſs, and wanting much to put this Scheme of ruining Innocence farther into Practice, was extremely glad of this Diſcovery; this, he imagined, would bring the Uncle from Wales, to carry away his Niece, and tranſport poor *Farley*.

THESE were the two Reaſons which are above-mentioned. Accordingly Miſs *Davis*, not being intreated to keep it a Secret, (which, if ſhe had, would have been juſt the ſame thing) told Miſs *Wells* of it that Night in going home; and, by this means, all *Shrewſbury* knew it the next Day.

IT ſeems, however, that Miſs *Wells* was not contented with the ſpreading this Intelligence in the Town only; ſo greedy was ſhe of communicating the News of Miſs *Biddy*'s being married, ſhe was determined to be the firſt who ſhould impart that Joy to Mr. *Llewellin Lloyd*, of *Llanchylog*, in *Merionethſhire*; who was Uncle, Guardian, and Heir to Miſs *Lloyd*'s Fortune, if ſhe died without Children.

SHE therefore ſat down, and wrote as follows:

" *Dear*

" *Dear Sir*,

" HAVING a great Eſteem for your Fa-
" mily, I have taken the Freedom to tell
" you, that there is a Report in *Shrewſbury*,
" that Miſs *Biddy Lloyd*, your Niece, is to be
" married to Captain *Stem*; which, as it might
" not probably be communicated to you by
" either of them, I thought it my Duty to let
" you know it, as you are her Guardian and
" Uncle.

" I am,

" *Your unknown Friend.*"

" *P. S.* It is imagined, by ſome Ladies,
" that ſhe is already married, or ſome-
" thing worſe."

On the Receipt of this Letter Mr. *Llewellin Lloyd* was in great Wrath, and determined to proceed directly to *Salop*, to enquire into the Cauſe of this Letter, and the Truth of what it contained. The next Day he mounted his Horſe, and came to *Shrewſbury*, where he found Things as we have already related them; upon which he carried his Niece into the Country, and procured a Warrant to take up poor *Farley*.

THIS Deſign of his was imparted by the Juſtice's Clerk to the Parſon, who told it his Wife. She was now recovered from her Ly-ing-in, and was ſuckling a Boy, which many a Nobleman of *Great Britain* would give a Hundred Thouſand Pounds to poſſeſs.

" AH! my Life, ſays ſhe, you ſee what I
" imagined and feared is come to paſs; you
" muſt

" muſt now be ſeparated from me for ever;
" how ſhall thy poor *Nanny* live, deprived of
" thee her only Comfort?"—It ſhall not be,
" ſays *Farley*, we will go together; Clergymen
" fare much better in that Part of the World
" than this; I have aſk'd, and am not ſorry
" for what I have done."

" My dear Huſband, ſays ſhe, beholding
" him with infinite Tenderneſs, let me implore
" you to keep yourſelf from the Hands of the
" Officers, this may be yet made up, and Mr.
" *Lloyd* prevailed upon not to proſecute you;
" let thy *Nanny* at leaſt obtain that Promiſe
" from thee." Why, ſays *Farley*, my Dear,
" provided you will give me Leave to ſurrender
" myſelf at the Aſſizes, to receive my Trial, I
" will promiſe you; and at the ſame Time I
" will write to the Juſtice and Mr. *Lloyd*, that
" I will then be preſent to ſtand adjudged by
" the Laws of my Country. My Soul, my
" *Nanny*, tho' I am afraid there are very few
" Laws I ſhould not violate to ſave thee from
" a Moment's Pain, yet there is not one which
" I would infringe to ſave myſelf. I have reſ-
" cued you from a State, which I dreaded more
" than Death; and will now willingly under-
" go the Penalty, which the Laws have deſtin-
" ed for a Commiſſion of this Crime. My
" Life, ſays he, tho' I cannot imitate *Socrates*
" in my Innocence, I will imitate him in my
" Reſolution. If I have done Injuſtice, in
" thus ſaving thee from infinite Pain, I will
" yet do Juſtice to my Country, and deliver
" myſelf to the Tribunal which is appointed in
" this County; which will not be longer than

" a Fort-

" a Fortnight. I am a Subject of this King-
" dom, to its Laws I owe my Education and
" my Religion; I own I have violated the firſt,
" and am willing to incur that Penalty which
" they have ordained. I think it unjuſt to
" withdraw myſelf from the Determination of
" our Legiſlature, and the Puniſhment which
" is annexed to the Breach of the Law: That
" my *Nanny* ſhall not prevail upon me to do.
" As to that Part of withholding myſelf from a
" Jail till the Day of my Trial, in that you
" ſhall be complied with."

ACCORDINGLY Mr. *Farley* wrote a Letter to the Juſtice, aſſuring him, that he would with the ſtricteſt Certainty render himſelf at the Aſſizes at *Salop*, to receive his Trial: He implored him as a Favour to believe him, and prevent thoſe who were to take him from ſearching his Houſe: " For, ſays he, my poor *Nanny* will
" die, if ſhe ſhould behold me ſeized. I do not
" intend ſkreening myſelf, from Puniſhment;
" but her, from Pain: I do not mean even to
" avoid it: The Laws I have offended, I will
" ſtand condemned by them, or acquitted."

THIS Favour the Juſtice acquieſced in, the Clerk telling the Officer that he would anſwer for Mr. *Farley*'s appearing to take his Trial. And thus he ſpent this Fortnight in ſupporting his dying *Nanny*. He told her, that the Law could not ſeparate them, that the ſame Ship which carried him ſhould carry her alſo; that all Parts of the Globe were equal to virtuous Minds; that he did not imagine, that the Offence of this Law could cancel all the former Part of his Life: " And who knows, my Soul,

ſays

ſays he, "but this may be the happieſt Mo-
"ment of our Days; at leaſt that which leads
"to Felicity, the long Path of Misfortune
"being already trodden out."

We muſt now leave the Divine, and turn to the Soldier, and caſt an Eye on what at that Moment engaged his chief Attention. It ſeems, he choſe to be out of the Way, when the Uncle took off his Lady, and ſave himſelf the Pain of endeavouring to preſerve that which he wanted to get rid of: As we do of this Chapter.

CHAP. XXXVI.

In which we preſent the Reader with the valorous David Gam, *Eſq; and our Landlord at the* Raven *in* Salop, *with two Words on Sir* Watkin. *The 'Squire's March from the* Raven *to the* Talbot, *and what happened there.*

IT ſeems, that tho' there is an infinite Number of *Lloyds* in *Wales*, there is not one Male of the ſame Line with this Family, the Uncle excepted; who was an elderly Man, and had no Son, having only three Daughters.

But there remained in the ſame County, a Deſcendant of the renowned Sir *David Gam*, a Gentleman of that Name, who was alſo named *David*; every Male in the Family ſince the famous Battle of *Agincourt* having been chriſtened *David*, being *David ap David ap David ap David*, even down to the preſent *David Cam*,

Gam, Eſq; This Gentleman was related to Miſs *Biddy Lloyd*; his great Anceſtor Sir *David Gam*, ſixteen Generations ſince, having married a *Lloyd* of that Family after his Return from the Wars.

It ſeems, he was in great Indignation againſt Captain *Stem*, who had ſeduced his Couſin *Biddy Lloyd*; and was therefore determined to take Vengeance upon him, for this Diſhonour which he had brought on the Family of the *Gams*.

In order to effectuate this, he collected together the Armour and Arms of his Family, conſiſting firſt in two old Jack-boots of his Great Grandfather, and the ſecond of two old Match-lock Piſtols and a Baſket-hilted Sword, with which Sir *David* had fought ſo nobly in the Field of *Agincourt*; and which, like *Agamemnon*'s Sceptre, had deſcended to his Hand through a Line of itchy Anceſtors, all Gentlemen.

The 'Squire was in the Flower of his Youth, being Twenty-ſix, and of great Valour. He therefore mounted behind his two Piſtols ſtuck into that Howſing which his Great Grandfather had uſed when he was High Sheriff for the County of *Merioneth*, on what is called a Horſe in that Country, and may be taken for a Maſtiff in this; his Baſket-hilt being ſtuck to his Side, and his new-laced Hat cocked manfully, for the Vindication of the Honour of his Couſin *Biddy Lloyd*: Behind him followed his Man *Griffith*, on another ſuch-like Animal as his Maſter rode, with his Legs wrapt cloſe in a Pair of good Hay-Boots; the Bridle, Saddle, and

and Stirrups being of the ſame Materials. Never was there ſuch a ſallying forth from *North Wales* ſince the Days of King *Arthur*; the 'Squire determining to make the Captain *Stem* to do Juſtice to his Couſin *Biddy Lloyd* by honourable Marriage, or to lay him at his Feet.

In this Manner equipt, the 'Squire rode directly to the Sign of the *Raven*, in *Salop*; and there alighting, he ſhaked his Landlord by the Hand, and, after having called for a Pint of Wine to refreſh his Spirits, and dividing it into two Glaſſes, he drank one of them off to the pious Memory of Sir *Watkin*; "Amen, pray "God," ſays the Landlord, who pledged him with all his Heart. This being done, he enquired if there was not ſuch a Captain as Captain *Stem* in *Salop*; and the Landlord telling him, Yes; he aſked him, where he lived? "You'll find him, ſays he, 'Squire, either "ſauntering in the Market-houſe, lounging "at the Coffee-houſe, or drinking at the *Tal-* "*bot*. It is in that manner theſe Gentlemen "ſpend their Time; if Sir *Watkin* had lived "till now, he would have put down all Stand- "ing Armies, or it ſhould have gone hard; "God reſt his Soul, he was a true *Briton*, and "Lover of old *England*."

Now it came into the 'Squire's Head before he quitted his Manſion, that unleſs he could prove his being born a Gentleman, Captain *Stem* might refuſe to anſwer his Challenge; he therefore brought his Pedigree with him, which being but ſhort, began only with *Adam*; whereas there were many Families in *North Wales* more ancient than that, and yet this Parchment

ment cut into Scraps like a Taylor's Meaſure, or as *Dido* did the Bull's Hide, would have ſurrounded the Town of *Shrewſbury*. In this Pedigree Sir *David Gam* was honoured with Capital Letters, and ſeveral Points of Time diſtinguiſhed with red, like Feſtivals in the Almanack, only being for a quite contrary Intent; which, inſtead of marking Days of Jubilee, marked thoſe of Calamity, and which were when the Itch was quite out of the Family of the *Gams*; a Thing not leſs dreadful to their Apprehenſions than a Comet, and always like that Phænomenon, the Forerunner of much Misfortune. Though it had happened but five Times ſince the Generations from *Adam*; how many Times before was not known.

FROM the *Raven* the 'Squire *David Gam* ſallied forth, equipt as we have ſaid; his Man *Griffith* following him with the Pedigree; and having heard that Captain *Stem* was at the *Talbot*, he entered that Inn, and deſired to ſpeak with Captain *Stem*; when Word being ſent in to the Captain, that *David Gam*, Eſq; deſired to ſpeak with him, the Captain ſaid, "Bid him walk in." At this time the Captain was in Company with ſeveral of his Brother Officers, drinking a Bottle of Wine, when the 'Squire was introduced.

Now there is one Thing which we have obſerved, as well as many other Philoſophers before us, which is a ſtrange Aſſociation of Ideas in the Underſtanding of Men; ſo that at ſeeing an empty Bottle, a good Toper always connects the Wine which it contained along

along with it, and remembers it with a Sigh: When we ſee a Doctor in Divinity dreſſed in his Pontificalia, we conclude that theſe Robes include a pious, learned, and humane Man; becauſe we have ſo ſeldom found the Character to diſagree with the Coat. And when we ſee a ſhabby learned Curate, we conclude it is his Impiety which has brought him to Rags.

A SMART Gentleman with his laced Hat ſmartly cocked and cockaded, his Hair ſmartly curled above his Ears, powder'd and pig-tail'd, dreſſed in a Scarlet Coat, which does not reach more than half-way down his Thighs, with a certain Garb of knit Silk croſſing from one Shoulder to the other Side of him obliquely, the Knot hanging gracefully behind, in a clean Pair of white Spatterdaſhes, Shoes neatly japan'd, and a Sword hanging genteelly on the left Side, conveys to every Mind who has not been uſed to military Matters, a Character of Courage, and ſometimes deceives the Bearer himſelf, if he has never been proved by ſome ſmall Bickerings.

ON the other hand, a laced Hat aukwardly put on, long black Hair, which has never been taught to bend to any thing on Earth, a Coat whoſe Skirts begin twelve Inches under the Arm, and reach four below the Knee, button'd from Top to Bottom, a Baſket-hilted Sword, and a Pair of Jack-boots; as theſe are extremely ſtrange to an Officer's Eyes, and very ridiculous to a Man of Dreſs, they are apt to impart a deſpicable Idea in every other Part of a Character.

FOR

FOR this Reaſon Captain *Stem* believed the 'Squire was no Fighter, and *David Gam*, Eſq; conceived the Captain to be a very valorous Gentleman.

THINGS being in this State, the Captain and the 'Squire dreſſed as above, *David Gam* attracted the Eyes of the Company with a very particular Attention. Now this Company conſiſted of two Lieutenants and two Enſigns, beſides the Captain himſelf.

AT entering the Room the 'Squire *David* began with ſaying, "Is there a Shentleman in "this Company, look you, that whas callt "Captin *Sthem?*" To which the Captain anſwered, "I am the Man."

THE Pronunciation of the 'Squire beſpeaking him a *Cambro-Briton*, there ran immediately a Smile over the Officers Faces, like the little Ruffling of Water when a gentle Breeze breathes upon the Surface of a Lake; and one of them pointing to the Boots, and winking to the other, "Smoke the Boots," ſays he ſoftly.

HERE it came into the Heads of theſe arch young Gentlemen, that *David Gam*, Eſq; was a proper Subject for a Roaſt; and, therefore, Captain *Stem* deſired him to ſit down.

"CAPTIN, ſays the 'Squire, whas whillin to "ſpak whan Whord with you in priſit, look "you, I was come to *Salop* for that Purpoſe; I "whill not taak your Time up much, Name "o'Cot."

"DON'T be in a Hurry, ſays the Captain; "pray, Sir, ſit down, and take a Glaſs of Wine; "I ſuppoſe you are not in a Hurry, you do not

"leave

" leave *Salop* To-night;" expecting much Diverſion from roaſting the 'Squire.

" Cot knows whare hur ſhall co To-night, " ſays the 'Squire, with a ſmall Sigh; but hur " whas whillin to ſpak a Whord or two with " you, Captin; there whas no Harm in that, I " to believe, I cannot ſaay, I to think ſo; but " howefer hur whas whillin to ſpaak with you " upon the Matter."

At this time the Lieutenant tipping the Wink on the Captain, began with, " Pray, Sir, " may I crave your Name?" " Hit is *David* " *Gam*, the Son of *David Gam*, who whas the " Son of *David Gam*, who whas the Son of " *David Gam*, till you come to Sir *David Gam*, " who whas that falorous Knight that pehafed " ſo whell at the Field of *Achincourt*; and dit " maak that praſe Anſer to King *Henry* (Prince " of *Whales*, hur had been and whas porn in " *Whales*,) when he whas temanded what Num- " per there whas in the Field? My prave An- " ceſtor dit ſaay, there whas, may it pleaſe " your Majeſty, enuff to taake, enuff to kill, " and enuff to run away."

" And ſo, ſays the Lieutenant ſmartly, " 'Squire *Gam*, you are run away, are you?" " Run away? Who whas ſaay hur whas run " awaay? Cotdamoche whare is the Shentle- " man did ſaay hur whas run awaay?" riſing in Choler, and putting his Hand upon his old Baſket-hilt. Upon this the Lieutenant began to look a little fooliſh, and the Captain to make Apologies, and aſſure the 'Squire, that at Court and in *London*, it was the Faſhion to be witty one upon the other, and that there was not the leaſt

Affront

Affront meant; "'Squire, my Service to you; "here is to the pious Memory of Sir *Watkin*."

"CAPTIN, I whill pledge you with all my "Haart; Cot knows hur whas a prafe Shentil-"man as efer tid treat on *Welch* Cround; Cot "reſt hur Soul, hur whas a prafe Shentilman, "and tid lofe hur Country whell."

THIS brought Matters upon peaceable Terms again; upon which another of the Company ſmoaking the Sword, aſked the 'Squire if that was the Weapon with which Sir *David Gam* had fought the *French* at the Battle of *Agincourt*, and ſent ſo many Souls to the Shades below?

"YES, ſays the 'Squire, 'twhas dat Weaphon "dat you tid menſhon." "Will you permit "me to draw it, 'Squire?" ſays the young Smart. "Aye, ſays the 'Squire, but who ſhall "put hur up again?"

"NEVER mind that, ſays another; we will "put it up again, I'll engage." Upon which, drawing the Sword, he put it to his Noſe, and cries, "Faith it may have killed *Frenchmen* for-"merly; but I believe lately it has been em-"ployed in other Things: Has it not been "toaſting Cheeſe? methinks it ſmells more of "toaſted Cheeſe than *French* Blood; 'Squire, "what ſay you, ſhall we toaſt a Piece of Cheeſe "with it?"

"CAPTIN *Stem*, ſays 'Squire *David Gam*, "Wat whas this wat you call Whit too in *Lon-"ton?*" "Yes, yes, ſays the Captain, all, all, "Wit; take no Notice of it, 'Squire, let him "toaſt the Cheeſe." Upon which a Piece of Cheeſe being brought, the Lieutenant began toaſting

toaſting the Cheeſe, the 'Squire looking on, and the reſt laughing inwardly.

"I FANCY, 'Squire, ſays the Lieutenant, 'tis "done enough; will you taſte it? *Welchmen* "love Cheeſe, I am told," all the reſt of the Company laughing. "Let hur ſee the Sword," ſays the 'Squire to the Lieutenant; when taking it, he ſaid, "You muſt heat it, by Cot hur "ſhall heat it too, I whill tell you that." "No, "ſays the Lieutenant, I don't love Cheeſe." "By Cot hur ſhall heat it, loſe it or not loſe it, "or hur whill put the Sword through hur Pody; "By Cot hur ſhall heat it, I whill maak ſome "Whit now myſelf. What a Tefil you tid "think that red Cloſe whas frighten poor "*Welchman*; heat it, I do ſay, by Cot hur ſhall "heat it." The Lieutenant ſeeing in the 'Squire's Face that he was in earneſt, began to be much embarraſſed what to do; he ſaw that the 'Squire would fight, and knew that himſelf would not; upon which Captain *Stem* cries, "Eat it, Lieutenant, if it is only to "oblige the 'Squire, who is a Stranger; I think "one Gentleman can hardly refuſe another ſuch "a Requeſt in good Manners." Upon which the Lieutenant eat the Cheeſe, all the reſt agreeing it was right, one young Officer excepted, who laughed at the Lieutenant.

"Now, ſays the 'Squire, look you, Captin "*Stem*, I hafe creat Reſons to beleſe you whas "a tamm'd Rogue; you hafe prought Tiſ-"honours upon my Coſin *Piddy Lloyd*, and the "Family of *Gam*; and, in Cot's Name, look "you, I whas come to temand Satisfacſhons. "By Cot, I whas have Satisfacſhions. Look

" you, Captin *Stem*, there is my Pedigree, (throwing his Parchment upon the Table;) " I whas a Shentilman porn, I whas hafe Sa- " tisfacſhions."

" HERE, Waiter, ſays the Captain, call my " Drum; give him this Parchment to make a " new Drum-Head." " Trum-hed, ſays the " Squire, touch hur if hur dare; by Cot, I " whas hafe Satisfacſhions." Upon which the Captain rung the Bell, and deſired the Landlord to turn the 'Squire out.

" TURN hur out, Cotdamochée, turn hur " out, by Cot, Captin *Stem*, you whas a Cow- " art, and a Fillain, and a Rogue, and a Knafe " to poot, look you. I whill hafe Satisfacſhons, " *David Gam* whill hafe Satisfacſhons, or hur " whill ſtay till the Reſurrecſhons in the Town " of *Salop*." This he ſaid, and taking up his Pedigree, he left the Place, threatening Vengeance, and marching off in great Indignation.

THE 'Squire being gone, " Damme, Gentle- " men, ſays the Captain, if I know what this " Affair may come to; you ſee he is a raſh " hot-headed *Welchman*, that knows nothing of " the World; it is a thouſand to one but he " provokes me to kill him: He underſtands no " more of the Sword, than he does of Arabic. " I have him in my Power, and yet what would " the World ſay if I ſhould kill him? I own, " I ſhould be greatly grieved to kill ſo raw a " Fellow, who knows nothing of the Sword: " I warrant you, he means no Harm by all this; " it is only ſome Whim, which he has taken " into his Head; or, pray, Gentlemen, do you " think he is not mad?" " Faith, I believe he

" is

" is mad," ſays one of the Company. " We'll " ſpend the Evening here, and be jolly, ſays " the Captain; To-morrow Morning we ſhall " enquire more into his Character: Lieutenant, " be ſo good To-morrow Morning to bring me " Word what Sort of a Fellow he is—Really " I would avoid killing him if I could. I think, " Gentlemen, a Man ſhould not be forward in " killing another, becauſe he knows he can." " To be ſure, not," anſwered the Lieutenant.

THE Company ſpent the Evening together; and, as they indulged the Glaſs freely, and puſhed the Bottle about, the youngeſt of the Officers, who had not been long in the Regiment, who ſaw the 'Squire ill-treated with great Regret, being warmed with Liquor, cries, " Captain, I cannot ſee how we can get off " fighting this 'Squire, one or other of us; what " an Imputation is it for Officers to be treated " in this manner! For myſelf, ſays he, I own, " you uſed him ill; but, I think, he muſt be " fought, by one or other of us, notwithſtanding that."

" WHY, ſays the Captain, in all Corps, Gentlemen, in which I have had the Honour to " ſerve, whenever a Company has been affronted " by any one, as we were, it has been always the " Cuſtom for the youngeſt Officer to reſent the " Injury firſt, and then to proceed till it comes " to the Colonel."

" LET it be ſo, ſays the brave Lad of ſixteen; " he that puts by ſuch an Affront is not worthy " to bear the King's Commiſſion." Now the Reader will remark, that the Captain was not the youngeſt Officer of two Enſigns and two Lieu-

tenants, and, therefore, was in no great Dread of being killed, having four between him and Death; which, perhaps, is as ſafe a Situation, as if he had been ſick and ſurrounded by four Phyſicians, all ſkilled in the Art of Healing.

WHILST theſe brave Officers were ſpending the Evening at the *Talbot*, the 'Squire marched forward and backward in the Market Houſe of *Shrewſbury* in great Wrath, expecting the coming of the Captain.

BUT it happened in this Caſe, as it ſometimes happens to thoſe Sportſmen who go with Ferrets to catch Rabbits, imagining that they have covered every Hole with a Net, there remains one ſecret Hole unſeen and uncovered, through which the Rabbit eſcapes, and diſappoints their Deſigns; and in this manner did the Captain eſcape the 'Squire.

IT ſeems the Captain, being not extremely prone to attack, thought, like Sir *John Falſtaff*, that Diſcretion was the beſt Part of Valour; and that, as making a good Retreat had been eſteemed by many Generals equal to getting a Victory, he was reſolved to excel in the laſt, though he was deficient in the former; and therefore retreated to his Lodgings by the Back-door of the Inn for two Reaſons; one, becauſe he thought it the ſafeſt, and the other, the ſhorteſt Way; having had hourly Intelligence from his Scouts, that the Enemy remained in the Field, in Expectation of a Battle. The other Officers encamped in the ſame Houſe. By this means the 'Squire lay under Arms all Night; and though he certainly cooled his Heels, he did not cool his Courage in the leaſt, of ſuch fiery and indignant Particles

Particles was his Soul compoſed. His Man *Griffith* ſtill attending him with his Pedigree.

THE Morning being come, the 'Squire was in great wonder that the Captain had not appeared; when, explaining his Amazement to *Griffith*, and crying out, "By Cot hur whas a "Cowart," *Griffith* made Anſwer, "Cot ſaave "hur, what whas hur expect the Captin To-"night, why hur whas cone to ped long while "co, to be ſure; hur tid ſleep in the Hin." Upon which, the 'Squire, recollecting that it might be very probable, though he never thought of it before, marched to the *Raven*, with a Reſolution to refreſh himſelf by a Nap, for the Combat which he was determined to engage in the enſuing Day. And, in this Place we ſhall pauſe, to refreſh our Readers alſo.

CHAP. XXXVII.

The different Dreams of Captain Stem *and* David Gam, *Eſq*; *The Captain is afraid it is not his Fighting-day. A very bloodleſs Rencounter on the* Severn *Side. Captain* Stem's *Cunning exceeds his Courage. He is put under Arreſt by his own Officers. Peace made on all Sides.*

THE Captain being retired to his Lodgings, began to contemplate on the 'Squire's Behaviour; he had a great Inclination to believe that he was mad, and would have been extremely well pleaſed to have heard from his Lieutenant, that an Act of Lunacy was taken out againſt

him. During the whole Night he never cloſed his Eyes, but the 'Squire, in all his Fury, ſtood before him, making the Lieutenant eat the Cheeſe, which the latter had toaſted with the 'Squire's Sword. This he conſtrued as a very bad Omen.

DAVID GAM, Eſq; being laid in his Bed, was not long before he was in the Arms of Sleep; having no Fears to keep him waking, and knowing that the Captain could not be ſeen till late in the Day. During this Slumber his immortal Anceſtor appeared to him in a Viſion; he ſtood before the 'Squire's Imagination all clad in Armour, with a Viſage expreſſing much Content, a crowned Leek being ſtuck into his Helmet, and his Shield held on his left Arm, the very Sword which the 'Squire wore being in his Right Hand, with which making three Flouriſhes he reſtored it to his Scabbard; round the Crown which was on the Leek were theſe Words in Characters of Flame, "Llwchwrr Ddwydd," which ſignify Victory, Glory, in the *Cambrian* Language.

THIS Viſion the 'Squire conſtrued into Succeſs, and therefore as ſoon as he was awaked he dreſſed and came down Stairs, and drank a full Half-pint Bumper of Brandy to the immortal Memory of his immortal Anceſtor: In which his Landlord pledged him, with an "Amen, "pray God, not forgetting Sir *Watkin*."

THE Time being come that the Lieutenant was riſen from his Bed, he goes to the Coffee-Houſe, and tries to learn the Hiſtory which belonged to *David Gam*, Eſq; in which being truly ſatisfied that he was not mad, but determined

mined to fight the Captain, he repaired to the Lodgings of Captain *Stem*, and told him his Intelligence.

"DAMME, ſays the Captain, but this is an "odd Affair. If I ſhould meet the Dog To-"day, 'tis ten to one if I am in a Humour of "Fighting. You know, *Jack*, ſays he, that "all Officers agree, that a Man will fight a "Lion on one Day that will tremble at a Mouſe "on another. I vow to God, ſays he, I believe "this is not my Fighting-day; there is a Kind "of a Something which hangs about my Heart, "and tells me I ſhan't be in Spirits To-day."

"CAPTAIN, ſays the Lieutenant, you forget "Enſign *Firebrace* is to take him up firſt." "Right, ſays the Captain, do get thoſe toge-"ther which were with us laſt Night, we'll "all take a Walk in the *Quarry*." Now to oblige our untravelled Reader, this is the Name of a pleaſant Walk between Lime-trees on the Banks of the *Severn*, frequented by the Beauties of *Salop*:

"Like *Dian* and her Nymphs when tir'd with Sport,
"To reſt near cool *Eurotas* they reſort."

THE Lieutenant obeyed his commanding Officer, and the Captain, in the mean Time, dreſſed himſelf; which being juſt finiſhed, all four entered the room. The Salutation of the Morning being paſt, they marched all five to the *Quarry*; when lo! whom ſhould they behold but *David Gam*, Eſq; parading on the *Severn* Side, and meditating on his future Battles, and Glories, and Victories, and Triumphs.

At this Sight a Silence ſeized on the Army, like that which the *Greeks* obſerved in marching to the *Trojans*, though from a very different Motive to that which *Homer* has aſcribed it in that Hoſt; the Captain at the ſame Minute ſtepping on one Side to make a little Water, which Action, though many a Philoſopher hath aſſigned as a Proof of ſudden Fear, could in him, and in this Inſtance, be no more than the Land-Soldier acting in Imitation of the Naval Warrior, who always makes a clear Ship before the Engagement.

David Gam, Eſq; eſpying the Enemy's Army approaching, drew up his in dreadful Array, being no more than himſelf, his Indignations, his Valours, and his Satisfactions, which, at the moſt, is but four to five, and marched on bravely towards the Captain's Line of Battle. When, in recollecting the Viſion of his brave Anceſtor, and his fighting againſt ſuch great Numbers at *Agincourt*, he cryed out, "Llwchwrr, "Ddwydd, there is enuff to taake, enuff to "khill, and enuff to rhun away."

Now *David Gam*, Eſq; approaching faſt, the Captain ſays to Enſign *Firebrace*, "You remem-"ber, Enſign, what was agreed laſt Night." Upon this the young Gentleman advanced towards the 'Squire with great Spirit, drawing his Sword. At which Sight the 'Squire, in Imitation of other brave Generals, made the following Speech: "It his not with you, look you, "Sir, that I whas come to fight, I haſe no "Fengeances to taak, no Quarrels with you; "you haſe not tepauched my Coſin; therefor "hur whas not fight you, till hur whas kill "Captin

" Captin *Stem*; when hur whas kill Captin " *Stem*, hur whill fight you alltogether, whan " after another that his; put hur whas firſt hafe " Satisfacſhons on Captin *Stem*, for the Tiſho- " nors hur had prought upon the Family of the " *Gams*."

THE Captain did not like this Speech at all; however, having more Preſence of Mind to get himſelf off, than Courage to urge him on, he ſays, " 'Squire, it is our Method of Fighting, " you muſt begin with the youngeſt Officer, and " and then it comes to my Turn at laſt: You " affronted us all laſt Night."

" COT tam you, ſays the 'Squire, you whas " a tam'd Cowart, and a Rogue, and a Knafe, " and a Fillain; by Cot I whill kill hur furſt, " and then all the rheſt if they do like it; Cot- " damoché, hur whill hafe Satisfacſhons." At which Word he drew his Sword.

THE Captain finding that a Battle muſt enſue, unleſs Art could prevail over Courage, cries, " 'Squire *Gam*, a Word with you in private;" when whiſpering, he ſaid, " I will give you Sa- " tisfaction this Evening; I will come and ſee " you at the *Raven*." " Name the Hour," ſays the 'Squire. " Seven," ſays the Captain. " I whill whait hur Coming. Tefil tam hur " that fails," anſwers the renowned Deſcendant of Sir *David Gam*.

NOW it was Twelve o'Clock by *Shrewſbury* Clock, the very Clock which meaſured the immortal Hour, in which Sir *John Falſtaff*, and that hot-headed Scot and Lot *Piercy*, did not fight together; which Clock has never ſtruck the Hour to any Man of Valour ſince that Time,

who reſembled the magnanimous *Hotſpur* ſo much in true Courage as did *David Gam*, Eſq; nor to any Captain ſo much bleſſed with the true Knowledge of ſaving himſelf from Danger, ſo like Sir *John Falſtaff*, Captain of the peppered Company, as is Captain *Stem*.

THE 'Squire retired to his Inn, fully determined to wait his Antagoniſt, and never moved one Minute from the Houſe; being afraid that Seven o'Clock would arrive that Day before Three, and he might be abſent if he truſted himſelf abroad; he placed his Man *Griffith* at the Door to bring him Intelligence if Captain *Stem* ſhould ſend or come.

THE 'Squire being departed, the Captain cried out, "Damme, Gentlemen, I ſhall be "forced to kill this Fellow yet; I am to meet "him at his Lodgings at Seven o'Clock this "Evening: By the Almighty, ſays he, I will "take it no longer. This Delicacy of mine, "in not killing ſuch a Raſcal, may bring my "Courage into Suſpicion. A Soldier's Charac-"ter is every thing: By Heavens nothing ſhall "prevent me from killing the Dog this Evening: "I am aſtoniſhed at my own Lenity and Forbear-"ance—Dine with me, Gentlemen, at the *Tal-*"*bot*; adieu: I muſt go and ſettle a few Things, "the Event of Battle is uncertain. But, hark "ye, ſays he, don't take it into your Heads to "put me under Confinement; I know you are "ſenſible an inferior Officer may put his Supe-"rior under an Arreſt in ſuch a Caſe as this is; "therefore, Gentlemen, I beſeech you not to "think of that; for I am determined to kill the "'Squire,

"'Squire, damme." This he ſaid going off with much Smartneſs.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, ſo perverſe is Man, that the very Thing which the Captain deſired them not to do, and which they never would have thought on, unleſs he had intreated them not to think of it, was the Thing they all agreed on, except the young Enſign, who laughed at the whole Affair.

It was concluded then that a File of Soldiers ſhould directly ſecure the Captain at his Lodgings, and conduct him to the *Talbot*, where he was to remain cloſe Priſoner, to keep him from killing *David Gam*, Eſq; which Reſolution was inſtantly put into Execution, and the Captain ſecured: He bore this Behaviour with great Indignity, and ſwore now, more than ever, the Death of the 'Squire. "Zounds, Gentlemen, "ſays he, did not I implore you not to treat me "in this Manner? And now I am confined "from doing myſelf Juſtice; what Man of Spi-"rit can bear ſuch Uſage, and from his Friends "too?" However, he was not ſo angry but he ſat down and dined with them very heartily, the Captain's Reſentment not taking off his Appetite of eating in the leaſt.

IT was ſoon ſpread over the Town of *Salop*, that Captain *Stem* was put under Arreſt, upon a Quarrel with 'Squire *David Gam*, and to prevent the Captain from killing him; which coming to the 'Squire's Ears, he ſwore by St. *David* he would tarry in Town till the Reſurrection, but he would have Satisfaction; adding, that the Captain was as damn'd a Coward as one would wiſh to ſee on a Summer's Day.

THIS was Matter of no ſmall Diverſion in *Salop*; the 'Squire continuing in Town marching in his Jack-boats, with his Baſket-hilt ſtuck to his Side, in great Wrath; and the Captain in Confinement in great Wrath alſo, but their Wraths were of a different Kind. At length, being afraid leſt this Thing ſhould come to be truly diſcovered how it was, the Captain wrote a Letter to *David Gam*, Eſq;

"*SIR*,

"I Am detained cloſe Priſoner at the *Talbot*, "being put under Arreſt by my own Officers, "and my Arms are taken from me; or I ſhould "not have failed in meeting you, as I agreed, at "the *Raven*, had not this unforeſeen Accident "prevented me: However, Sir, if you pleaſe to "favour me with your Company at the *Talbot*, "perhaps a few Minutes Converſation may ſettle "all Differences. I am,

"*Your moſt obedient*

"*humble Servant*,

"T. STEM."

No ſooner was the Letter received than the 'Squire, buckling on his Baſket-hilt, proceeded to the *Talbot*; where demanding to ſee Captain *Stem*, before he was introduced to him, the Serjeant who ſtood Guard over the Captain deſired the 'Squire to leave his Sword in his Poſſeſſion, aſſuring him that the Captain was totally diſarmed; this the 'Squire accordingly complied with, and then found an eaſy Admittance.

"'SQUIRE,

" 'SQUIRE, your Servant, ſays the Captain; " here is, ſays he, an odd Affair has fallen out " between us two, you ſee; theſe Officers of mine " have confined me about it: Pray, what is the " Original of this Quarrel, for, damme, if I " know?"

" NOT know, why whas not hur tefile her " Coſin *Piddy Lloyd*, and pretend to marry her? " By Cot I whill hafe Satisfacſhons. She is now " of Age, and I whill hafe hur married in cood " herneſt."

" Is that it, ſays the Captain? Why, my " dear 'Squire, ſays he, you aſk the Thing in the " World which a Man of Honour cannot re- " fuſe? You ſee now what a d—mn'd Affair " this might have been, only through the not " knowing one another's Deſigns; it is ten to " one but either you or I ſhould have fallen in " this Affair, perhaps both." " Aye, py Cot," ſays the 'Squire. " Bring your Couſin to *Salop*, " and I will marry her immediately, ſays the " Captain." " No, ſays the 'Squire; in *Whales* " it whas the Cuſtom, look you, for the Man to " co to the Whife, and marry hur; and I expect " hur whill co with me To-morrow Morning, " Naame o'Cot, and henter into holy Matri- " mony with my Coſin *Piddy*." Which the Captain agreeing to, this threatening Affair was made up without Bloodſhed; and Miſs *Biddy Lloyd* became Mrs. *Stem*.

WHICH Change of her Condition ſhall give us a ſmall Hint to change this Part of the Story, and return to Parſon *Farley*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Parſon Farley *appears before the Judges at* Shrewſbury. *His magnanimous Behaviour. A little Scene at* White's. *Mrs.* Farley's *Affliction; and the Parſon's Speech to the Judge.*

NOW the Day was at hand which muſt bring the Judges to *Shrewſbury*, and ſhew the World whether poor *Farley* had Reſolution to keep his Word, and ſurrender himſelf into the Hands of Juſtice, or not. The Letter, which he wrote to the Juſtice, having been printed in the Evening-Poſts, we ſhall not reprint it here; being determined to avoid all Imitation of our mortal Predeceſſors, Mr. *John Oldmixon* and Mr. *Burnet*, Hiſtorians of notorious Memory, who took their Authorities from *Lilly*'s Almanack, and other Authors of like Authenticity; whereas we apprehend, that our Hiſtory will want no ſuch Vouchers, being not only true in repreſenting this Fact, but almoſt all others of the like Nature; being formed on Principles in human Kind which never vary, though the Objects ſometimes may.

THIS Letter being printed in the Daily Papers, the Gentlemen at *White*'s, all Men of Honour, offered Ten to One that the Parſon would not appear at the Aſſizes; not one of theſe Men of Honour conceiving it poſſible that any Man could have Honour enough to give himſelf up to be tried for a Crime, when he might avoid it. Now the Idea annexed to Honour is multifarious; in one Place it means playing the whole Game,

Game, and paying your unlawful Debts; in another, acting according to the Dictates of an honeſt Heart, animated with Courage and Humanity; in a third, holding ſome honourable Poſt by diſhonourable Means; and ſo on. "Ten to One that the Parſon at *Shrewſbury* "does not appear to take his Trial: Will no "one take me up?" ſays a Member of the "Houſe of —— "D—mn him, ſays he, he'll "be tranſported without my getting any Thing "by him. I wonder, continues he, no one has "advertiſed a Ship for the carrying Parſons over "to *Virginia*; a Kind of Packet-boat, it would "have great Buſineſs. This Law will do ſome "Good in one particular, however, it will thin "the Land of this black Vermin."

"I HOPE, ſays another Gentleman, that the "poor Devil will eſcape, if he ſurrenders himſelf; he is certainly a brave fellow, and from "my Heart I think he has ſhewn a Senſe of "Tenderneſs and Compaſſion for his Family, "that claims the greateſt Regard of Mankind, "even its Applauſe."

"APPLAUSE, ſays the former; believe me, "Sir, that Fellow would have robbed on the "Highway, if marrying the Captain had not "been more commodious for him: If you make "Laws, and deſpiſe them immediately, adieu to "all Kind of Government; I am ſure I will ſit "no longer in the Houſe: Pray, what Security "have we of any Thing we poſſeſs, but the "Laws?"

HE had no ſooner ſaid this, than a Gentleman aſked him, "If he would make one at Ha-"zard?" "With all my Heart," ſays he.

"Well,

"Well, *Jack*, ſays my Lord ———, I perceive "you are extremely ſcrupulous in conforming "to the Laws of your Country."

"ZOUNDS, my Lord, ſays he, you don't "compare me with a Country Parſon, I hope." "God forbid, I ſhould, ſays my Lord; I am "too well acquainted with your Excellencies, to "do that." Which laſt Anſwer cloſed the Converſation.

AND now the Sun roſe through the Eaſtern Skies, darting his Beams along the ruddy Horizon, and drank the delicious Dew-drops of the fragrant Morn; when *Farley* waked by the Side of his lovely *Nanny*, who was bathed in Tears, through Fear of what might befal the Man ſhe loved more than her own Exiſtence. He kiſſed the trembling Fluid from her Eyes, and cried, "My Dear, be under no Pain on my account; "the worſt which can happen to me, is the be-"ing exiled from a Land where Merit does not "meet its Reward, where Penury attends the "Virtuous, and no Man has Reſolution enough "to be poor and content, or to eſteem the Indi-"gent, however honeſt they may be—There is "ſomething within, which tells me I have ſeen "the moſt diſtreſsful Hours of my Life, and "animates me with an Ardor hitherto unexpe-"rienced. I will riſe, and go to that Tribunal "which awaits me; but ere I part let me in-"treat you to reſt in this Houſe, and not to "follow me. Be comforted; condemned I "muſt be, that I know; and you muſt prepare "yourſelf to hear it; and yet you ſhall hear it "with Satisfaction. Adieu, my dear *Nanny*," he ſaid, preſſing her to his Boſom, the Tears running

running in Streams from their Eyes. He then dreſſed himſelf, ſtept ſoftly and kiſſed his dear Children, who were yet ſweetly ſleeping. "May "Heaven preſerve you, my dear Offspring, ſays "he, I will not wake you to be Witneſs of "your Parents Woes; however ſmall the Pain "may be, I would die to keep it from you." He then kiſſed them once more, and turning to his Wife, they ruſhed into each other's Arms, "My *Nanny*, my *Nanny*, ſays he, believe me, "I will behave in a manner which my Enemies "ſhall applaud; we ſhall yet be happy." At theſe Words, finding his Tenderneſs take too ſtrong Poſſeſſion of his Soul, he tore himſelf away ſuddenly; fearing leſt, his Reſolution deſerting him, he ſhould not have Force enough to execute what he had determined; and walked away, without daring to turn his Head back to behold this lovely Woman drowned in Affliction.

SHE was dumb with Sorrow for ſome Moments, when at length the Tears finding Paſſage, ſhe bewailed her miſerable Condition; their humane Neighbour, whom we have already mentioned, adminiſtring all the Comfort in her Power to ſuſtain her in this Hour of Anguiſh. "He is gone, ſays the poor unhappy Wife, he "is gone to receive that Sentence, which no "Man ever leſs deſerved; the beſt of Huſbands, "Fathers, Friends; and muſt I live to hear "that my dear *Farley* is condemned, like a com-"mon Felon, to be tranſported! and have my "Neceſſities been the Cauſe of this Diſgrace "and Suffering? Support me, Heaven—ſup-"port me, Heaven, in this dreadful Hour!"

ſhe

ſhe ſaid. Each Sentence interrupted with Tears, and Heart-felt Sighs of Sorrow.

DURING this Time *Farley* walked on to *Salop*, where ſeveral of his Friends awaited his Coming: Being joined by them, he proceeded into Court, where the Judge being ſeated on the Bench, he was arraigned, and ſpoke in the following manner:

"MY Lord, I am now come to ſurrender "myſelf up to the Sentence of the Laws of my "Country, which it is the Duty of every Man "to do; I need not add to your Lordſhip, that "I am convinced of this Truth; becauſe this "voluntary Action is the ſtrongeſt Proof that "can poſſibly be given of it.

"IT may appear to your Lordſhip ſomething "ſingular, that a Man who had dared to com-"mit a Violation on the Laws of the Land "knowingly, ſhould after that yield himſelf "freely up to the Hands of Juſtice—If your "Lordſhip ſaw for whoſe Sake this Act was "done, you would not wonder at it; but I will "urge nothing to move Compaſſion. If I did "wrong in marrying contrary to Law, I now "do right in giving myſelf up to Puniſhment. "I meant at the Inſtant I was committing this "Crime to atone for the Breach of it, and do "Juſtice on myſelf for the Injury which I of-"fered to the Laws of my Country.

"BUT, my Lord, whilſt I am doing Juſtice "to the Law I have violated, there appears to "me to be too much Severity in the Law itſelf, "or ſomething which I have never yet heard "has cauſed the Clergy of *Great Britain* to be "conſidered of an inferior Race to other Men

"of

" of this Iſland, a Sett of Slaves and not free
" Men, held by a different kind of Laws, and
" excluded from an equal Privilege and Right
" to Liberty with other *Britons*.

" My Lord, in the Inſtance before your
" Lordſhip, I am now ſtanding in the ignomi-
" nious Condition of a Criminal, arraigned for
" the deareſt Thing on Earth to Man, his Li-
" berty, and have loſt it; whilſt the Perſon,
" even more culpable than myſelf in this very
" individual Action, is in full Freedom, ſubject
" to no Puniſhment, having committed no
" Crime according to the very Law of this Land
" by which I ſtand condemned. Is this the
" boaſted Liberty of *Britain?* Is this Juſtice
" equally diſtributed, to which we have all an
" equal Right? Is this Reaſon, Equity, or
" Conſcience?

" My Lord, I mean the very Man who ſe-
" duced the young Lady to Marriage, who pre-
" vailed on me in a Moment of deep Diſtreſs,
" and ſeduced me alſo, has incurred no Penalty.
" Does the Accumulation of Guilt leſſen the
" Crime? Is he who has been the firſt Cauſe
" and Motive of the whole Offence no Crimi-
" nal, by that very Law which condemns the
" leaſt Offender to perpetual Exile?—Or is a
" Clergyman a Creature that has no Right to
" equal Juſtice with other Men? Oh! happy
" *Britain!* Land of Juſtice, Parent of Liberty,
" how art thou fallen?

" My Lord, perhaps ſecluded, as I am, from
" the Knowledge of what paſſes in the great
" World, it may not have come to my Ears
" what Iniquities the Clergy have committed,

" tha

" that they ſhould be thus conſidered as Slaves,
" who have loſt the Right of equal Juſtice
" amongſt their Countrymen; ſome they muſt
" certainly have committed, or no Law ſo ſevere
" as it appears to my Eyes, could otherwiſe have
" been framed againſt their Order.

" WHAT Crime, my Lord, have I committed,
" which the Seducer of Miſs *Lloyd* has not equally
" been guilty of? Did I betray into his Hands
" the Lady, whom he feigned to marry? Can
" this be Juſtice, that he who with accumulated
" Guilt of ſeducing her and me, ſhould ſtand
" at Liberty, be conſidered innocent, and ſuffer-
" ed to glory in the very Action for which I am
" deemed a Felon, and ignominiouſly baniſhed
" from my native Soil?

" MY Lord, there are Men of as little Virtue
" as myſelf, and in as much Diſtreſs, who wear
" the Robes of Clergymen, who may be tempt-
" ed to break this Law; there are other young
" Men as profligate and abandoned as this Cap-
" tain, who will purſue the innocent, young and
" virtuous Maid, with Vows of Marriage; and
" there are Maidens actuated by the Powers of
" Love, whoſe Inclinations will yield to the ſe-
" ductive Tongue of Art, be falſely married and
" undone.

" CAN this Law then ſpring from the Know-
" ledge of human Nature, or be calculated for
" the Support of Righteouſneſs? Have thoſe
" who framed it never felt the tender Yieldings
" of Humanity? Do Virtue, Beauty, Innocence,
" and Youth, claim no Regard; or, is proper
" Attention paid to them in this Act againſt
" Marriage?

" How

" How will ye ſhun Deſtruction, ye Daugh-
" ters of Beauty, if Laws ſhould ever promote
" your Ruin? Where hide your conſcious
" Cheeks, glowing with Shame, from the ma-
" lignant Eye of the World? Where ſeek
" Relief from your Diſtreſs, or how ſuſtain the
" Inſolence and Affronts of thoſe whoſe un-
" diſcovered Crimes increaſe their Arrogance,
" and your ill Treatment?

" From what different Cauſe can it ariſe,
" my Lord, that the Clergy of *Great Britain*
" are conſidered as more ignominious, and
" branded with an Infamy unknown by thoſe
" of *France?* Why is the Virtue of *Engliſh*
" Maids leſs protected, than thoſe of *Holland?*

" In *France*, a Land of arbitrary Power, in
" this Inſtance (Heaven grant it may in no
" other) the Laws which prohibit Marriage
" are founded on more equitable Principles
" than in *England*; the Perſon, whether Male
" or Female, who entices any one to Matri-
" mony below the marriageable Age, or that
" Time when they have a Power of diſpoſing
" of themſelves, is condemned to Death. If
" of noble Deſcent, the Puniſhment is that of
" being beheaded; if of Plebeian Race, it is
" hanging; whilſt the Prieſt, who performs
" the Office, is deſtin'd to the Gallies. It is
" conſidered as a Rape of Seduction.

" In this caſe, my Lord, the Seducer is
" deemed the capital Offender; the Prieſt as
" leſs criminal. If the Law be in itſelf juſt
" which reſtrains Marriage (a Diſcuſſion of
" which I ſhall not enter into) the Puniſh-
" ments

" ments ſhould be proportioned to the Guilt,
" as in *France*.

" WHENCE comes it, then, that in a Land
" which boaſts of Liberty, that Juſtice ſeems
" ſo much diſtorted by Law, and the Puniſh-
" ment annihilated from one Party? The
" *Engliſh* Seducer of believing Maids is guilty
" of no Crime by this Law, when the Prieſt
" who performs the Office is condemned as a
" Felon to perpetual Infamy and Exile. Is
" this Kingdom only a Land of Freedom to
" the greateſt Offenders, who belong not to
" the Church, and a Realm of Slavery to thoſe
" who do? Is not this, my Lord, the firſt In-
" ſtance in Pagan or Chriſtian Governments,
" that the Miniſters of the public Religion
" have been doomed to partial Laws, inequi-
" table Determinations, and ſecluded from the
" Rights of other Men?

" MY Lord, Clergymen may be innocent
" in performing the Marriage Rite, and yet the
" only Sufferers; a Licence is obtained by the
" Perjury of the Seducer, who ſwears that
" both Parties are above the marriageable
" Age; in conſequence of this the Divine
" unites them together, the Marriage is an-
" nulled, the Clergyman confined to a Goal,
" and baniſh'd to another Land, for not know-
" ing what he could not poſſibly know; he
" ſuffers for another's Perjury; a falſe Certi-
" ficate of publiſhed Banns; a forged Conſent
" of Parents and Guardians, and many things
" beſides; all which may be eaſily framed to
" deceive, which no Clergyman can guard a-
" gainſt; and yet ſuch is the Decree of this

" Law,

" Law, he muſt ſuffer the ignominious Lot of " Impriſonment or Death, whilſt the Source " and Origin of all this Calamity ſtands ſmil- " ing in the Face of Juſtice, and glorying in " the Arts and Contrivances by which he had " ſucceeded in deſtroying the deluded Maid, " gratifying his brutal Appetites, and baniſhing " or putting to Death with Infamy a guiltleſs " Man.

" In *Holland*, my Lord, a free State, the " Virgin who is betrayed by any Man of what- " ever Condition, and becomes pregnant, has " a Right to claim him as her Huſband; he " muſt receive her in Marriage, unleſs ſhe " chuſes to relinquiſh her Right. And muſt " the Females of this Iſland be open to the " Snares of the diſſolute and artful? Shall the " Laws which ought to be their Protection, " be the Cauſe of their Ruin, and render them " more ſubject to all the Deceits which Men " inſenſible to Honour and Virtue practiſe on " the Innocent and Young?

" Shall the Clergy be treated in *Great Bri-* " *tain* with an Injuſtice contrary to the Senſe " of all Nations, held down by partial Laws, " while they have an equal Claim with all " Men to Impartiality? Shall the faireſt Part " of the Creation be rendered more open to " the Attacks of the diſſolute Part of Man- " kind? and ſhall all this be enacted by Law " in *England?* And yet, my Lord, I fear this " may be the Conſequence, if this Act conti- " nues as it now ſtands.

" My Lord, I return your Lordſhip ten " Thouſand Thanks, for the Goodneſs with

" which

" which you have heard me. I know I am
" condemned, and I ſubmit willingly to Ba-
" niſhment from that Land, where moſt
" Things are venal, where the Laws may be-
" come partial and tyrannic, where Virtue
" may be held in Diſgrace; and Poverty, ho-
" neſt Poverty! become the only Thing con-
" ſidered as a Sin amongſt the People of
" *Great Britain.*"

FARLEY having thus ended his Speech, there ran through the Court an univerſal Hum of Applauſe; the Jury were for bringing him in guiltleſs, till they were acquainted, that by his having pleaded guilty, they had no Right to conſider the Cauſe at all.

THE Judge pronounced his Sentence with infinite Tenderneſs; at the ſame Time adding, that he would conſider his Caſe in another Place.

THE Trial being finiſhed, *Farley* was confined to the Goal in *Shrewſbury*. His dear *Nanny* came to live near him, and ſoothe his Anguiſh in the dreaded Place of his Confinement. Every Tongue ſpoke with Admiration of this Man and Woman's Behaviour, and every Breaſt hove with Pity at their Fate.

IN conſequence of this, Captain *Stem* was beheld with no favourable Eye by the Inhabitants of *Salop*, which gave him no ſmall Uneaſineſs: Added to this, he did not bear very eaſily within, though he diſcovered no external Tokens, the Idea of being conſidered as a Coward by Enſign *Firebrace*; he therefore meditated how he might draw him into ſome Diſgrace,

Diſgrace, and leſſen his Character in that Town.

One Day as the Captain and the Enſign were ſpending the Evening together at the *Talbot*, Captain *Stem* took occaſion to mention the Beauty of *Farley*'s Wife. "Faith, ſays he, "*Firebrace*, I have not ſeen a prettier Woman; "damme, but I would have her, only as ſhe "thinks me the Cauſe of tranſporting her "Huſband, ſhe can't decently yield me the "laſt Favour. But, faith, *Jack*, ſays he, you "are a moſt egregious Fool if you don't enjoy "her; ſhe is a moſt delicious Morſel, and in "great Want; a ſmall Sum will carry her "now."

"I do not believe it, Captain, ſays the En-"ſign, ſhe ſeems to be a very virtuous Wo-"man; how can a Man entertain ſuch an "Idea, or think of making an Overture of "that Nature, to a Woman in her Diſtreſs, "and under ſuch Sufferings? It is inhuman."

"Inhuman, ſays the Captain, ſmiling; "why, *Jack*, what can be more eligible to her "at this time than Ten Guineas? Or what "Woman would not gladly receive that Sum "on ſo ſmall a Return as granting what half "the Women in *England* will give without "aſking? You are a Novice in the Knowledge "of Females: Why, I durſt ſwear, you think "Women are as chaſte as their Converſation; "I could have had her myſelf, damme, but I "was afraid of a Diſcovery. You know that "People in Country Towns make a damn'd "Outcry upon a Man that leaves his Wife's "Bed, or by Heavens you would not have had

" the Power of being the happy Man you may " now be, if you do not ſtand in your own " Light."

In this manner the Converſation continued, till the Enſign, being warmed a little with Wine, was at length perſuaded to wait on Mrs. *Farley*, on the Deſign we have juſt mentioned. He therefore left the Captain, by whom he had been directed in what Method he ſhould proceed, and went directly to her Lodgings.

At his coming to the Place where Mrs. *Farley* reſided, he deſired to ſee her, and was admitted; ſhe received him with great Politeneſs, a Dejection mixed with Sweetneſs covering her Face; and aſked, what he would pleaſe to have with her?

The young Gentleman told her, he came with Propoſals of obtaining a Pardon for her Huſband, which he believed was in his Power; that nothing ſhould be wanting on his Part; and added, with ſome Heſitation of Speech and Stammering, ariſing from his natural Modeſty, that he hoped ſhe would not be deficient in her Endeavours to ſave Mr. *Farley* from Baniſhment.

" Believe me, Sir, ſays ſhe, there is no- " thing upon Earth that I would not do to ob- " tain his Freedom; I would crawl round the " Globe on my Hands and Knees, or ſuffer any " Puniſhment, to ſave my dear *Farley* from the " Sentence which is pronounced againſt him. " Can you make me happy? Will you ſave " him from being exiled? You do not mock " me in this Offer, Sir? You cannot mean ſo " terrible

" terrible a Thing? You are not Captain " *Stem?*"

THOSE Expreſſions confounded the Enſign not a little; however he recovered, ſo as to aſſure her he was not that Perſon.

" TELL me, then, ſays ſhe, what muſt I do " to ſave the Man I love from being driven " from his Country?"

AT theſe Words the Enſign, taking her Hand, offered to kiſs her; which ſhe drew back from him, and modeſtly aſked what he intended by that Offer? " Madam, ſays he, " you muſt grant me that, and ſomething " more, if you are willing to ſave your Huſ- " band from being tranſported."

" Is this the Way by which alone my *Far-* " *ley*, my Huſband, can be ſaved from Puniſh- " ment?" ſays ſhe. At this the Enſign, without replying, offered her ſome Gold.

" SIR, ſays ſhe, you know me not; though " I would die on Racks without a Groan to " preſerve my Huſband from this Ignominy, " yet I will not forfeit my Virtue to ſave him, " even from Death. What have you known " in my Life, from whence you could dare to " conceive me capable of purchaſing his Free- " dom at the Price of my Honour, or on what " have you founded this Inſolence? Is my Di- " ſtreſs the Cauſe of this atrocious Attempt? " Do you conceive that Poverty and Chaſtity " cannot live in the ſame Boſom; and that " every Woman would barter her Virtue to " fly the Pangs of Penury? For once, remem- " ber, you are miſtaken; and know, young " Man, this Inſult on my Sufferings, a Wo-

" man's Woes, this Preſumption on the mi-
" ſerable Situation I am in, is ill becoming a
" Man; it is cruel; it is barbarous!" Which laſt Words ſhe uttered with Tears, and a fainter Voice than before; her Spirits failing her.

THE young Gentleman, who had never dared this Inſult, without having been urged to it by the Captain and heated with Wine, was yet ſo ſenſibly touched with this Anſwer, that he fell on his Knees, and aſked ten thouſand Pardons. " Madam, ſays he, believe
" me, I was made to conceive, I know not
" how, that you would yield me this Requeſt;
" the Villain which ruined Mr. *Farley*, would
" have ruined me. I implore your Pardon:
" For your Sake, no indecent Behaviour ſhall
" ever eſcape from me towards your Sex.
" Your ſuperior Virtue ſhall make me treat
" them with Reverence for ever hereafter."

HE then would have given her Money, in Pity to her Diſtreſs. " Madam, he ſaid, let
" me aſſiſt you; I mean nothing but what
" Heaven may approve at this Moment." Which ſhe refuſed. When unable to look her in the Face, he withdrew; applauding the Virtue of this faithful Wife, and in great Anger againſt the Captain, whom he intended to ſeek immediately.

IN a little Time after he found him on the Banks of the *Severn*, walking in Company; when the Enſign coming up to him, filled with Indignation quite deſtitute of all Reſerve, cried out, " Captain, you are a Scoun-
" drel; and if it was not that I dare not
" chal-

"challenge you, without Loſs of my Commiſ-
"ſion, I would treat you as you deſerve. I
"know your daſtard Soul; remember the 'Squire
"*Gam*; what mean Devices did you frame to
"keep yourſelf from an Engagement with
"him?" "Sir, ſays the Captain, you ſhall
"anſwer this at another Place." At which time ſome other Officers coming up, put an End to the Diſpute.

THE next Day *Farley* received a Letter from the Judge who had condemned him, with a Bill for a Sum of Money; which was ſufficient for the providing him and his Family with all Things neceſſary for their Voyage, and a Preſentation to a Living in *America*; where they are at preſent loving and beloved, in Happineſs and Eaſe, only ſometimes ſighing for their native Land, which *Farley* ſtill loves, and laments as near the Hour of expiring Liberty.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Mr. Thoroughgood's *happy Situation. Deſcription of his Abode. His Character, and public Utility to his Pariſhioners.*

IT is in writing Hiſtory, as it was formerly in being ſweated by the *Mohocks*, of immortal Memory. The Writer raiſes a Circle of Perſonages about him, and each in its turn ſticks its Claim into his Imagination, and makes him attend to their Demands: For

that Reaſon, having paid all due Regard to Captain *Stem*, and his Hiſtory, we now turn round to the Summons of Mr. *Thoroughgood*; whom we left in the South of *Devonſhire*.

And here, Reader, if ever Happineſs attended mortal Creature, this good Man found it in his Situation. His Living brought him in Three Hundred Pounds a Year; his Son was Fellow of *Exeter* College, a young Man of Learning, generous Spirit, and Genius; his Daughter was what we have deſcribed her already.

On the Declivity of a Hill which faced the South, with a Proſpect of the Ocean at two Miles Diſtance, ſtood his Habitation; clean, without being finical; elegant, without Pomp; before it, was a Garden ſtocked with Herbage, Pulſe, Fruits and Flowers; below, an Orchard neatly planted, and large; at the Bottom of which ran along, in plaintive Murmurs, a cryſtal Brook, ſtored with great Quantity of Trouts; on the Side of whoſe mazy and tranſlucent Stream was a pleaſant graſſy Walk, ſhaded with Rows of Lime Trees, which had been planted by his Predeceſſor. Here he amuſed his leiſure Hours in Angling.

At the End of this Walk, beneath a moſſy Rock, the good Man himſelf had, with his own Hands, built the Cell of an Anchorite, with thoſe Stones which are eaten like Honeycombs by Time; the Door was of Wood in Rails, and a little arched Window on each Side; the whole Building being covered with Thatch.

WITHIN this Edifice were two Niches, one which might be ſuppoſed to contain the Bed of the Inhabitant, and another much leſs, in which was placed a human Skull, with this Inſcription over it in *Greek*:

Παντα γελως, και παντα κονις, και παντα το μηδεν·
Παντα γαρ εξ αλοσων εσι τα γιγνομενα.

To this Building he often reſorted, leſt he ſhould forget in his preſent Felicity his future Expectations, and neceſſary Condition of Humanity. "I uſe this Skull" (ſays he to his Friends, who wondered at ſeeing it in that Place,) "as *Philip* King of *Macedon* did his "Slave, to whiſper me that I am mortal: "Without this, who can ſay whether the "preſent Eaſe and Bliſs with which I am ſur-"rounded, and the too natural Forgetfulneſs "of Man, might not efface in me the Obliga-"tions which I owe the ſupreme Diſpoſer of "all Things, and beget either Indifference or "Ingratitude to that ſuperior Power, for all "the manifold Enjoyments which I poſſeſs."

"I WOULD, ſays he, fix a Crucifix in this "Place, but I fear that thoſe who have no "Religion, or differ from the Eſtabliſhed, may "accuſe me of being a Papiſt; and then I "ſhall loſe all Power of ſerving thoſe, whom "Providence has committed to my Care: In-"deed, I glory in being the Miniſter of that "God, who expiated the Sins of Mortals by "his own Death; and behold with Reve-"rence the Emblem of that Croſs on which "he ſuffered."

NEAR this Hermitage, which was unadorned with every Thing of Shell-work, the Inſide being lined with Moſs and Knots of Trees, which made a very beautiful Kind of Moſaic, he had built a Bridge, which ſeemed very ancient from the Materials, and ready to fall, becauſe ſome Stones were left lower than the other in the Arches to give it that Air; this led acroſs the Stream to a full-grown Copſe of an Acre, which he had cut into Walks in a pleaſing Taſte.

IN one Part of it was an Altar of living Turf, dedicated to *Thor* and *Woden*, and other ancient Gods of *Britain*, ſtanding in the open Air, with this Motto:

"*Odi profanum vulgus.*"

ON another Side, near the murmuring Brook, was formed a Bower of Woodbines, interwoven with other Shrubs and Trees, where during the hotteſt Days he uſed to ſleep on the turfy Bank. The Motto on the Entrance of this Retreat being

"*Nunc ſomno et inertibus horis.*"

AMONGST the Copſe were many large Oaks and Beeches, which had all of them ſome winding Path which led to their extended Shade, and whoſe Trunks were ſurrounded with a Seat. On that which was neareſt the Entrance of the Bridge were hung theſe Words:

"*Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.*"

AT the moſt diſtant Part of all the Wood there dript a Spring from a Rock, which Mr. *Thoroughgood* had converted into an ebbing and flowing Well, having concealed the two unequal Syphons,

Syphons, which gave and carried off the Water from the Baſon; the whole was ſurrounded with Firrs clad with Ivy, Yews, and Ever-greens unclipt, which he had planted round the Spot in a ſolemn Taſte; the Well itſelf having ſomething myſtical in its Conſtruction, the Forms of the Stones which ſurrounded it being careleſsly hammered into Triangles, Squares, and other polygon Figures, without being fixed with Mortar; the Entrance which led to it was obſcure and winding. At the End of which the Rock was ſeen, which was about ten Foot high, and from whence the Water deſcended; on the Top of it was cut in the ſolid Stone and whitened, thoſe Words, which ſhone through the pellucid Water which fell over it:

"*Procul eſte profani.*"

THIS ebbing and flowing Spring was much admired by the Pariſhioners, and had like to have given Mr. *Thoroughgood* the Reputation of a Conjurer, a Character he by no Means deſired. This Imputation, however, he eſcaped, by explaining to them the Mechaniſm and Manner by which thoſe ebbing and flowing Fountains are conſtructed.

SUCH was the Situation of this beſt of Men.

THE Author of all his Felicity received his Morning and Evening Vows of Gratitude. Unaſking more, he implored only the Continuation of Health to himſelf and Family, to enjoy thoſe Bleſſings which he already poſſeſſed, and a Senſibility of Soul to know and acknowledge their Value. All was full, all was free; Welcome ſat ſmiling at the Door to every Gueſt; Plenty without Profuſion, received them generouſly

within. Through his Eyes ſhot forth the living Emanations of a good Heart, and the pure Ray of Intellect; Chearfulneſs dimpled in his Cheeks a pleaſing Reception. This Union of Sentiments was ſeen in the Partner of his Soul alſo, a Woman made by Nature for ſuch a Man. To all which, *Fanny* added a Beauty that was remarkable in that County, where Beauty is more frequently found than in any other of this Kingdom, with a kind of Politeneſs which indeed would pleaſe neither Court nor City; having an eaſy Reſerve that does not delight the firſt, and an Unaffectedneſs which is not reliſhed in the other. In truth, neither *Hoyden* nor *Prude*, though ſomething better than both.

In this State paſſed away the happy Days in the Family of Mr. *Thoroughgood*; bleſſed not only in the Gifts of Fortune, but in being beloved by all the People of his Pariſh. He was become already their common Parent and Phyſician; he ſmoothed the rugged Path of Sickneſs by the ſoothing Eloquence of Hope for better Hours, and happier States hereafter; and even talked away the Stings of Death from Minds which had not been much diſtracted by great Crimes; he frequently reſtored the roſy Hue of Health to the livid Cheek, and Fire to the lifeleſs Eye of ſickening Beauty, by his medicinal Applications. By his means the Temple of *Janus* was ſhut, and Peace dwelt amongſt the Inhabitants of his Cure. Of ſo much Advantage is one good Man to thoſe over whom he is placed; as the Sun gives Colours to all the Objects of the Earth, ſo does a true Divine impart Happineſs and Character to all thoſe on whom he ſhines ſuperior.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

Which introduces a Baronet and his Son to the Reader's Acquaintance. A Clerk of a Pariſh takes the Liberty of adviſing his Maſter. A great Diſcovery in the Antiquarian Study. A ſincere Invitation of Sir Oliver's *to Mr.* Thoroughgood, *and a Roaſting of his two Daughters.*

IN the adjoining Pariſh lived a Baronet, of an ancient Family, whoſe Name was Sir *Oliver Hearty*; he had paſſed the laſt forty Years of his Life in the Country, having never ſeen *London* but once; and yet ſo good was his Memory, it had furniſhed him with Stories ever ſince that Time of what he then ſaw. He had an Eſtate of Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year without owing a Shilling, and indeed ſome Thouſands in ready Money. He was ſomewhat inſolent, from Wealth and good Family; two Things which ſcarce ever fail to beget that Idea in every Mind, and ever manifeſts itſelf in thoſe who have not learnt to diſguiſe it, from Habitude and Knowledge of the World.

HE was neither ill-natured nor tyrannic, he treated his Friends freely, and damn'd the *French* every Day: though being ſituated on the Coaſt of *Torbay*, he never miſſed buying great Quantities of run Claret and Coniac Brandy whenever he could. He had one ſingular Vanity which frequently appeared in his Converſation, it was that of living within five Miles of the Place where King *William* landed; which he boaſted of abundantly, always remembering his immortal Memory.

THIS Gentleman had one Son and two Daughters; the Son being the eldeſt, and yet not quite Twenty. At the Coming of Mr. *Thoroughgood* into the Country, he and his Daughter's Beauty was the Subject of much Converſation; ſo that Sir *Oliver* and his Son determined to go to the Church of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, to ſee this Beauty.

"ODS-HEART, ſays the Baronet, is ſhe ſo "deviliſh handſome, that they make all this "Fuſs about her? Fath, *Kitty* and *Sally*," ſays he to his Daughters, winking with the fartheſt Eye, "you be fine a hove up now; E-cod "you'll ne'er get Huſbands be ſure; the Devil "take the Wanch for coming into the Country: "Ods-heart, I ſhall have my Daughters hang "upon my Hands longer than that ragged Pair "of Oxen that thee boughtſt at *Sidmouth* Fair. "You Hore's-bird," ſays he to his Hind, that was ſtanding by, "come, ſaddle the Horſes, "we'll go ſee her, pleaſe the Lord."

THIS Kind of Converſation is what this ancient Baronet calls Joking; a Species of Wit, which perhaps our *London* Readers, who have never made the grand Tour of the Weſt, may not have conceived in that Light; for which Reaſon we have taken the Liberty to tell it them in this Place; Perſpicuity being certainly one great Excellence in all Manner of Writing, according to the Judgment of the beſt Critics; and we are determined to have all of them in this Hiſtory.

THE Horſes being ſaddled, Sir *Oliver* and his Son rode forth, like *Hudibras* and *Ralpho*; I mean in the Likeneſs of two to two, which we perhaps

perhaps too partially conceive to be as like a Simile as any Author has ever hit upon before, and may be juſtly ſaid as they were on Horſeback, to run upon all Fours; however, not in any Likeneſs that can be found between Sir *Huäibras* and Sir *Oliver*, or *Ralpho* and the Son: Perhaps ſuch a Preciſion of Similitude as this, would help us to behold the Likeneſs of many Things which Authors have compared together, and the Readers never found out the Reſemblance of; for which Reaſon a certain Wit has called thoſe of this Kind, Similes unlike; whereas two Things unlike in every other Property or Quality, may yet be exactly alike in the Number, which is the Likeneſs we mean in this Place.

THE Baronet and his Son being arrived at the Church of Mr. *Thoroughgood*, the Clerk ſaw them ride up towards the Inn, which as Mr. *Fielding* (an Author whom we adore) has already ſaid, might have been taken for an Alehouſe, if the Words *The New Inn* on the Sign had not determined it the contrary.

THE Clerk then taking it into his Head, that Sir *Oliver* was come to hear his Maſter preach, was determined to give Mr. *Thoroughgood* a Hint of it, that he might preach one of his beſt Sermons; for he had conceived a great Eſteem for his Rector.

ON this Account, he ſteps to the Parſonage-houſe, and deſires to ſpeak to Mr. *Thoroughgood*: "Sir, ſays he, Sir *Oliver Hearty* is come to hear "you preach, I ſeed 'en ride up to the Inn; you "wa'nt take it amiſs, Sir, but is a cruel *yellow* "Man." Which Mr. *Thoroughgood* underſtanding for his Complexion, aſked if he had the Jaundice?

Jaundice? "No, ſays the Clerk, of the *yellow* "Side, always votes againſt his Country's Good "at Elections."

IT ſeems in *Devonſhire*, the Word *Yellow* is applied to Principles in Politics, as well as to Colours of Objects; a Whig being always ſuppoſed to be yellow. The Reaſon of this has been variouſly and in vain ſearched after, by ſeveral Members of the Antiquarian Society, and has at laſt been diſcovered by us, after much Reſearch in old Manuſcripts and muſty Records, to be owing to this very antient and laudable Original, for which we hope to be admitted into that illuſtrious Body.

IT ſeems there was a certain Preſbyterian, who had committed the Act of Adultery with his Neighbour's Wife. This Man being in imminent Danger of a Surprize, the fertile-headed Woman, hearing her Huſband at the Door when ſhe was in no Situation to receive him, and being in great Trepidation, leſt her Lover ſhould be caught, becauſe her Huſband had been ſo imprudent as not to ſay when he intended returning, (which is extremely wrong in all Men, as it very often renders their Wives unprovided to receive them as they ought) whipt a ten-peck Bag over her Gallant's Head, and turned him into a large Cupboard, as if it had been a Sack filled with ſomething.

HAVING done this, ſhe catches up the Bible and began to read aloud, which her Huſband hearing, and ſuppoſing that his Wife, good Woman! had been ſo intent on her Devotions that ſhe had not perceived his Knocking at the Door, he rapped again; at which Admonition this

pious

pious Woman brought the Bible in her Hands, and letting her good Man in, threw her Arms around his Neck, and embraced him moſt ten-tenderly, with a "Welcome, my Dear, Wel-"come home; and the more welcome, becauſe "thus unexpectedly."

"BESIDES, ſays ſhe, Neighbour *Tomkins* has "this Minute ſent down a little Boy of the "Town, to deſire you would come to him the "Moment you came home." "Yes, my Dear, "I will, ſays he; let me take my Stick out of "the Cupboard, I will not tarry to take off my "Boots." Stick and Boots! ſays the Wife; "why, walk with your Whip under your Arm, "like a Man." In which he took her Advice.

Now it ſeems this Word *Stick* had ſtuck in the Stomach of the Gentleman in the Sack, who knew it was in that very Cupboard with himſelf; and as it happens that whenever a Trunnel is driven into the ſame Place where another has been driven before, that the firſt muſt give way; ſo in this Inſtance, the Stick being ſtuck in his Stomach let looſe ſome certain Materials in that Place, which kept on their Courſe till they arrived in his Breeches, and thence into the Sack; and which being of a golden Colour, have ſince that Time given the Name of S—t-ſack, and Yellow, to that Party.

"HE is a cruel yellow Man, ſays the Clerk; "I wiſh you wou'd titch 'en up a little bit with a "Sermon, I'll warrant ye I'll titch 'en in the "Pſalms." Which Mr. *Thoroughgood* ſmiling at, would not let the Clerk into his Political Sentiments, being determined to follow the Dictates of his Maſter, and not interfere in Party

Party Diviſions, to the Deſtruction of all Religion and Morality, but preach Peace and Goodwill towards Men; he anſwered, therefore, that he did not think it proper to preach in that Manner the firſt Time of Sir *Oliver*'s coming to hear him, and deſired the Clerk not to offend him by his Pſalm: "For, ſays he, who knows "but Time may bring him about to your Man-"ner of Thinking."

SERMON being over, Mr. *Thoroughgood* ſtept to the Baronet and his Son, and deſired them to refreſh themſelves with a Diſh of Tea, or whatever they choſe in his Houſe. Which Offer was civilly received by the old Gentleman, with Deſign to have a nearer Inſpection of Miſs *Thoroughgood*.

AT the End of the Viſit, "Parſon, ſays the "Baronet, I ſhall be glad to ſee you and your "Family at *Heartyhall*; I have two deviliſh "romping Wenches of Daughters that would "be glad to hear about the Faſhions at *London*, "if Miſs will be ſo good as to come over and ſee "them. I'll give you a hearty Welcome, that's "all, and a good Bottle o'Wine; you can "drink *French* Wine, tho' it has not paid the "Duty? You ben't ſo deviliſh ſqueamiſh as that "comes to, I hope? Tho' I'm afraid you be a "little too godly for this Country." This Sir *Oliver* ſpoke in a laughing Way, winking on his Son; Mr. *Thoroughgood* thanked the Baronet for the Honour which he had done him, and promiſed to ſhew how ſenſible he was of it by a very ſpeedy Viſit.

IN returning home the old Gentleman cried out to his Son, "Why, fath, ſays he, this "Wench is plaguy handſome, I'll roaſt *Kitty* and

"*Sally*

" *Sally* at Night; what doſt think of her, *Oliver?*"
" Indeed, Sir, ſays the young Gentleman, the
" young Lady is very agreeable, I think."

THE Son of Sir *Oliver* had paſſed ſome Years at *Oxford*, and, contrary to the Cuſtom of too many Gentlemen Commoners, had ſtudied very cloſely. He had an elegant Taſte, a Senſibility of Soul, quick Imagination, and Openneſs of Heart: His Figure was very pleaſing, being genteeler than moſt genteel Men; and his Converſation improved by having paſſed ſeveral Vacations in *London*, with ſome Relations, who were People of Rank.

AT the Baronet's arriving at his own Houſe, he cries out, " Where are the two Girls?" At which Words the young Ladies coming in, he cries out, " 'Tis all over wi'you; this Parſon's
" Daughter is conſumedly handſome: Why,
" ye can never ſhew your Heads in the ſame
" Place where ſhe is. Ye muſt get out o'the
" Country, fath, I ſhall ne'er get you Huſbands,
" till this Wanch is a married off."

" LORD, Pappa, ſays *Kitty*, I have ſeen as
" great Beauties as ſhe, I'll warrant you; what,
" do you think that at *Exeter* there are not as
" handſome Ladies as Miſs *Thoroughgood?*"
" Yes, ſays *Sally*, there is Miſs *Pring*, I'll en-
" gage is as handſome as this young Lady; and
" yet there were many People who thought
" *Kitty* and I as handſome as her."

AT this the Brother ſmiled; and the Baronet laughed outright, " oh—oh—oh—you are in a
" Fuſs, are you? oh—oh—oh—well, ſhe'll come
" to ſee you ſoon." " We ſhall be glad to ſee
" this Beauty, to be ſure;" ſaid the two young Ladies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

The Son of Sir Oliver *feels a Paſſion for Miſs* Thoroughgood, *which advances bravely in this Chapter; which many Prudes may rather think too much, and ſome Coquettes too little.*

FROM the firſt Moment that the Son of Sir *Oliver* beheld Miſs *Fanny Thoroughgood*, her Image was ever preſent to his Mind; it was the laſt that left him at cloſing his Eyes, and the firſt which preſented itſelf at his awakening into Thought. He walked more in ſecret and bye Paths than ever, and could not keep himſelf ſilent in the Fields; the Expreſſion, lovely Maid, burſting from his Lips and glowing Imagination, involuntarily.

AT length the Day arrived on lagging Wings which brought Mr. *Thoroughgood*, his Lady and Miſs, to *Heartyhall*; where being arrived, all that little Pique which the two young Ladies had conceived againſt the Charms of Miſs *Thoroughgood* were diſſipated, like Fogs before the riſing Sun, by her free and engaging Behaviour; they forgot ſhe was beautiful, in her Deſire to pleaſe; and loved the Perſon they had before begun to envy.

MR. *Hearty* was extremely polite, he ſaid a thouſand pleaſing Things to Miſs *Thoroughgood*, in a little Walk which the young People took in the Gardens; and prevailed eaſily upon his Siſters to deſire her to tarry with them a few Days, which the Father and Mother agreeing to, ſhe paſſed a Week at *Heartyhall*.

DURING

DURING this Time the Son was totally loſt in Love, and Miſs *Thoroughgood* felt an equal Paſſion; their Souls were united like Gold and Quickſilver in Amalgamation, it was impoſſible to ſeparate one Idea that was not compounded of Part of each Mind, ſo intimate was the Union.

HAPPY, happy State of human Nature, loving and beloved, where every Joy is heightened into Rapture, every little pleaſing Trifle unfelt by others, becomes a Source of infinite Delight. May no fell Hour deſtroy this bliſsful State, no blaſting Incident breathe Deſtruction on your blooming Hopes of Happineſs.

FEW Hours are ſufficient to declare the Paſſion which young and uncorrupted Hearts feel for each other. Miſs *Fanny*, though ſhe was conſcious that Mr. *Hearty* loved her to Exceſs, was yet diſſatisfied with all Declaration by Eyes and other Symptoms, and longed to hear it from his Lips. The young Gentleman, though he ſaw her Flame for him was mutual, forbore to ſpeak through Fear of a Denial; and yet longed to be ſatisfied by her Expreſſions. In this manner Things paſſed, the Force of Love increaſing in each Breaſt, like the beginning Flames in *America*, when ſome Accident has put Fire to the Foreſts.

AT length the *Friday* Evening, the Day before ſhe muſt depart, the young Gentleman framed ſome Excuſe to walk alone with Miſs *Thoroughgood*, when his Soul being full with a Reſolution to diſcover his Paſſion to her, either the Ideas thronged too numerous into his Imagination and prevented their coming forth, or Trepidation diſarmed him of his Reſolution to

ſpeak

ſpeak plainly his Paſſion. Therefore, after having walked through an Avenue in the Gardens, each obſerving the ſtricteſt Silence, his Heart palpitating with the Fear of ſpeaking, her's with the Expectation of hearing; he at laſt ſaid, looking on her with ineffable Tenderneſs, "Muſt Miſs *Thoroughgood* leave us To-morrow?" To which ſhe anſwered, "She muſt."

"AND may I hope, ſaid the young Gentleman, (the Tear trembling in his Eyes,) "that "Miſs *Fanny* will think of me, when ſhe is "happy with the beſt of Parents?" "Can you "imagine, Sir, ſays ſhe, that I am inſenſible "to the Politeneſs I have received from you, "and can poſſibly forget it?" "Will you per-"mit me then to viſit you?" ſays he, (for Lovers are afraid of Shadows.) "With Pleaſure, "Sir," replied the Lady, with a Smile which *Raphael* would have given to a *Madona*. "Oh! "my deareſt Maid," he rapturouſly cried, ſeizing her Hand and preſſing it to his Lips, "I "love you to Diſtraction—I am undone, un-"leſs you yield me Pity in Return." "Indeed, ſays ſhe, "I pity you if you do love me; I am "grateful, though I muſt not dare to love you." "And why muſt not my charming *Fanny* dare "to love me; what is there in me which for-"bids that Paſſion? What have I done which "prohibits me from being loved?"

"NOTHING—nothing, ſaid the lovely Crea-"ture, nothing in you; I muſt not love the "Son of Sir *Oliver Hearty*—I can form no "Expectations there." "Is that the Objection," ſays the young Gentleman in Tears of Joy, preſſing her unreluctant Hand to his Lips, "I

"ſwear

"ſwear by Heaven, I think the Empire of the "World would be too little for your Deſert: "If that be the Objection, one Year removes "it all, I ſhall then be of Age to marry you, "without this curſed Reſtraint, from this un-"natural Law, which has baniſhed all Power of "Happineſs from Love. May I hope, my dear-"eſt *Fanny* loves me."—"I fear I do too much, "for my Repoſe, ſays ſhe, already." At this Inſtant the two Miſſes *Hearty* approached, and put an End to this Converſation.

No Heart ever felt more Rapture, than did this young Gentleman's in this Hour; he ſung ſeveral Songs that Evening unaſked, the Senſation within prompting him, like Nature in the Linnet's Breaſt when ſhe warms the feathered Race to Love; the old Baronet crying out, "Why! hey day! *Oliver*, you are cruel merry "To-night! why, Boy, I did not think thee "couldſt ſing ſo well; Ods-heart, I'll buy 'en "a three-legged Stool, and ſet 'en up with ſix "Dozen of Ballads next Autré Fair. Why, "fath, the Rogue hath a ſpecial Voice; can'ſt "touch upon *Chevy-Chace?* I believe, I could "bear a Bob with thee there," ſays the Baronet; humming to put his Voice in Tune. This he did, winking to Miſs *Thoroughgood*, leſt ſhe ſhould believe him in earneſt.

And now the Morning came which carried Miſs *Thoroughgood* to her Father's; the Day was ſpent by the young People at *Heartyhall*, in Praiſes of their lovely Gueſt. The *Sunday* the young Gentleman rode to hear Mr. *Thoroughgood* preach, and drank Tea with his lovely *Fanny*, and the Family. The young Lady's Eyes

ſparkled

ſparkled with Joy at ſeeing him in the Church, though her Imagination had never paſſed three waking Minutes without calling up his Image before it, ſince ſhe left *Heartyhall*.

MRS. *Thoroughgood* aſked, when they ſhould have the Pleaſure of ſeeing the young Ladies, to paſs a Week with *Fanny?* This was joyful News to the young Baronet, who anſwered he really knew not; but, ſays he, I ſuppoſe ſoon; and which he was determined ſhould not be long, if he could prevail. He ſtaid the lateſt Moment, and ſtole one Kiſs from the Hands of *Fanny* in the dark ſecretly, before the Candles were brought in, during this Viſit. Love will make a Politician of a Clown, no wonder it inſpired the Man of Senſe. The young Gentleman turned the Converſation on polite Learning with Mr. *Thoroughgood*, and pretending ſome Difficulties, deſired his Aſſiſtance in explaining ſome Paſſages in the Greek Claſſics; this the good Man, with great Readineſs, promiſed, being himſelf an excellent Scholar, and great Lover of thoſe Youth who purſued their Studies.

THIS he knew would afford him many Occaſions of ſeeing his lovely *Fanny*, which he would otherwiſe have loſt; and cover the true Reaſon from all Suſpicion in the Parents of *Fanny*, and from his Father; for he had no Mother living.

THINGS being thus ſettled, he ſaw his lovely *Fanny* very often, till growing careleſs in concealing his Paſſion, or no Art being capable of diſguiſing ſo pure a Flame, Mr. *Thoroughgood*, who, though a Scholar, was knowing in the World, ſuſpected his Paſſion for his Daughter; he

he therefore taxed her with it, who could not refuſe anſwering that ſhe ſuſpected the ſame Thing, from what once dropt from him in Converſation; but ſhe did not confeſs how ardently they had vowed to live for each other only, and how intimately their Souls were united.

"My Dear, ſays Mr. *Thoroughgood*, I think "I ought to acquaint Sir *Oliver* with this be-"ginning Paſſion of his Son for you, both for "their Sakes and yours. He muſt have Views "above my dear Girl," ſays he, kiſſing his Daughter, "whatever a Father may think of "thee. It may be conceived that even I have "given Encouragement to his addreſſing you; "which, I hope, I am incapable of being guilty "of. This Paſſion, my Dear, ſuffered to in-"creaſe, may ruin both your Happineſſes. To-"morrow I will wait on Sir *Oliver*. I own I am "ſorry for it, becauſe I have a particular Joy "in his Converſation; I think I have never "known a more amiable young Gentleman in "all my Life."

During this Time, this enamoured Pair had wore off all Reſerve, loved as freely as two Turtle-doves, and ſpoke their Paſſions with as much Eaſe when together, as if they had been bred in the Plains of *Arcadia*; ſtill free from every Stain of impure Ideas, as far as Actions can demonſtrate.

On this Diſcovery of her Father, Miſs *Thoroughgood* wrote the following Letter to the young Baronet; for every Twenty-four Hours they had found means to write, though they had ſeen each other the ſame Day, and had adopted

two

two feigned Names to conceal their real ones, if a Letter ſhould have been diſcovered.

" *Deareſt* DAMON,

" IT is with infinite Pain I tell you, that my " Father has diſcovered your Paſſion for me; " which, indeed, though I would have died to " conceal, yet I cannot live and deny that beſt " of Men the Truth. This Day he intends " waiting on Sir *Oliver*, to acquaint him with " it, leſt his Honour ſhould ſuffer when it comes " to be known, and the Imputation of being " conſenting to your Viſits, deſtroy that Cha- " racter which is dearer to him than Life.— " This will probably ſeparate us from each other " a long and tedious Age, how can I ſuſtain this " —or how avoid it?—Let me hear from thee; " inſtruct me to bear, or to yield to this Cala- " mity, and kiſs that Name which will be ever " the deareſt on Earth to me.

" *Eternally thine*,

" CELIA."

" *P. S.* I HAVE ſent you this to prepare you " for the Commands which you muſt re- " ceive from your Father."

AT the Receipt of this Billet, the young Gentleman ſtood dumb with Aſtoniſhment; he feared the Hour was approaching when he ſhould never behold his lovely *Fanny* again; and then wiſhed to ſee her once more, to reſolve on flying into Shades and Cottages, the Paradiſaic Viſion of exceſſive Love. " I have enough for all

" earthly

" earthly Bliſs, he cried, I have Four Thouſand " Pounds, which cannot be taken from me; " that will ſuffice till my Father expires; true " Love needs little Pomp; the Effects of ge- " nuine Paſſion make all Places and Conditions " pleaſing. Perhaps my *Fanny* will yield to this " Propoſal. We will fly together, and bid this " mercenary World farewell. My *Fanny* will " conſent, we ſhall yet be bleſſed together; if I " can behold her but once more, we ſhall yet be " happy in each other's Arms." This, and much more, he continually exclaimed in ſecret.

CHAP. XLII.

Mr. Thoroughgood *diſcloſes the Love Affair to Sir* Oliver. Mr. *Hearty viſits* Fanny *in ſecret. One fatal Moment.*

THE next Morning Mr. *Thoroughgood* rode to Sir *Oliver Hearty*'s; and having breakfaſted with him, he took occaſion to ſpeak to Sir *Oliver* when he was alone: " Sir *Oliver*, (ſays the good Man,) " I am come hither to inform " you of a Thing, which, as an honeſt Man, I " could not conceal from you the Moment it " came to my Knowledge." " Ods-heart, ods- " heart, what is't, what is't? No harm, I hope." Now Sir *Oliver* imagined it had been ſome Challenge of his having laughingly ſpoke of Miſs *Thoroughgood*'s Beauty; which, though he had amuſed himſelf that way many times, Mr. *Thoroughgood* knew it aroſe from the mere Wantonneſs of Talking, void of all Malice; and indeed had always been very inoffenſive.

"SIR *Oliver*, I'll tell you; laſt Evening it "came into my Head, when I ſaw your Son at "my Houſe with *Fanny Thoroughgood*, that "there appeared too much Tenderneſs in all "he ſaid and did for common Complaiſance; "for which Reaſon, when he left my Houſe, I "aſked *Fanny* whether he had not made ſome "Overtures of his Paſſion to her? She anſwer-"ed he had. Therefore, Sir *Oliver*, I am come "this Morning to inform you of it, that all "diſpleaſing Accidents between us may be pre-"vented as ſoon as poſſible."

AT this the Baronet's Pride began to ſwell in his Face, as if his Son *Oliver* had been deemed unworthy a Parſon's Daughter.

"MISTAKE me not, Sir *Oliver*, (ſaid the good Man,) "I have no Preſumption to a Gentleman "of your Son's Merit, Fortune, and Family, as "a Huſband for my Child; I know my Situation "in Life too well; therefore I would not give one "Moment's Encouragement to it, by ſuffering "another Viſit, till I had acquainted you with it. "I hold it diſhonourable in my Opinion."

AT this latter Part the Baronet became a lit-tle calm again within. "Ods-heart, ods-heart, (ſays he,) "theſe young Folks will be cater-"wawling, to be ſure: Well, well, there's no "Harm done yet: However, he's under Age, "he can't be married to her. I'll take care and "keep 'en from your Houſe, I'll warrant it. "Parſon, I thank ye; I'll diſcourſe 'en upon't, "and hear what he ſayth."

THE Clergyman took his Leave, and return-ed to his Home; where he found his *Fanny* with Marks of deeper Dejection than he wiſhed to ſee her; her ſleepleſs Eyes were ſunk into her Head,

Head, and all their Fire extinguiſhed; the bloodſhot White ſpoke much Profuſion of Tears; and in ſpite of all ſhe could effect, the riſing Sighs would find a frequent Paſſage, even in Company with her Parents.

THIS gave the good Man and Woman exceſſive Pain; they ſaw that Love had taken too ſtrong Poſſeſſion of their Daughter's Heart; they lamented the Misfortune, and yet could not blame her for the Paſſion, the Object was ſo truly amiable. They tried a thouſand Ways to divert her for ſeveral Days in the Beginning, and went to viſit the neighbouring Towns which they had never ſeen. All this did but increaſe the Anxiety of poor *Fanny*'s Boſom; ſhe knew, if ſhe had remained at home, ſhe ſhould have received many Letters from the Man ſhe loved; which would have afforded her more Relief than every other Thing on Earth, the very Writer excepted. Of ſuch ſtrange Importance can Love make a Scrip of Paper, and a few black Lines.

FANNY alſo would have poured the fond full Anguiſh of her Heart through her Pen, have told him her Diſtreſs, and leſſened the Pain by imparting it in this Manner.

DURING this Journey, Sir *Oliver* ſpoke to his Son, as follows: "*Oliver*, ſays he, here "hath a been Parſon *Thoroughgood*; ods-heart, "he ſayth that you have a ſort of a *Something*, "a Love as 'twere for his Daughter; ods-heart, "you w'an't throw away Fifteen Hundred a "Year upon a Parſon's Daughter: 'Tis true, "the Stuff is good, but one may buy Gold too "dear; therefore I would not have you ſee her "any more."

Now the Heart of the Son was grievouſly touched by the Slight, which was contained in the Words, Parſon's Daughter; for he really conceived the Univerſe too ſmall a Preſent for *Fanny*. So dearly he loved, ſo deſerving he conceived her, therefore, all he could anſwer, was, "Sir, you muſt be obeyed."

HE then walked to the Sea-ſhore, where he wept and beat that Boſom which felt more ſtormy Commotions than the watery Element adjoining had ever ſuffered. "Muſt I be ſevered from "all my Soul holds dear—Muſt this inhuman "Law, that binds in ſeparate Chains the tender "Hearts of Lovers, and hinders their uniting, "be my Deſtruction — Oh! *Fanny*, *Fanny*, "would I could fly this World for ever! (he ſaid, ſighing,) "and live in Shades with thee." This, and ten thouſand other Ejaculations, he poured out, to give Relief to his ſurcharged Boſom. The Evening was at hand, and the ruddy Sun was deſcending into the Weſtern Skies when he exclaimed, "Would that my Race was run "with *Fanny*, my deareſt *Fanny*, and the calm "Evening of my declining Life was at hand: "but I am doomed to Pain and Baniſhment "from all my Soul holds dear."

AT his Return he found the Meſſenger, who was mutually employed in the Intercourſe of their Letters: from him he learnt that his lovely *Fanny* was returned from her Journey. He therefore immediately ſat down and wrote the following Letter:

"*My deareſt* CELIA,

"IF ever Mortal has felt a Pain beyond the "Pangs of Death to vicious Souls, it cer-"tainly muſt be that which I have known,

"ſince

" ſince the laſt happy Moment I beheld thy " charming Face. Oh! *Celia*, *Celia*, curſt be " the Hour that formed that Law, which with- " holds me from thy Arms. — Surely the con- " nubial Joys of Love were never known in that " Boſom which framed it—And muſt I never " gaze more on thee, hear thee ſpeak, preſs thy " Hand in Rapture to my Lips—Oh! contrive " ſome Means, by which I may once more ſee " thee but for a Minute; we may then plan " ſome Scheme for future Felicity, and tho' we " muſt live divided for an Age in Love, yet live " for one another—Let us, my deareſt Maid, " once more exchange our Vows of Conſtancy, " and breathe the Anguiſh of our Boſoms in " one another's Arms. Oh! *Celia*, *Celia*, re- " lieve me by ſome Power of once more preſſing " thee to this Heart, which ſcarce has Force to " move, but from that Deſire which it has to beat " for thee alone. Adieu, my deareſt Maid.

" *Thine, eternally thine,*

" DAMON."

THIS Letter ſhe anſwered, and told him, that if he would be in her Father's Garden at Midnight, ſhe would talk to him from the Window of her Chamber, which was at the fartheſt End of the Houſe from her Father's Apartment; and, as it was low, they might eaſily converſe together. " The little Garden-gate ſhall be left " open for you," ſhe ſaid.

THE Love-ſick Youth was punctual to the appointed Moment; he had left his Father's Houſe, which was but one Mile diſtant from the

the Abode of his Charmer, and travelled on Foot, filled with Delight of once more converſing with his lovely *Fanny*. Thro' the Groves the Nightingales ſoothed his Soul with the tender Songs of Love, and every Star ſhone with more than common Luſtre; not a Breeze breathed thro' the Trees; all Nature was ſtill, as if it paid Homage to his Paſſion.

He entered the Gate, and found his lovely *Fanny* leaning from the Window. She heard his Foot-ſteps, and ſoftly breathed, "My Soul" "—My Soul, my *Fanny*, ſays he again, art thou "there—Oh! how bleſt am I thus dimly to be- "hold thee once more; let us fly together: My "*Fanny* knows I have enough for Love and "thee, till my Father ſhall be no more."

"My Soul, ſays ſhe, urge me not—I cannot, "dare not, do it; the Laws forbid it; Heaven "forbids it. And tho' I love you more than "Life, I muſt not think of ſacrificing my Cha- "racter—my Parent's Happineſs. My All; "their All depends upon it."

He urged her to fly into *France*, and be married, and then return again; but that Propoſition would not be heard; ſhe determined to live for him alone, and to waſte that cruel Year in Anguiſh, till he was of Age to marry her. They then agreed to ſee one the other in this Manner, during the Time he remained in the Country; for he was ſoon obliged to go to *London*, on ſome particular Buſineſs; and then live on Letters, till the painful Age ſhould be lapſed which held them apart.

In this Manner they ſaw each other three Times a Week. Mr. *Thoroughgood* and his Wife perceived their *Fanny* become more chear-

ful

ful than before, with great Pleaſure, and being ignorant of the true Cauſe, attributed it to the Influence of her Paſſion wearing off for young Mr. *Hearty*. Neither of her Parents had ever reaſoned with her upon the Subject of her Dejection; they knew that all Diſcourſes of that Nature rather augment than extinguiſh the Paſſion; and only attempted to amuſe their Daughter, by ſome Avocations which might turn her Mind to other Conſiderations.

During theſe nocturnal Viſits, *Fanny* had determined never to ſuffer him to get into the Window, which he might with Eaſe have done, it being ſo very low. She indulged him with her Hand to kiſs, on which he hung whole Hours; but reſiſted all his Intreaties to paſs his Time with her in her Chamber.

At laſt the Day of his leaving the Country for *London*, was at hand; the Evening before which he was at the Window, and as it was the laſt that he could paſs with her for ſome Months, he prevailed on her Reſolutions to ſuffer him to come in at the Window. "My "deareſt *Fanny*, ſays he, let me preſs thee once "more in theſe Arms, before I leave thee: Let "me have one glowing Kiſs from thoſe Lips, "on which to live till my Return: Can this be "criminal, my Soul? Can this be criminal?" When extending her Hand, without knowing what ſhe did, he ſeized it, and inſtantly leapt into the Chamber thro' the Window; Love always lending Wings to his ſincere Votaries.

"My *Fanny*, ſays he, graſping her to his Bo-"ſom, do I once more preſs thee in theſe Arms? "My Soul, do I taſte thy balmy Lips again? "Oh! Exſtacy too great to be expreſt!" Nor did

did the Arms of *Fanny* hang idle; ſhe threw them round his Neck, vowing eternal Truth, repeating Millions of Kiſſes, and feeling all thoſe Tranſports which Lovers only can conceive. At laſt they ſat down on the Bed-ſide together; all was dark and ſilent, every Paſſion dead but Love, their Souls were drunk with that Deſire, his Hands roved into her Boſom, ſhe felt every Power of Reſiſtance diſſipated; whilſt urged by ſincereſt Love, he enjoyed that for which his Soul was in eternal Longing: Not for the tranſient Bliſs alone which attends that rapturous Moment, but for being ſecured in the Poſſeſſion of all that was dear to him, his lovely *Fanny*.

THIS Guſt being paſt, the Tears ran ſtreaming from her lovely Eyes; ſhe told, him ſhe was ruin'd: "My Soul, you have undone me!" Theſe Words ſhot to his very Soul. He kneeled, and ſwore ten thouſand Oaths of Conſtancy and Truth, that no Accident from that Embrace ſhould ever leſſen his Paſſion. "My *Fanny*, "my Soul, I love you, even more now than be-"fore." At length, after repeated Vows, he departed, and the next Morning left the Country for *London*. No Poſt ever came from thence that did not bring his lovely *Fanny* a Letter, none returned without that precious Preſent to the Hands of Mr. *Hearty*.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

4 DE 58